CONTACT DIARY PART 4

(From April 21, 2020 to August 31, 2020)

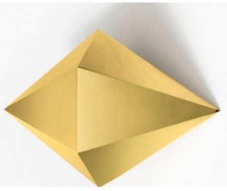
Original writing with pictures inserted. –

April 21, 2020 **– Double Pyramids**

I’ve finished the Part 2 of this contact diary, and I shall send it to Suzanne. I still haven’t checked my “lunawai” emails … haven’t in a week. I can’t. It must be the perfect timing. I feel fragile.

I had an astounding **dream** tonight.

I was with a man, but he was always only on my left side and I didn’t see who it was, likely not Bob. We found together something like a conglomerate of huge “**crystals**”, but those were structures that looked like **two five- or six-sided pyramids attached by their bases**, double-pyramids, and they were kind of metallic and about half a meter in height each. They shrunk a bit as I approached them, and I don’t know where their location was, not a real room or anything … but there they were. Hovering even. Like forming some structure too, an agglomeration … and I somehow got to **hold** one of them, and it was an amazing feeling … and I think I turned to that stranger and expressed my surprise about how it was possible to find something that *precious*… and I knew that I was supposed to do something with those objects …



And maybe that’s when it **happened**: In my dream I had the impression that I died. It was like my “feeling of being alive” was folded up somehow, collapsed like some Origami-figure, and I had no breath. I felt that “drawn out” feeling that I had had in my wake state a few times, like fainting. But in my dream I knew that it was serious, that this was the end of my body. I saw myself in the spot where those double pyramids had just been, **my own face**, and maybe I was reaching out, but it looked as if I was somehow falling backwards, away from me as my own observer, *as if I was now watching me from outside*, from a position next to that stranger … and he still was to my left, but couldn’t be seen. I watched myself gasping for air, staring into the air and somehow at me with big eyes, so surprised about dying.

And then I woke up, the dream clearly on my mind. And the feeling of having kind of died or collapsed was so clear as if it had really happened. I was kind of surprised that I even woke up.

I didn’t feel bad, except that I was aware of my **tick bite patch** on my arm where the tick hat bitten me. As I got up I realized that the spot wasn’t particularly read and hadn’t become much bigger in diameter, if at all. I peed, took some colloidal silver and went back to sleep.

When I took a walk with Jacqui later, he behaved differently than normally, didn’t want to go away from me, kept walking next to me without peeing or crapping, his head tilted upward to me (he was on my left) so that he could look at me.

Sometime today, during walking with him, I felt a very sharp pain in the heart area, and I did the “heart support” mudra, which is connecting the tips of the ring finger, the index finger and the thumb of the right hand. I said to myself “Not now, you know that, heart, not now!”

I got **Stevia leaves** that I’ve ordered from the pharmacy and an antihistamine-cortisone ointment. I make a glass with Stevia leaves in 70 % alcohol, and one in 38 % Schnaps, and I made tea and also put Stevia tea on the tick spot. The tea is horribly sweet and needs a lot of lemon. I have no idea what I’m really doing, but I read that Stevia is great against Lyme disease, so I’m trying it. Along with sips of colloidal silver and arnica alcohol.

I also got myself Echinacea …

Also, I forgot to mention that on April 19 on the path to Schlossberg, I found a **white painted stone** advertising healthy stuff at a health food store! I was really baffled … It offers bio (organic) shots for 5 Euros, ginger, curcuma or hemp. Oh, that’s totally along Bob’s alley! He’d loved that! How interesting *to write that on a white stone and then put that stone in my freakin’ path!* Of course I’m not the only one walking that path! I know! Still!

Immunsystem stärken
5€ sparen
Ingwer
Hanf
Kurkuma
BIO-SHOTS
HANDGEMACHTER GENUSS

I also walked by a house “Nr. 4” with several rabbits gazing at me! (Yes, it was just Easter, I know …)

In the afternoon I felt so sorry for little puppy Marshall sitting and waiting in front of his house, that I asked my landlord to call his daughter, and she was fine with me and Jacqui taking Marshall for a walk. He was so happy! It touched me so deeply! He is so wild, he doesn’t know what to do with himself with excitement about being out and about … so sweet. We went to the mill and there I took out the food I’ve brought, and he got the basics of “Lay down!” (“Platz!”) watching Jacqui do it. So sweet! But he’d immediately eat any kind of dirt and manure … and to my horror, he got his own poop bag and wanted to eat it. Then … on the way back, he stuck his nose into a hole in the asphalt and pulled out a dead bird! He carried it all proud in his little mouth … I really was worried he’d swallow it. He is so hungry, he really gulps everything down he finds. He gets dry food in a bowl and it stands there until it’s empty, I think, in the dirt of the road … and the water gets all dirty too, all the time. These people are so thoughtless.

I gave his owner one of Jacqui’s nice doggie blankets, no plastic crap, but cotton bedding … I hope she puts it into his dog house.

I love the little guy. He pissed off Jacqui quite a bit with his excitement, but Jacqui growled at him and told him off .. and little Marshall was happy about that too.

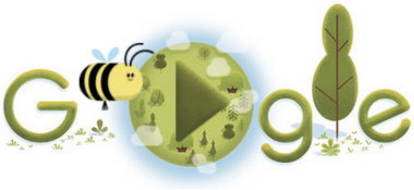
His owner said it was okay for me to take him on walks more often. I will do that.

Ticks were crawling on his face, though! It's really hard with the ticks all over the place, I'll have to figure something out.

Doing my Stevia-self-test: Cooked another pot of Stevia tea from the leaves. Took several leaves out and tied them to my tick bite. Drinking the tea with lemon. I read that there are no side-effects. Also taking Echinacea and sips of colloidal silver.

April 22, 2020 **– Google & Stevia**

Today: **Google** features a **green plant design** – and that right after I've started my green plant and green plant sap self-treatment with **Stevia**! It's so crazy! What are the odds? Yes, it's spring … but where are the colors?



April 23, 2020

Reading through the plot details of *"How to get away with murder"*, I came across a description of an incident where an unconscious person meets with a person who is in a coma.

Totally gonna check this out.

I felt a bit lonely and detached … from everything recently, while dealing with the tick bite that shows all signs of Borreliosis (*Lyme Disease*). But putting on Stevia extract, taking sips of this extract (that I made and that's maturing) along with colloidal silver helps. I got an anti-histamine crème with cortisone, too, and I put it on at night.

I woke up today feeling feverish, but fine, not dizzy, pretty clear, and the tick patch is much less hot and read and already smaller.

I took Jacqui for a walk on the treehouse field … and I was amazed by **the landscape's color design** I saw, looking towards the castle, the brown green stripes …

April 24, 2020 **– Of Ticks & Witches & the Sparkling Dragon**

Last night, I realized that on one of the first photos of Bob and me he touches that very **arm** in the very area that now got infected by the tick. It has something surreal to look at that picture.

Last night I also promised myself if the state of my arm gets worse, I'd go to a doctor. Woke up with the arm being much better. I've decided on the ignore-strategy right now except for the ointment-sessions. I'm putting on the "multodrin" crème with Cortisone that I bought at the pharmacy, anti-histamine in case of insect bites, and I cool it down with arnica alcohol and with Fenistil and with arnica acid clay crème. I mix silver colloid with echinacea tincture and stevia tincture and lemon a few times a day. Seems to work. Yey. I’ve been documenting the development of the tick patch on my arm. It did look and feel scary. Not so much anymore today.

I think I get the lesson … **a tiny tick can threaten** *my mortal existence the way I want it.* Falling sick and being helpless, that’s the worst nightmare I can imagine, and I won’t ever let that happen.

Almost 18 years ago, Bob touched that arm that is now a major “tool” for a message from me to me about my mortal existence … who would have thought …

PRINCE KUHIO

(Yeah, it’s kind of interesting how the colors of those two photographs match … that’s very odd. I got to say that the lady to the right wasn’t the most trustworthy, I knew here in the months before I met Bob, because I used to clean her house.)

When I woke up, I was just heavy with thoughts about that weird **dream** … I just can’t even think about it what it may really mean. There was **B., a former friend of mine**, who I met at Karate training in about 1995, she was from Slovenia, and I thought we were friends, and I helped her to get jobs in the publishing houses I worked at, but nothing was good enough for her, whilst she was the one to screw up everything … long story short, she was a selfish, arrogant and promiscuous young woman … and at some point I didn’t feel like putting up with her self-righteous behavior anymore. It’s not that I didn’t like her, she had a hard life, too, caring for her grandmother, pretty much rejected by her mother, but enough was enough at some point – especially when I found out that she was an epileptic but didn’t take her meds, and she was driving and I had entrusted her with my dog Kimba, and one day I witnesses an epileptic episode, and that was horrifying. She hooked up with a friend of mine, M., for a while, but the relationship was sex and more sex and very obsessive, and I didn’t want to deal with any of that anymore. So in my **dream**, B. was a DJ in some dark club … and I tried to dance to that **music** I can’t remember … and suddenly I felt embrace by a good friend, from behind, but when I looked, it was a huge, like thigh-thick **snake**, ***red, black and white striped, with a human face!*** I was very surprised, but not scared, I knew that the snake was telling the truth and that she wanted to help me. It was a woman I knew, I think, but I don’t know who or with what she was going to help me.

A very nose-on interpretation is, of course, that I shouldn’t mistrust people who look untrustworthy or scare for the outside … like a snake … but it can mean so much more. I have no idea how to interpret it and I don’t feel like doing it, either. It feels exhausting.

During my **walk with Jacqui** to St. Kollmann today I had to cry very hard. I feel alone and abandoned and flashing back to my very mortal life on Maui and my losses. Seems unbearable now, when I read the news about how the world goes crazy about the Corona-idiocy. I really want to know what the point of all my efforts would be … if the living mortal generations are so fucked up and allow to be manipulated by authorities into blind obedience and giving up their freedom and rights … people are so dumb. I’m ashamed for them. I don’t know what to do.

I saw a very strange **striped cloud formation**. I thought it reminds me of something … it looked familiar. I thought of a skeleton or some kind of string pattern … but then I said to myself that I can’t just look at every strange cloud and think I “see” something. Still. I don’t have a reaction with every cloud. There are really weird clouds in the sky, often, and I don’t “feel” anything. But the striped one … and also another one, that looked like letters or numbers. But, walking, I was kind of frustrated and upset.

Also, I picked up a strange **pebble with an orange kind of pattern** … I rarely ever pick up a stone to take, but this one I liked.

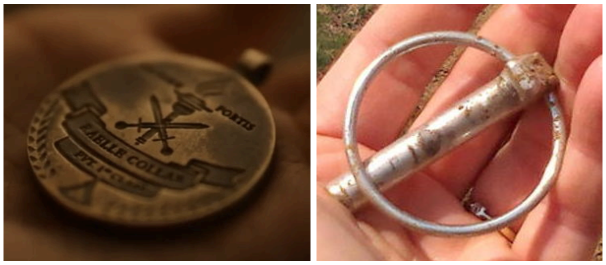
I found a series about witches, called “***Motherland***”, and I enjoyed seeing something that reflects the wonderful “**Dragon**” I photographed at New Year’s Eve …

Being all powerful …my wish. I’m afraid the story is going to be as stupid as it lets on, as the witches volunteer to go to war … literally, into combat “for their country.

Geez.

Anyway … I feel kind of … odd.

It’s probably just … maybe wishful thinking … but I found the **strange metal thing** again near the place where I put it last time after having found it on the field … I thought, maybe the farmer who had lost it would found it there, on the pole next to the field, but the thing was lying next to the pole in the high grass. The “**medal**” that the witches in “***Motherland”*** get for their “services” kind of reminds me of it …



“My word is done, as rising moon and setting sun” or similar is the affirmation of those witches after they’ve done some kind of blessing.

That’s funny, kind of, to come across this stuff today, as I talked very bitterly to a really invisible and unfeelable Bob how need him to talk to me …

One of the “*Motherland*”-witches just said something about “***spider abortion***” … now, that’s interesting in the sense that H. wrote the word “abortion” to give me a hint about the name of a lake that she and I had visited in 2001 and whose name she couldn’t remember. And a tick is actually a spider … and “spider abortion” means that the effects of the tick bite were aborted by me. See, I’m going nuts now …

Ha, funny!

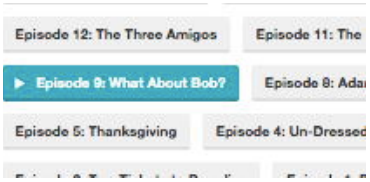
Looking for “Motherland” reviews (as I’m not continuing to watch it) I stumbled across a different **“Motherland”, a British TV-series**. Can’t stand it … but early on, a character asks another character: ***“Do you happen to have a round metal object?”*** *Again that object!*

Yup. Got one round metal object, found one in the field – twice, the same! And then the same character presents a **carrot** to children, as he is trying to be a party-clown …

Done with that series, though. But it was exciting to be asked about that round metal object. (You ask what it was he was asking about? Nothing. Nothing came out of this. The other character didn’t even respond … it was just that question …!)

I wanted to watch something funny while working on this c. d. (getting the first parts into shape), and I came across **“*Man With A Plan*”** (with Matt Leblanc). I’ve watched two episodes on my last trip to Maui … in August 2018. So I hesitated.

I watched a few episodes, then I was ready for bed … but episode 9 in season 1 is called **“What About Bob?”** Seriously. Okay. Gonna watch that one now.



▶ Episode 9: What About Bob?
Epi

April 25, 2020 **– Painted Stones, Music & Slainthe**

Bob knew what movie I was going to watch tonight. I was in the mood for something rough and tough, so I found “Spenser Confidential”, because I like Mark Wahlberg. I never really watch movies all the way through, and this one turned out to be really violent, so I thought, nah, too rough, not for me.

But then I saw the Irish word “**Slainthe**” (which is a drinking slogan and means “Sante!” or “Prost!” or “To your health!”) as the character walked into an Irish pub.

SLAINTE BAR

And that’s special because when I drove back from Velden from visiting my mother I began to see myself sitting opposite Bob on the terrace of a restaurant on Maui. I remember that day so well, and I saw Bob looking at me so intensely, it was so strange, because this “vision” came out of the blue. So I started to **sing Hawaiian songs**, which is strange in itself, but one song has in particular been on my mind, I used to sing that all the time before I even met Bob, “*Kauanoeanuhea*” … it means ***“Cool fragrant mist”*** and it’s a song of longing and searching …. and I suddenly thought that the **energetic effect of “singing**”, the vibrations of the voice and all the energetic stuff going on while singing, may be some good way to connect with the discarnates … I never thought that before. It’s a valid idea, I think.

And the strange thing was, that Bob’s presence in my memory was right there in front of me, on the street, as I was driving and singing, I looked on the street and saw Bob sitting opposite me, on that terrace … one of the last days we went out for dinner together, with view to the Makena ocean … and the special thing now:

It was the **Irish pub “Mulligan’s on the Blue”,** where I had painted the word “**Slainthe**” onto the wall for an event, in the year that I had met Bob.

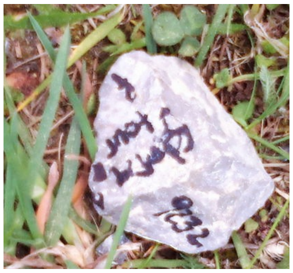
Also, the name of the friend of the main character in the movie is “Hawk”.

But that’s not all. On the way to my mother, driving off the highway, I finally stopped and photographed the big **stone with the anchor** at the fire brigade building that I’ve been seeing many times on the way to the Forestlake …

FEUERWEHR
TÖSCHLING
FF

Before visiting my mother I took a nice walk around Forestlake. But way too many people there. Too loud. I can’t go there on weekends anymore. But: I found **painted stones** again! Painted stones!

After visiting my mother – who was fine, actually, thank God – I went to the cemetery to clean up my brother’s grave, lots of weeds already, and then for a short round to the **forest** close to where my mother lived. On the way, there was a collection of **diverse painted stones** … including a **stone with shit painted** on it! Yey!



And then … deep in the forest, I found another painted stone: With a **sun painted on it.**

So I don't think this contact diary is ending any time soon.
There were more **painted stones** during the **Forestlake** hike.

Life is Beautiful

Really, life is beautiful? Whose life?

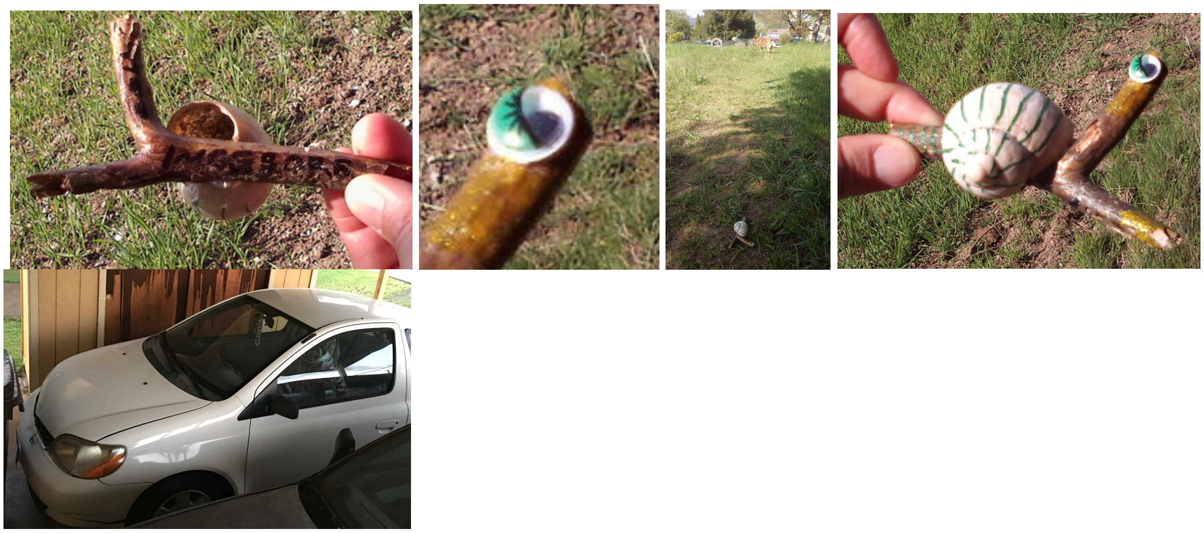
Amazing the amount of **pollen** floating in the **lake**! No swimming for Jacqui and me! Actually, right now ... pollen everywhere! My blue car is really yellow now! And the balcony ... incredible, clouds of pollen!

Something else … just when waking up, I saw the **stripes** again, **on the ceiling**, from the sun coming through my blinds … I had photographed them once but them thrown the pictures away … and immediately I realized that the **strange striped cloud formation** during my walk yesterday … those were the stripes on my ceiling!

You may think that’s a long shot, but the situation was “a flash in my mind”, like “putting two and two together” … “the stripes! He is telling me that he is right here with me.”

April 26, 2020 – The Snail with the Eye

Bob told me today that we are “moving” at a slow speed and to keep an eye open for the unexpected. That’s what I got from finding a **white snail** (house) and **a separate eye on a twig with turquoise stripes all over the whole thing.**



Turquoise or teal was Bob’s car, white was our car, the Toyota Echo. And the tiny figure I had found and also had named “Chiqui” like the car, was a giraffe kind of thing with a striped outfit! A snail moves slowly, but steadily, and there was a separate eye on one of the two branches … So this means a lot. Literally.

(It has nothing to do with this, really, but when I was thinking about the many dumb people all over the place I said out loud “Make your brain matter!” and I had to giggle, because Bob would have loved that kind of humor, and maybe the thought came from him.)

I took Jacqui on a slow walk along the creek and little ways into the forest today, and suddenly I felt Bob’s presence. It was like I could look at him, that’s how present I felt him. I also felt myself in some kind of slowed down state, and I was aware that I was aware of Bob’s presence and that conscious pondering could ruin the whole experience, but I managed to stay in that state. Maybe it had to do with the slow walking without any pressure along that path … it was uncanny. And really nice. Even if I’d have no idea about the matter of survival of consciousness, I'd have been startle by the clear feeling of Bob's presence. It was "dense" in a way, and I did turn around several times as if he'd be there. But more clearly I "felt" him just looking straight ahead.

So J and I walked a little ways into the forest and back, and I had taken several ***small chocolate Easter eggs*** with me for my blood sugar level. So I had the rolled up wrappings in my hand, when I looked up – and the **clouds** seemed to **so "have something round in the hand"**. Look for yourself!

I was baffled. Then I chose the meadow path back to the car instead of the creek path, and that's when I found that snail artwork.

Finding those painted stones and now that snail on a twig with an eye … in the back there are always names and area codes, so obviously, **this is a kids' game**! But how great that someone invented that game … it seems perfect right now for messages between Bob and me!

At some point, as I walked along the forest path and raised my head – had the feeling that all the wariness about checking **emails** had "fallen off me". It was a direct impact that came from somewhere that I thought about that I had to check for the responses of Suzanne, Socrates and Italia … and that I was worried because I've got a hard time with rejection. I thought. But suddenly, looking ahead, I knew clearly, how silly it was. So I said out loud to my own surprise: "Whatever it is, it will be just great because it brings me forward towards the completion of my path."

And that was before finding the snail.

I've noticed that my tick bit area is healing very well, but my face seems to look older every day. Now the scar lines from the many cold sore blisters throughout my life seem to have multiplied and deepened …

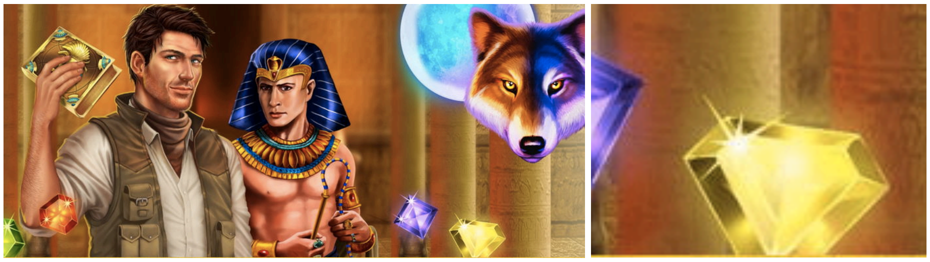
Anyway. **Love the snail message.** Love it! Also … it may mean nothing, but it came to my attention … that beige green striped landscape … and the snail on the twig of the same colors … just saying.

Also … there were views of amazingly **green grass** and **big leaves** and **blooming Butterbur** … and my beloved **ferns** ….

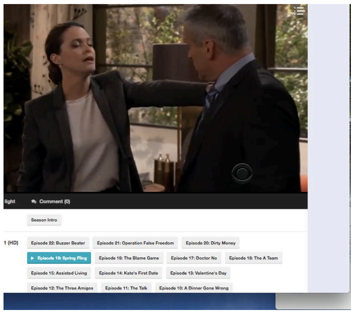
I kept thinking of poor puppy Marshall … I thought because it’s Sunday, his owners would take him for a walk. No, garden, mostly alone, the entire day. I’m getting so mad at these fuckers. And so sweet, after the evening walk, Jacqui and I went over to him, where he was wagging his sweet little tail at us, and I had a little yummie for him – and he immediately lay down in the grass, flat, light I taught him! Wow! That was so touching! I showed it to him only twice, and he does it on his own! Geez, I can’t stand how these people don’t care about their puppy dog! They should be all over the place with him and not ignore him! When the baby will arrive, I can’t even imagine …

Wow, something amazing just happened!

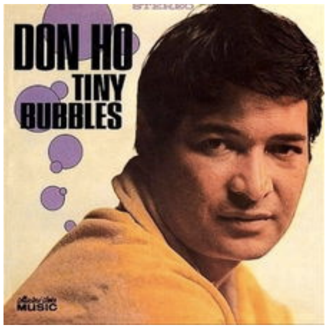
I decided to watch a bit more of ***“Man With A Plan”*** while eating dinner, and finally I did take a closer look at the game site that keeps popping up, and I’ve always seen a wolf head in the corner, but still clicked it away. Now I did take a screenshot and a closer look: **Wolf, moon and the crystal** I dreamed about altogether!



Okay, ***“Man With a Plan”***, *season 1, episode 19 “Spring Fling”* has a scene where someone says **“Bob you’re fired!”** (although there is no Bob, it’s only an example by a character) just when I was working on a photograph of a **treehouse**! (Oh, how often did I wish Bob would have gotten “fired” from that damn’d project!)


light
Comment (0)
Season Intro
1 (HD)
Episode 22: Buzzer Beater
Episode 21: Operation False Freedom
Episode 20: Dirty Money
Episode 19: Spring Fling
Episode 18: The Blame Game
Episode 17: Doctor No
Episode 16: The A Team
Episode 15: Assisted Living
Episode 14: Kate's First Date
Episode 13: Valentine's Day
Episode 12: The Three Amigos
Episode 11: The Talk
Episode 10: A Dinner Gone Wrong

… and then “Adam” and “Andy” must put up a **“Hawaiian luau”** for the kids at school, and the talk is about “Don Ho”, a Hawaiian ukulele player. *(Note/edit: Happened to sing the song “**Tiny Bubbles**” that was a theme just weeks ago, when it came to my mind seeing tiny bubbles in a frozen puddle … **Bob** used to sing it a lot, for fun.)*


DON HO
TINY
BUBBLES
MUSIC

April 27, 2020 **– Stripes & Sites Gone**

This morning the sky showed me what I worked on yesterday – the “**stripes**” that mimic what I’m seeing when I wake up. *Just look at this*!

Finally checked my lunawaifilms emails … Don, a man had ordered NOO from Bob, never received it, so I’m sending it … (Note/edit: I tried, no mail to the US due to Corona!) Joyce and John W. were copied on Don’s email … and Joyce had written to him about how swamped she was, and that she’d refund the money. Geez. I tried to send a link to Don of the “Native of Owhyhee” website Bob has made … no website anymore. “Music Across America” didn’t work already months ago …

It takes my breath away thinking that maybe Mauitvspots is also gone … because nobody of Bob’s family cared enough to maintain his websites with his work. Unbelievable. I really really need Bob to let me know what he thinks about that.

It makes me so very sad.

Everything reminds me of my life on Maui … sometimes I think that that's exactly the purpose, but why? Why am I hurting myself so much? Like **the rolled up fern** … "doing the field", alone, with Jacqui … oh the big fern at our Pukalani door! I loved it so much.

Suzanne responded so nicely, and Elizabeth Hare (!) assistant to Dr**. Eben Alexander** answered, too, he wants to read my contact diary, and she also recommended to connect with a Rev. Rossner who has been in contact with her dead partner for years! This is kind of exciting.

(Yes, even a name like "**Hare**" is "used" by me in terms of significance … remember the ***rabbit challenge***?)

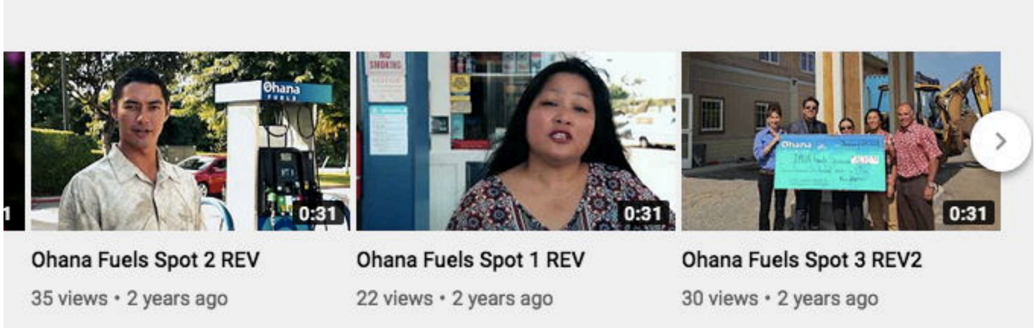
Again … can't get over it: The website for "Native of Owhyhee" that Bob made so lovingly with links and all, is down. It makes me want to throw up. You'd think that his family would want to keep his legacy alive. That was Bob's life. Decades of work. His websites. Now … is he really gone, as a mortal? I had no way to deal with these things, it's all Joyce's and Bob's son Bryon's thing to do, to deal with Bob's stuff. And they have done nothing. Nothing at all. I bet his cremains are still in a box in his parent's bedroom.

It breaks my heart. It does. **The feeling of "losing Bob" is right now deeper and more bitter than ever.** How could all that have come like this? Why do I have to live with this?

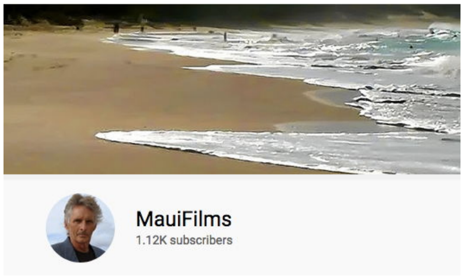
I just went for an evening walk with Jacqui … and I looked at the moon sliver … just so unbelievable … the "era Bob", gone … but then, I had the thought that if people like Dr. Alexander will really read the contact diary and about Bob … is that for his legacy, for the time he spent in this mortal phase?

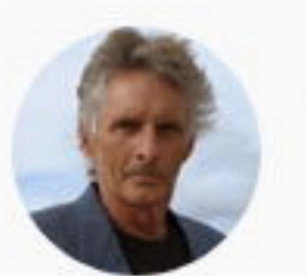
My face looked so old in the mirror … I can make myself look younger, but there is a big conflict inside of me now … what to strive for.

Bob was a genius. He did so much work. He had hundreds of videos on **youtube.com/mauifilms,** geez, I have to look this one up right now … Okay. It's still working. I will write to Joyce to keep it alive. It's so heartbreaking, of some videos it says "**2 years go**" and then shows "2017 May", but that's three years ago … that's kind of strange.



The picture on the website, I made it, I remember it exactly. He put on his nice **blue jacket** that he rarely ever wore, and I had just cut his hair, and it was windblown, but he said he’d like to look “wild”. He was so handsome.





It’s so strange to look at his picture … because I have Bob on my mind all the time, and he doesn’t have a distinct image anymore. Looking at this photograph is some kind of throwback … not sure that it’s good for me.

I really really want to know what he has to say about his website being taken down …

Right now, as I’m writing this … a very **strange smell** has entered my nose. Or my olfactory memory … it’s not a smell I’ve ever smelled in this apartment or kitchen … it’s a bit **smoky** and a bit **metall-y** … it's very intense right now. It makes me think of Maui intensely. Strange.

April 27, 2020 – **The Full Refrain**

Okay.

This is odd. How often have I talked about the song “Play me!” and how Bob has sung it to me? But today, only **today**, I *read the full refrain*!

I had been communicating with Elizabeth Hare about the parts of the contact diary that I had sent to Dr. Eben Alexander, and to try out what the Google link would do, I opened it and downloaded part 1 … somehow I had left it open … then I washed dishes. Talked out loud, strangely, about how Bob didn’t mind washing dishes and how I hate it. I have the urge to finalize the video about Michael the poet … and I set out to do it several times.

Instead I googled Eden Alexander as I felt like watching a recent talk. Then I googled Dr. Marilyn Rossner, who Elizabeth Hare recommended I connect with, because Marilyn had been in contact with her dead partner for a while, too … but instead I ended up listening to a woman by the name of Roberta Grimes, and she talks about the levels of the “afterlife” … kind of interesting at first, but then I zoned out, somehow … and suddenly I ***found myself looking at my own contact diary, part 1, and there was the January 18, 2019 entry*** about finding the **pink pig** ***that I had just patted this morning!*** For the first time since I moved here! … and the entry is also about the second Naupaka half that I’ve found … and then I scrolled further down, and there were **the lyrics to “Play Me!”**

And I read:

“You’re the sun / I’m the moon …
You’re the words / I’m the tune – play me!”

I had left out the actual ending of the lyrics always! I am the words. I’m the words. You’re the tune. The sound. In my ears? The sound, that high pitched sound has been coming on again, but very rarely and everytime it seemed to relate to me thinking about Bob. Otherwise … no tinnitus, no ringing, no high pitched sound, just sometimes. But then – loud.

Is that the “tune”, that Bob was singing about? The “sound”? Not the voice in my head, as there is none … but there is a sound, and I’m addressing it everytime when I hear it.

I have the feeling that this sound is very powerful, and it can only be … how shall I say … handled by my brain in small doses.

Also … suddenly I realize that I have brought the book about “mudra” from my mother to learn several mudra. I know the most important ones, like how to combine and in a way align the right … ***okay, that sound just now set in for a half second and went away again!*** (Hasn’t done that all day!) – I just keep writing … so to align the brain halves, and the one for supporting the heart …

How interesting is that. I’ll totally check out hearing and all ….

Wow, just now I realize that when I googled Dr. Alexander just earlier I came across his acoustics research …

I’m the words. Bob’s the tune.

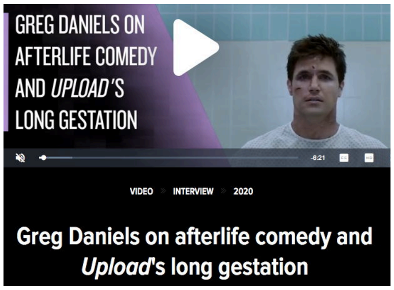
Who plays who now?

How strange is that … I never “heard” the second part of the refrain!

April 28, 2020 **– Don, Smell & Afterlife-Comedy**

Well.

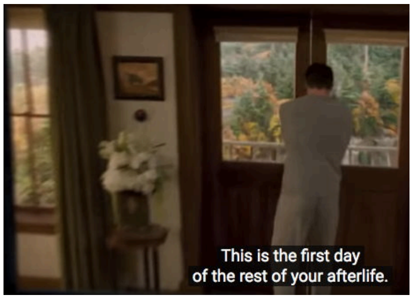
That’s odd now. So I watched the “**Homeland**” **finale**. Then I checked out reviews, and on one website, I suddenly faced an article about a new **comedy about – the afterlife**! It’s called “*Upload*”, and all that has been on my mind today was how I have to get to Bob’s computer and harddrive *so that I’ll be able upload all my films and especially our Hawaii-documentary* “Native of Owhyhee” for all people to see. I’ve been thinking that maybe I can do that on my own, too. I have old harddrives, too, but haven’t looked at them in many years …



GREG DANIELS ON AFTERLIFE COMEDY AND *UPLOAD*’S LONG GESTATION

VIDEO > INTERVIEW > 2020

Greg Daniels on afterlife comedy and *Upload*'s long gestation



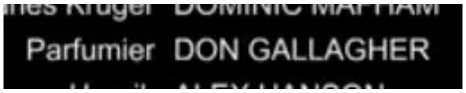
This is the first day of the rest of your afterlife.

But that only came after ***this***:

Remember, yesterday, I had that **strange smell impression**, a weird **scent** that I’ve never smelled before? Okay. So I watched “***Killing Eve***” today, too, the episode 3 of season 3, and one of the two main characters, “Villanelle”, made a **perfume-maker make a perfume** for her that smelled like “*power*”.

And the song that I’ve been singing in my mind, “***Kaunanoeanuhea***” is about a “***sweet fragrant mist***”! *(Note/edit: This came to my awareness several days later, I’m adding this as an edit.)*

Also remember: Yesterday, I dealt with the email of the guy who had purchased a set of *“Native of Owhyhee” DVD from Bob* but never received them, and I had emailed him and wanted to send them, but there is no mail to the US right now. Meanwhile Joyce had refunded the guy the money, and he told me that, but I told him that *in the name of Bob I’d send him the DVD anyway for free as a gift.* And now hold on: This man’s name is **Don Gallagher**. And now back to the intense smell-impression from yesterday. The **man** in “Killing Eve” who **made the perfume** – yes, **strange scent** – for “Villanelle” was played by and actor by the name of “**Don Gallagher**”! I happened to look at the episode’s credits, and there it was.

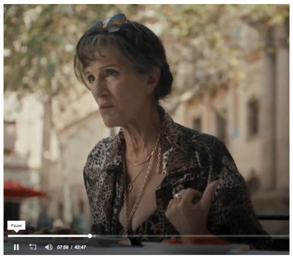


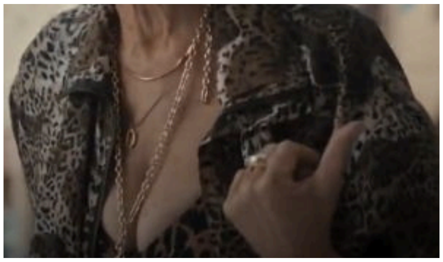
Parfumier DON GALLAGHER

What are the odds?

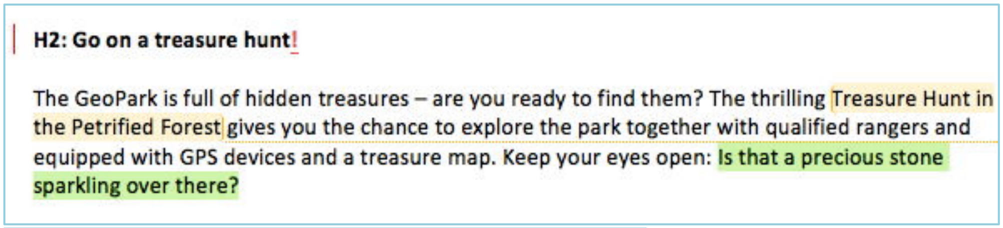
Also, one of the characters wore a **blouse** of the kind that I had just had in my hands on Sunday, with Leopard print, and I wore it once and never again, *and I wanted to* ***throw it away****, yes, just this Sunday! – but I didn’t*. And here it is again.

and I had said out loud to Bob: *“Remember, I wore this on our first date with Tom and Nancy …”* (at Ma’alaea Harbor, in a restaurant called “Waterfront”).



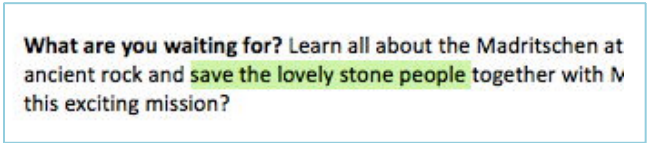


Plus, ***editing texts*** today … I came across “**stones**” all the time.



H2: Go on a treasure hunt!

The GeoPark is full of hidden treasures – are you ready to find them? The thrilling Treasure Hunt in the Petrified Forest gives you the chance to explore the park together with qualified rangers and equipped with GPS devices and a treasure map. Keep your eyes open: Is that a precious stone sparkling over there?



What are you waiting for? Learn all about the Madritschen at ancient rock and save the lovely stone people together with

this exciting mission?

And suddenly, during the afternoon, I felt like I was just about to travel to Maui and to Bob. It was like I was in the past, and I was looking forward to seeing him again and being with him … and I literally *looked up and had to remind myself* that I was sitting in my kitchen in Griffen, editing texts, and that Bob had died one and a half years ago.

April 29, 2020

Horror discovery: Little dog Marshall has an *electric collar with spikes* touching his puppy skin at the neck. Pour guy gets an electric shock whenever he approaches a certain spot …

I took him for a walk and took that shit off, then later, when I returned him to his asshole owner, I handed the latter the thing, and I hope he got my “mood”. I read up: It’s prohibited to use such torture devices. Marshall is a puppy, doesn’t even yet lift his leg peeing, and he is “trained” by electro shocks, and nobody except for me takes him for walks. He is alone in front of the door all day, except for an hour, when the owner comes out with the 5 year old daughter I., who then yells and screams at Marshall … who isn’t allowed to do anything.

April 30, 2020 – **The Fire Salamander**

I had a horrible night, could barely sleep, thinking of Marshall and the situation. I got up to take Hawthorne, that’s how my heart hurt.

This morning I took Jacqui on his walk – and a **fire salamander** stood there, looking at us! I took him out of harm’s way … I hope, into the grass to the side of the road, but depending where he goes, he’ll be in danger continuously … Is that meant to tell me something?

I also had an amazingly weird **dream**. Bob was there … and I insisted on climbing some super ***high bridge*** in some kind of *ocean park* where one had to get onto high and steep mountain ridge using ladders and slippery paths … to then end up *on top of that plateau where there would be ocean for swimming and beautiful landscape.*

The thing was, that I insisted on going there, and there were other people and another story, but I can’t remember right now. I only remember that a huge huge thunderstorm came up in the South-West, and I saw giant lightning bolts, and I knew I’d be in danger going up there … but I did it anyway. Bob was behind me, and somehow I always ended up at the bottom of that kind of resort where the entrance to that kind of “mountain” was where one would have to take those super difficult and dangerous pathway upwards …

… and interestingly I kept ending up in the place where I grew up, at Velden. There is a street where I had to go to get the bus for school (from when I was 14 to 19 years old), and it used to be a huge nightmare for me thinking that I’d miss the bus. There was an abbreviation through a meadow that I used to use, but today, in real life, there are building. In my dream the meadow was there, though, but I couldn’t use it … I had to go and look around the corner, at the intersection of the street where I used to live with the main street.

And then I was back again at that **ocean swamp water adventure park** … and suddenly, that steep path up to the ocean plateau … and the thunderstorm was still there, with everything being in **beautiful orange and yellow light** and dark anthracite skies and clouds in the background, as if a *thunderstorm* was coming up, and wind began to blow … so that steep path was suddenly some kind of stairs that had to do with a company that was there, the path lead along a huge building suddenly, and through windows and roof doors … and it had to do with a mailing business, like post office, … and people where climbing in and out. So I said to Bob – who was suddenly also my father!!! – that we could easily take the tour up on the plateau …

And we made it! But what a disappointment! It was only possible to look around there, in the soil and grass and reeds, but there was no way to swim, no access to the ocean.

And I stood there next to tall Bob, wind-blown, in the bright orange light, and I said it quite literally, being really disappointed: *“Oh, but there is supposed to be the ocean, and I want to swim in it! I came here to swim! I must swim! We must try again! It must be here somewhere!”* Bob said nothing, just accepted my assessment …

And we climbed back down … ever again ending up on some totally other kind of road, through a forest, as it seems … and I started to get up again, only to realize again that it was not at all what I had expected up there!

Now that was so strange … my disappointment of not getting into the ocean lingered when I woke up.

Then I found the *fire salamander. A tiny yellow flower petal* was stuck to his body, and I thought how interesting that he would go where such flowers grow to hide himself optimally.

May 2, 2020 – **The Pipette & the Roebuck, *again***

The story goes on. Yes it does.

Just when I thought … well, that I'm kind of lost in terms of motivation.

I did finish the video that I promised my friend Lupo Leichtsaycht, a Viennese poet to make, and we shot it in October 2019, but I couldn't get myself to edit video … just the day before yesterday, I decided that I had to clean up my slate … so I finalized it quickly.

So I woke up with the feeling that I'm kind of "caught up", as the contact diary is pretty much up to date, and I thought, well, now is the time to … do what?

The frustration about how the people here treat and think about the little puppy Marshall makes me very sad … and troubles me all the way to sleeplessness …

So today, Saturday, went to the **pharmacy** quickly before noon to get some more alcohol (70 %), because the upper rim of my "Borreliosis" "halo" has flared up.

While I was there, I thought that I should buy something against ticks for my poor **dog** … it's impossible to pull out ticks daily, and there have been many. I'm totally against the poisonous chemical shit, but I bought a **"Spot On" treatment.** I was told you apply the liquid on the dog's neck with the kind of "**pipette**" that's in the package … so well. I thought at least I have it.

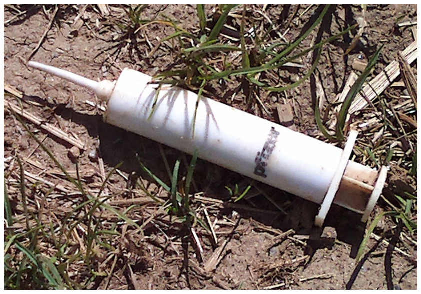
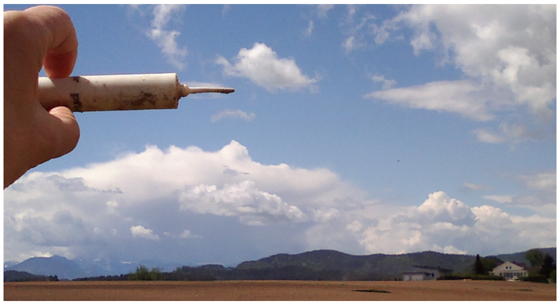
FRONTLINE
COMBO
HUND L

Then I wasn't sure where to go for a walk, so I followed my drift and drove to the **"treehouse" field.** We walked all alone, it was nice.

It looked like a thunderstorm was coming … and I felt Bob so close and at the same time so far. I realized that while working on the video I hadn't thought of Bob at all in the way of "loss", it was like he was still alive … and suddenly I realized that he wasn't. So I walked along the path and said ***"Well, here it is again, the fucking end of the road"*** (it will always remind me of that first title of Bob's ill-fated "Taylor Camp" docu, "The End of the Road") … and I felt like crying. It was all so heavy and dense and strange, and I recalled Bob and said to myself out loud *"If you're really here, and I'm not making all that up in my mind that you're close right now because I feel you, you got to freakin' proof that to me, right now*!" Of course I thought "right, sure" looking out over the fields, at the sky with those amazing clouds.

I looked around, thinking "I won't just read something into the clouds" … and they were just clouds.

I crossed the street to actually walk to the "end of the road" past the "treehouse" … and I was deep in thoughts. And suddenly I stood in front of – a **pipette *kind of thing***! I think one can call it that, it's like a syringe without the needle or some kind of … I don't know! And it's a medical chemical thing, because it says "***Pfizer***" …

(Note: Oh, geez, this entry and especially the images will have so much relevance on February 12, 2022, as I´m editing this section for image size! Force vaccination is now the topic of the day.)

And *that just after I had bought medical chemical stuff in a pipettes for my dog!* Which I hadn’t intended to do at all! And there it was! Nothing else around, no garbage, not even a piece of paper … but that **white pipette!**

I was virtually stunned breathless. I said it, out loud, like “There are no odds to find something like this … ever, especially not right after dealing with that kind of thing, like, ten minutes ago …”

So Bob told me that he had known before that I was going to buy those pipettes for my dog today, so that somehow someone had **put that pipette there onto a field path?**

It really sounds unbelievable!

So I walked on, baffled … and I said to Bob *“Well, if you can do that, how about some distinct clouds to prove that you’re actually doing this and seeing this?”*

Along the way the only thing I found, too, was a piece of **bubble wrap**. Why is this special? Because I had looked for bubble wrap at home when I packed the “Native of Owhyhee” DVD for the guy Don Gallagher …

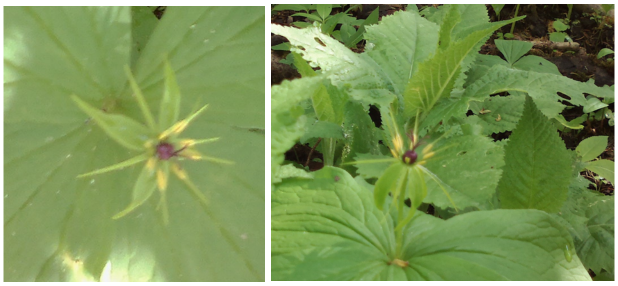
…. and I had said to Bob out loud*: “Oh, I remember how many times you’ve wrapped DVD in bubble wrap and sent them off, and nobody has ever appreciated your efforts.”* So for me to find bubble wrap on a field (!) … that’s no coincidence. That’s Bob telling me that he knows what I’m doing and is right there with me.

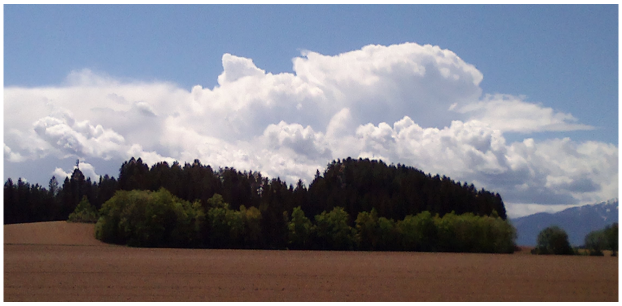
I mean … think about it. I didn’t find a key or a cup or some pen, no, I found bubble wrap and a pipette-syringe – *when those two things had been in my main focus in the last day.*

And how look at the **clouds** that formed, right after that … in both directions! I did say to Bob “*You’ve got a point here!”* And I could almost *hear* him “laugh”. That was out thing, the play on words …

These clouds did not develop over a longer period of time, *but only within a few minutes just above me*, then there were no spikes or points anywhere!

Of course the huge “**cloud whale**” caught my eye, too …

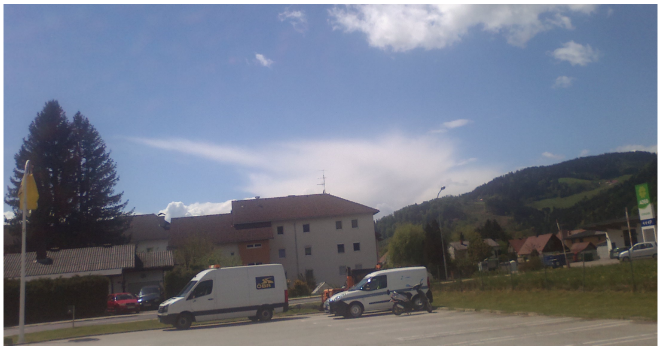




And a strange “otherworldly” **plant** … And then a **big bird of prey** showed up and circled right about Jacqui and me …

While walking back to the car, my poet friend Lupo called, and we actually had a nice conversation. The problem was: I couldn’t photographs the clouds anymore … (He didn’t think of calling or emailing in all those months after October … only today, after I had emailed him yesterday that I'd finished the video, but … anyway. We're living in the here and now.)

So after the hike and the talk on the phone, I drove to a store, about a five minute drive, and *as I stepped out of the car*, the most **amazing "pipette" cloud showed up right in the West** …



The thing is: There were no other such clouds in the sky. Just that one "pointer". And be honest: Have you seen such spiked clouds, like ever? I haven't. Not in the entire time I've been watching the clouds as messages from Bob. Only that one day when the "pointed shape" makes sense, the pointed shape appears. Bob is talking through the clouds. I know it. (I went for a walk just earlier, and I'm looking out of the window right now … no "pointed" clouds, anywhere.)

Made your point, Bob. You did.

Also: *In the **late afternoon***, yesterday, when I took Jacqui for a brief walk, while a ***thunderstorm*** seemingly was "brewing" … I wanted to pick stinging nettles, which I did, to eat with my fried champignon mushrooms …

People went into their homes, the weather looked really dangerous. I was kind of wary about walking out on a field in that weather, too …

But I felt the wind on the left side of my face as I was looking at the dramatic clouds, and the sun kept coming out behind me, so I made a "shoving" motion and said "No storm now! Go away, clouds!" And they did.

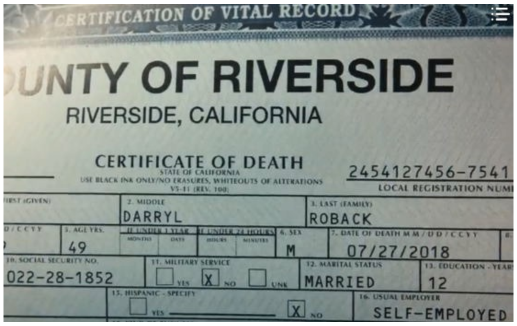
(Not because of me, likely, but I proved to myself that my feeling and assessment had been right. The storm never came that evening. Only later at night, at around 10 pm, it began to rain. So nice. I love rain.)

A big fat really **pointy cloud** showed up above the castle, pointing actually to where I live …

So now … what’s my next duty?
I know. Bringing about “***Regents of Clouds”.***

Okay … later last night:

I felt like watching something … fun and worthy, and I’m trying out ***“Whiskey 68”*** about some war medics … it’s kind of okay’ish, not really my thing, and I was going to switch it off, when suddenly, a character by the name of “***Roback***” *(pronounced like “roebuck”)* reads a paper from **“Riverside, California”, a death-notice.** Anza, Riverside – that’s where Bob is from. And where his cremains are. It says “***Certification of vital record***” *on a “**Certificate of death**”.* (Actually, I noticed that only a day later, when I put the pictures into the text.) Vital record? Like *“Hey, Dani, I’m alive and well?”*



CERTIFICATION OF VITAL RECORD

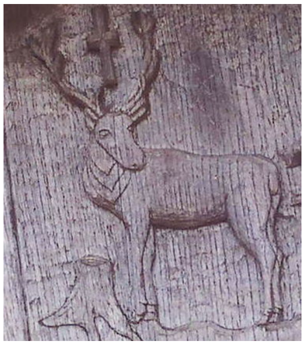
UNTY OF RIVERSIDE
RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

CERTIFICATE OF DEATH
STATE OF CALIFORNIA
USE BLACK INK ONLY/NO ERASURES, WHITEOUTS OR ALTERATIONS
VS-11 (REV. 100)

2454127456-7541
LOCAL REGISTRATION NUM

2. MIDDLE: DARRYL
3. LAST (FAMILY): ROBACK
5. AGE YRS.: 49
6. SEX: M
7. DATE OF DEATH MM/DD/CCYY: 07/27/2018
10. SOCIAL SECURITY NO.: 022-28-1852
11. MILITARY SERVICE: ☐ YES ☒ NO ☐ UNK
12. MARITAL STATUS: MARRIED
13. EDUCATION - YEAR: 12
15. HISPANIC - SPECIFY: ☐ YES ☒ NO
16. USUAL EMPLOYER: SELF-EMPLOYED

And now I got to mention what didn’t seem relevant yesterday. I stumbled across “***Underwater***”, and I thought it was a cool action adventure, but it bored me right away, except for some kind of *“rescue” device or structure called “**Roebuck**”.* And right then I thought about the “roebuck” that’s right where I cross the road to get to the “end of the road” past the “treehouse”.



Fits together just … right.

May 3, 2020 – **My Heart-Wear Problem & the Meeting Under the Tree**

The last night was … well, hard. My **heart** hurt so much that I woke up from it. I did the heart-mudra, I couldn't even get myself out of the bed to get some Hawthorne medicine. I kept sleeping. Woke up, totally exhausted and so so so sad. Had a hard time breathing. It feels like my chest is "full", somehow. But it's like that a lot of the time. And an hour later it's fine. I don't cough much, a little, like everyone else, ever again … and the pollen in the air has been crazy. I must shake out the carpet on the balcony every day, and yellow clouds flies away …

Fantasizing about Bob … after waking up, very hard to even think of doing anything.

I took Jacqui for a walk around 9.30 am, today, *Sunday*, nice cool, sunny with clouds, fresh from the rain, but then I couldn't even make myself take the anti-LymeD-meds (Melissa, Echinacea, Stevia) and went back to bed. I was that exhausted. It was so very quiet around … so I thought I'd sleep, but I didn't. Instead I was on Maui the whole time, fantasizing about Pukalani and walking the field, and then I was in "housie", and Bob was there so clearly, that in my "lucid" moments I could barely believe that all this wasn't real, and I even "felt" Bob, I touched him and smelled him, I went back to "*spooning*" him in our bed, so many years ago … it felt so real, that I was kind of confused and almost dizzy. At some point I saw myself walking down from the street to the swimming pool on the ***Pukalani field*** and on down the stairs and the walkway**,** I had gone there so many times, shopping at Foodland and back, and that Bob and I would "do the field" all the time, and sometimes Bob would walk on and I'd take a quick detour for a quick shopping, and then we'd met up again … mostly close to that big tree at the corner. And suddenly I walked towards that tree ..

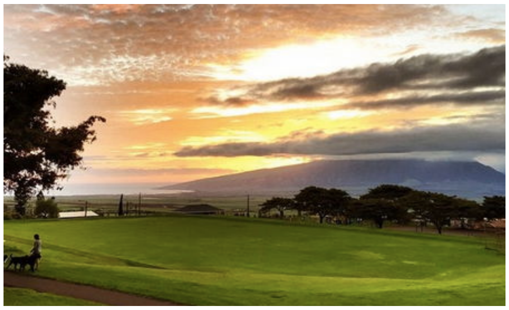
… and **Bob** was **standing there under the very big tree**, waiting for me.

I was surprised to see him … mind you: I had been walking "***as me***", I hadn't "seen me walk", I saw the entire area from my point of view, with my eyes in that day-dream vision, I saw all the way to the valley and to West-Maui and Kahakuloa and Ma'alaea … to Kahului and to Kihei … it was so real. **And then there was Bob. He was standing with his back to the tree and he smiled so big!** It looked like he was joyous knowing what surprise he was giving me, showing up. He was looking toward me, kind of expecting me to join him … and I was (in real life) lying on my bed thinking for a brief moment "Wow, what is going on …" Bob wore some kind of checkered Flannel shirt, red, blue and white, and he held his arms folded … and he grinned so happily, he was maybe in his mid-thirties … and right then I had such a real-life emotional flash that I started crying lying on my bed, and I thought "shit, it's slipping away!" … *and the image of Bob disappeared.*

That was so strange. Bob under the tree **… that was really Bob under the tree**. *That was not a memory*, because Bob never stood under that tree like that. Ever! You can say I made that up in my mind, but why? I had no intention … I thought I was reminiscing … but I had no idea that me walking down the stairs from the pool and going onto the walkway where I'd walk a thousand times, **that I'd be facing Bob a moment later!**

I thought, "wow, I must get back into that state" … but I also felt that my heart was hurting, and I had a hard time breathing, and my face was wet from tears, and my dog was lying close to me on the floor, staring at me … so I wiped my face and got up.

I got up at noon, had breakfast, fed Jacqui and wrote down this note and plugged yesterday's photographs into the text. Not sure what to do next.



(A branch of said tree to the left, will try to find a better picture … and yes, that's what it really looked like there, until they built a skate park … when I was there for the last time, it was in the works. I can't look at this picture, because the longing to be there becomes overwhelming quickly … That was ***me*** *there. That was my life. That was all I had.)*

(A little later:)

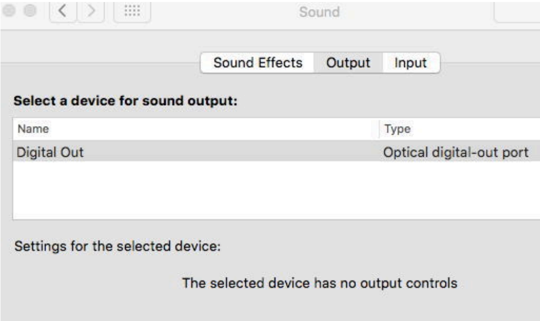
Working the photographs for yesterday … I had to think of **what happened last night:**

(Actually, it came to me **right after I recalled this morning's "meeting" with Bob** … *when I walked down the stairs from the Pukalani Foodland bus station towards the field … and I did it from my actual point of view, I saw and I felt Maui, saw the view, felt the sun, smelled the air, had the total feeling of being there … and* ***Bob was standing under the tree, waiting for m****e … smiling towards me! And for a moment I even thought wow, I'm dying right now … my heart is giving in … During our last walk we actually sat down under that tree, in real life …*

But I kind of forced myself out of that "vision" by that emotional flash, and my dog came to me and looked at me from close … so no dying today.)

I uploaded the ***poet-video for M. on Vimeo,*** and then I realized that it was very bad quality, especially the sound. Then I wanted to watch a movie … and I consciously looked for the one with Robert Redford and Nick Nolte***, "A Walk in the Woods".*** Not sure why "I" wanted it. I got sad watching it, thinking about the music video Bob and I made for "Music Across America" about that piano player who was a trail hiker …. The sound quality of that movie was very bad too.

HEIMLICH EIN WILDER



Select a device for sound output:

Name	Type
Digital Out	Optical digital-out port

Settings for the selected device:

The selected device has no output controls

Strange! Very low. So I *plugged in my headphones* … didn't watch much of the movie, only realized that Robert Redford also had that kind of old-guy-stare that Bob had when I saw him last … *and then it happened*: My laptop's **internal speakers stopped working** *as soon as I unplugged the headphones.* I tried everything, I read the support texts and researched online, did what I had seen Bob do so often, when trouble-shooting (key combinations, restarts …)***: The internal speakers don't work anymore.*** Can't access the volume. Simply gone, since I used the headphones. Must be a hardware problem.

AH!

Just as I wrote "hardware problem", in my mind *I heard* **"… yeah, a heart-wear problem"!** Wow! That did not come from me! But it's so true! I even have to chuckle right now …!

After realizing that I can't fix that sound problem … I kept thinking that I had just discovered the actual refrain line of ***"Play Me": "You're the words, and I'm the tune …"***

"What tune?" I asked Bob, "can't freaking hear anything anymore …" Well, except when I use my headphones*. Then I have the sounds directly in my ears … well.* Maybe that means something? Is it about my **"inner voices"**, or "inner voices" ***that I'm supposed to pay attention to?***

"**The selected device has no output controls**" it says. Ah-ha. Meaning …?

I'm sure that story has some kind of … sequel in the works. Nothing happens without a reason. That much I've learned.

Ha. I have a **heart-wear** problem and a **hardware** problem. Wow. That's so Bob.

Funny. And yes, my heart feels worn and worn out … I've got a wear-and-tear "problem". In addition to all my heart-ache … everytime I see puppy Marshall, my heart breaks a little more.

(Could the "heart-wear" problem being some message that if I don't want to give up this body yet I'd have to take care of my heart, like use Hawthorn regularly? Bob knows that I'd never ever go to a doc. My Borreliosis-"halo" is subsiding again, too. Since yesterday I'm taking the strong Stevia-tincture I made two weeks ago, also externally, and colloidal silver and Arnica ointment.)

May 3, 2020 – **Stoneman Under the Tree**

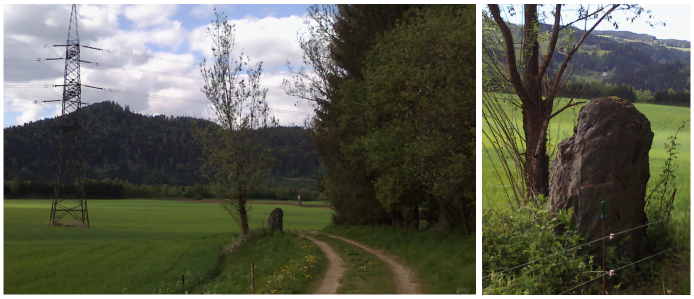
Amazing.

In a way numbing.

Remember the vision I had this morning, of ***Bob standing under the tree, at the Pukalani field, his arms folded, smiling at me?***

Now I just got back from my *afternoon walk with Jacqui.* And I realize that me being so dead tired this morning so that I had to go back to bed where I started fantasizing about Maui and finally "met" my Stoneman, that happened on purpose, me being so tired. That has happened only a few times in my life that I went back to bed in the late morning. But I couldn't make myself do anything … I didn't even undress properly, that's how "tired" I was … but not enough to sleep. I had to be in a state where I could receive that image of Bob under that tree.

And I know that because this:



It's a stone under a tree. Yes Bob Stone. Stoneman. I saw him under a tree in my vision this morning. And then, hours later I stood *facing a stone under a tree*.

What are the freakin' odds?

And I discovered it today, when I took an entirely new path for Jacqui's and my afternoon walk that I had no idea existed. Just remember … early during the walk I felt attracted by a **very light green patch in a field** … and I had to think of **crop circles** … wouldn't it be very logical that *discarnates* with their *energetic means have something to do with creating crop circles?* They can influence the water in the field ..

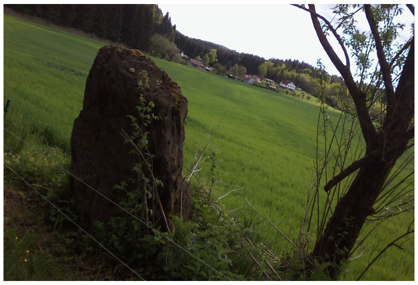
that's something ***I wrote about in "We Creators" many years ago***. I only didn't state who would influence the water for it to help create the patterns of crop circles …

Well, that's certainly a topic that's going to flow into my writing of *"Creators of Stone".*

Hey! There! See it**!? "Creators of Stone"?** Bob kind of "***created***" a stone for me today … by making me find one, after he had announced it!

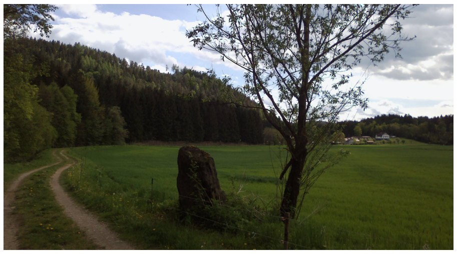
I had intended to go somewhere else, as I left the forest (where I had picked **fir shootlings** for making syrup) … next to the beaver lake, close to where the "Tiki Bar" is. I intended to go straight towards the "treehouse field" that I thought I should reach somehow when crossing the street and somehow getting under the highway … but instead, *there was a path to the right that I had never seen before!*

So I went there … and very soon I stood baffled. **As there was a stone under a tree.**



So now I touched an actual stone, that was warm from the sun … and I felt … elated.

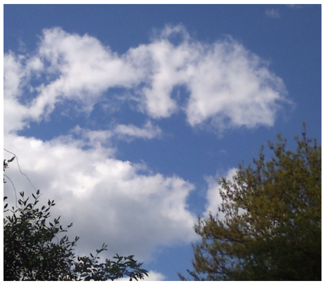
I talked to Bob saying that it was kind of stupid to say goodbye to that stone, because it's only a hint, a sign, a message, a token … and that Bob was with me anyway. I imagined a lot of discarnates standing around, watching me gaze at the stone and touching it.



I went around the reeds lake … and amazingly nice path, I'm truly happy I discovered it.
So strange that I never before saw it.

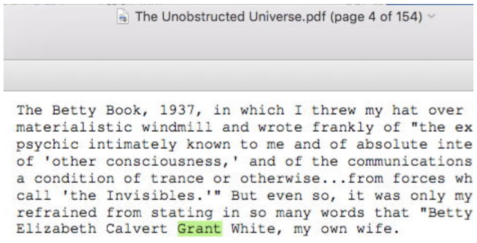
But Bob knew that I'd discover that new path today, because he did "Stone under the tree" before I stood facing "stone under the tree".

Lovely **ferns** I came across, too.



So I asked him what I was supposed to do now … in my life, what was next. I had the feeling the response was "like already decided: "Regents of Clouds". Just then I looked up and saw a very amazing **cloud** featuring the idea "**as above so below**" …

I talked to Bob … shared some **wild mint scent** with him … realizing that in my aware here and now state of existence I can't reach or "receive" him … but I kept talking about the **"heart-wear"** problem, and I came to think that it means that my heart is in fact wearing out and so is my mortal existence. It doesn't help to restart the program or the machine and clean out the energetics, when there is a "hardware" problem, it won't help. So I must stick to what I am and have .. .and move on as long as it lasts.



The Betty Book, 1937, in which I threw my hat over
materialistic windmill and wrote frankly of "the ex
psychic intimately known to me and of absolute inte
of 'other consciousness,' and of the communications
a condition of trance or otherwise...from forces wh
call 'the Invisibles.'" But even so, it was only my
refrained from stating in so many words that "Betty
Elizabeth Calvert Grant White, my own wife.

Something else came to my mind … out of nowhere. **Betty White's** maiden name was "**Grant**" before she married Stewart. And *Grant* is the name of ***Keanu*** Reeves' girlfriend Alexandra. Who looks like me. I don't know how that came to my mind or why. Right now …

… I'm kind of really back to the here and now, because coming home I saw little puppy Marshall all alone in the garden, with his torture collar on. I have to take steps. I was hoping they'd do something with him today, it's Sunday, not too hot, not cold, just nice. But no. Nobody there, only the dog alone.

I also only sent a text-message to my mother today. I wanted to call her, but somehow … I didn't. I feel exhausted in that respect, too. So I'll get the summer tires for my car from Vienna … and then?

May 3, 2020 – **The Spoon**

It's Sunday, evening. Just returned from a dusk walk with Jacqui. Strangely, I didn't see Marshall next door. When we came home earlier, he wanted to greet us, but his electro collar beeped, and the poor guy ran away. Unbelievable. I can't bear this. I got to do something against that. It's animal cruelty and prohibited totally. I can't even say what I wish for the owners …

I almost didn't go for the walk, thought that Jacqui didn't really want to, but he seemed up for it, so we went. The passage next to a farm has been "closed" for days, because the farmer has ploughed across the path, so it looks like one long field now. But I saw tire marks, so I went across anyway – and I found a **spoon**! ***In the soil!***

Remember … I had just written earlier about my vision of Bob and me from this morning, and how we were "***spooning***"? Seriously?! How often have you found a spoon after thinking about "spooning" with your dead loved one?

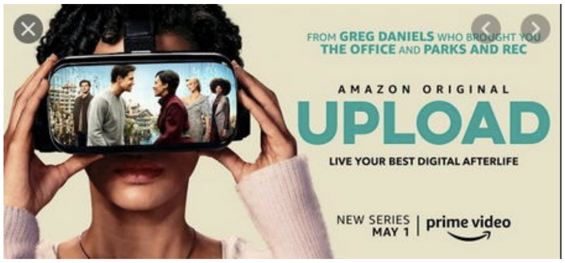
(I wanted to end this section of the c. d. here, because encountering the "Stoneman" seems kind of significant in terms of a section ending … but then I found a TV-series about the afterlife …. and here it goes … breathtaking, just saying …)

Also, the above "yellow rabbit" picture showed up … in some advertising … but I like it for the "**rabbit challenge**" theme!

Also I remember that I've been having very intense ***dreams*** lately … but I can't remember them, actually, which is very strange.

May 4, 2020 – **Roebuck in the Afterlife: About an Inter-Realm-Couple!**

Okay, I thought I'd end here. But I then … I had heard about a new TV-series about the "afterlife". It's called "**Upload**". *Subtitle*: **"Live your best digital afterlife".**


FROM GREG DANIELS WHO BROUGHT YOU
THE OFFICE AND PARKS AND REC
AMAZON ORIGINAL
UPLOAD
LIVE YOUR BEST DIGITAL AFTERLIFE
NEW SERIES MAY 1
prime video

And people – in a near future – can be uploaded in some kind of “heaven of choice”. They die and are “reborn” in some very high tech fashion … having some kind of “**operator**” among the mortals … so so strange.

The “dead” are kind of “designed” by their **mortal “angel”.** One can subscribe to be uploaded … it’s actually one’s own memories that are stored and then used to “remake” the person in the digital afterlife. *The dead’s’ online-operator is a mortal* … Seriously. The “**angel**” is a **mortal**, and the “dead” in his or her chosen “heaven” (by “Horizon”, “Lakeview”, for example, where the main character ended up) *is being “guided”, “ruled” or whatever you want to call it … by that mortal person.* Wow, this is … confusing. Intriguing. Pissing me off. All kinds of things. Like in the “*Matrix*” the living can visit in the beyond …

So … immediately after the guy “Nathan” died and was “uploaded”, he looked around in his room … and there was: a **roebuck**. Seriously.

I’m sure Bob is watching this with me. He’d have enjoyed this … I’m not sure I’m enjoying it, I’m just baffled shitless that something like that even exists!

It’s about “*the afterlife being exactly what one designs it as*”. But that it’s not the person who died who “**designs**” their own afterlife, it’s an actual kind of business, by Horizon … and it’s possible to **communicate** with the mortals anytime through some kind of **hologram** window … wow!

So the disca and the inca are talking all the time. ***Yey! That’s what I wanted to see, right?*** The disca can show their surroundings to the inca … oh, wow ....

The “uploading” must be done before one dies, too … so the story isn’t really … intriguing in terms of “reality” of the matter …

Just I think that I was meant to see the “roebuck” as a message … because I just got aware of it yesterday again.

It’s kind of silly … I think I’ll be watching. And Bob will be watching it, too.

“Talk later, babe …” said the inca to her dead disca fiancé … and they switch off their communication.

Hey! I just realized that there is another option to the dying there in that story … they do “**old-fashioned death**”. The father of the female main character – she is the mortal “angel” to the male main character “Nathan” – is sick and ***wants to be together with his dead wife. And she has not been “uploaded”. She simply died. And he wants to be with her … wow.***

It is an interesting story.

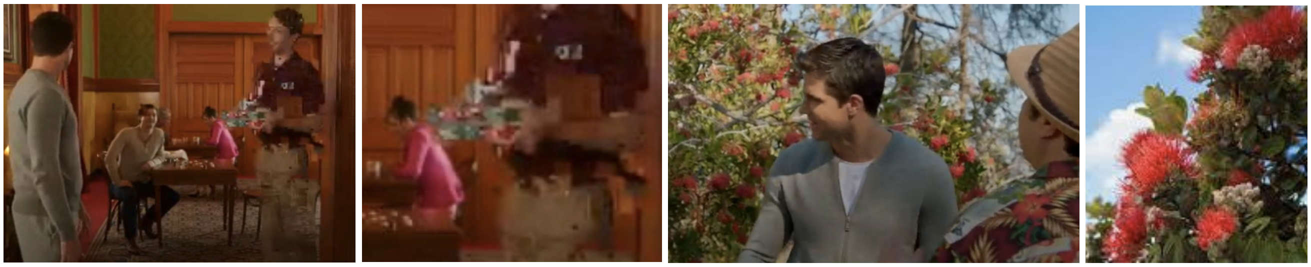
So two uploads, Nathan and some other guy, wanted to have breakfast in the afterlife, but they were too late, so all disappeared … and they got so angry. Second guys said that *“the first uploads didn’t eat or shit or anything … they want psychotic in a week”.*

Ha, there is a funny **peeing** scene, where Nathan discovers that he can pee any way he wants to …

Almost getting too much for me right now.

Nathan (Brown) is getting pissed off with the place … **that’s all digital,** of course. And there are ***glitches***! Wow! Remember the ***glitches I saw watching “Grey’s Anatomy”!?***

Is this coming full circle again? Just look at this! ***Glitches***!



And “Nathan” stands in front of an **“Ohia” hedge** … and a hedge like that was (in real life, on the Pukalani field) right next to the ***tree*** where Bob stood in my dream vision two days ago! Bob and I would look how the “Ohia” would change during the seasons … we loved the Ohia-tree, but it was cut down some day …

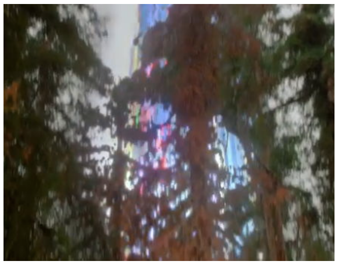
Oh, just looking at the pictures makes me so sad … the “Hawaii feeling” is so deeply in side of me … it’s like it hurts physically to not be there … and it had done that in all the years when I wasn’t with Bob … I hurt, physically, with longing. For being with him, there, in our paradise … we could have done so much. Now the world is fucked up because of the fake Corona crisis … I just don’t even know what to think anymore. Watching “Upload” has a weird effect on me … I’m not even sure yet which one … what kind …

Also, the main character “Nathan” is told that – depending on the programming – he can only see five people at a time, in his case … but that there are thousands of people where he is looking at … and the scenery is ***pixelated (because of the digital world he is in!) …***

Someone did some pretty genius writing there …! Wow! ***Who would have thought that something like that exists?!***

So … in one scene the dead “Nathan” is so frustrated with the kind of “afterlife” he feels stuck in, dependent on programming … that *he wants to kill himself.* And how does he want to do that? He tries to **throw himself into the “data torrent”**! Seriously!

DATA TORRENT AHEAD
DO NOT APPROACH



I just feel so intensely reminded of the “**running numbers**” that Bob used to talk about in his last weeks and days.

And he said repeatedly to Joyce: ***“I don’t want to become an operating system.”***

Wow. Does that fit to “Upload” or what?

“Nathan’s” angel saves him from going into the “upload”-afterlife.

Okay, now she tells him that “he is consciousness”.

“That’s what you always do. Thinking and being alive.”

Being pure consciousness without the body.

Nothing to add here. Is there. I get it. It’s about an inter-realm couple.
It’s about an inter-realm couple.
It’s about an inter-realm couple!

(Oh, gee, just discovered that there are ten episodes to be watched … no can now, though, must go to Vienna tomorrow.)

It’s clear, the point that I’m supposed to get:

One must learn how to live in the afterlife. It’s a big learning curve. Just that in that story, the disca can’t observe the inca, but the other way around. (Maybe there will be a some kind of “revelation” when the plot gets to the “real dead”, the “old-fashioned stuff”, as “Nora” called it, when her dad said he wanted to die and be with his dead wife …)

And that’s what I said out loud to Bob – and I was surprised about my own words – on the treehouse field, I said:

“I know that you’ve got so much to learn where you’re now”.

I said that.

And in this TV-series “Upload” I got the confirmation for that.

May 5, 2020 – **The Phone-Incident & Bridgestone & The Data-Torrent-Stone**

I went to Vienna today, …

… but before that, I took a short walk with Jacqui at the *Schlossberg path* … and look at the **painted stone** that was there, under the stone where Jacqui always pees!

Doesn’t that resemble the “data torrent”, from the TV-series “**Upload**”?

So I drove to Vienna … And then I took a break at a parking lot, where the restaurant that belongs to the service station was closed because of “Corona” (I don’t even want to think how many existences were ruined because of what the governments have done and what the dumb people have allowed them to do …) and I had Jacqui walk, fed him, … and then I walked up to a car and looked at it stupid, not knowing why I looked at it.

So I stepped to the side and read: “bridgestone”. (There is a tiny piece of rust under the “n”.)

Bridgestone. *Seriously*.

BRIDGESTONE

I drove on … to a rural town “Laaben”, where the former owner of my car lives and I picked up the summer tires for my car, had a chat with Chris, the husband of the woman who sold the car to me, Tanja, and that guy looked really familiar. However, when I drove back home, I realized that I had forgotten his face.

On the way to Laaben … I drove to a valley with wonderful **hiking trails**, bridges, hills … but I only had time for one short stop, in the middle of nowhere, in a *random* spot. And lo and behold: I crossed the street, went into the brush and ended up at a **river**! With a very cool **bunch of stones** in it, with **one stone erect**, like a *“Kane” stone of Hawaii!* That was strange in itself! I mean, yes, maybe there are many other such stone piles in that river, but sure enough I ended up seeing one!

In Vienna, I took Jacqui for a walk to Red Mountain – and I must admit that the nostalgia was very heavy. It had been my life for many years, that place, Vienna, those years, when I lived with Jacqui in the big town and didn’t visit Bob.

Strangely, yesterday, sorting through my documents, a printout of the “sun” that I found on Red Mountain ended up in my hands … and it was emotional walking there, today.

But that said … Vienna felt so alien to me. I drove to the area where I once lived for the vet-appointment, and the entire area stank of cigarettes and exhaust gas, just horrible. I shopped for dog food, and then got an anti-tick med for Jacqui from the substitute of the doctor Ulrike. Her assistant told me that the doctor herself is recovering from some surgery … and it sounded serious.

That doctor is one of the very few people ever that I truly liked.

Then I went to buy colloidal silver at a place called “Acai – the good stuff from all over the world” (Gutes der Welt), and I got Cistus tea, too.

The I left Vienna again … relieved.

On the way … it was close to sunset, I noticed very interesting patterns of rising fog or maybe low flying clouds … and I began to talk to Bob how beautiful that looked.

The traffic on the **highway** was heavy, it was rush hour, and there were some crazy drivers on the road. “I know I shouldn’t do it because it’s really dangerous, but I just have to …” So I took my phone out of the bag (while driving), ready to take pictures, while driving …

Right away I saw some amazing license plate numbers, and I want to document them. One was “GU BU 1”, and I read “You Go Be You for Once” … that may be strange, but that what I saw! And there was a ***truck*** with a writing … but I couldn’t get close enough to photograph it.

Writing this now … it sounds horrible, but the road was just straight, and it was a steady driving, and I barely had to look away from the road …

Until I looked to my left … right after I had put the phone away, “to be reasonable”.

There was the hugest most perfect pink and orange lit shark fin cloud on the Eastern horizon … it was so breathtakingly beautiful and big that I shouted out and grabbed my phone out of the bag again. It was dangerous to do that, but the picture was so grandiose …

“I just have to do it!” I said … and then I drove by a forest, while holding my phone ready, but when I was past that forest, clouds had covered the shark fin, and it was getting dark fast.

I was so disappointed. I took a few **pictures** …

… then put the phone away again, but I didn’t switch it off, left it on photo standby, to be able to grab it anytime again.

After a few kilometers – truth be told, the traffic was insane – I saw the most amazing layers of clouds from white thru gray to black … lined by a pink haze that looked like a **cotton candy tidal wave …** *and I got so excited that I grabbed my phone ...*

And my phone didn’t work anymore.

It simply didn’t work, whatever button I pressed, whatever I did … it said “Energiespar Modus” – ***Energy saving mode*** **–** *and that didn’t change anymore.*

It was chilling.

This has never happened before. And I had the very intense feeling ***that this was “done” by “Bob” to keep me from playing with the phone while driving.***

Never before has my phone frozen like that. I didn’t even know that there could be a freeze frame on a phone at all … but my phone was dead. And it remained dead.

I must say that the driving until about Graz was dangerous. Rain ever again, speeding cars … then, the road was like empty. So empty, that I was literally the only car anywhere. I was happy to catch up with a big truck … and I followed it for many kilometers. And then we ended up in ***fog*** so thick that we had to drive about 40 kilometers per hour to be able to see the road. And then the truck took a detour to a parking lot … and I was on my own. Of course said what Bob sad so often playfully ***“I’m all fogged up”*** … I crawled along on the highway, hoping that no car would come behind me … I was wondering what impact that would have with me carrying my summer tires in the trunk … and then, luckily, a ***tunnel*** came (Herzogbergtunnel), and the fog lasted until the middle of the tunnel, but on the other side, it was almost clear.

Wow.

I kept *thinking “Great, if something happens to me now I can’t even call for help because my fucking phone is dead.”* And I kind of “heard” in my head *“That’s your own doing, Dani” …* meaning that I was reckless using my phone to take pictures while driving high speed …

So … well, all went fine.

Back home, the phone still doesn’t work, the same freeze frame “Energy Saving Mode”. I plugged it in, I shook it, took the battery out, back in, took the SIM-car out, back in … I did everything … no change. ***My phone is freakin’ broken.***

I started drinking *Cistus* and *Stevia* tea right away. Will do some kind of “Kur” (treatment) for the next days. I can’t make myself going to the doctor, who’ll only try to give me antibiotics. I’ll try myself for a while, although the red “halo” has been changing and growing again.

The thing with the phone is just so strange. Tomorrow I must go find a shop to get it fixed. I don’t even have an alarm without it.

May 6, 2020 – **My Phone, Upload & the Nudist Commune**

I went to a cellphone store in Völkermarkt today – ***and the guy pulled the battery out, put it back in,*** **and my phone worked** *as if nothing had happened.*

Alright. Got it.

My phone was made unusable *to … what? Save my life?*

Well, I’ve been watching three episodes of the TV-series “***Upload***”, and I think everyone who has ever dealt with “the afterlife” or the topic “survival of consciousness” or “life after death” or anything related, ***must watch this series.***

It’s like … the discarnates talking to us … and that doesn’t mean that the story has much “reality” to it, I don’t think. But it **depicts the dreams of all people who have lost a loved one**, talking with the discarnates, seeing them, joining them, just … everything I’d dream of regarding my dead Bob. But that said – there is a plot thread in the story where the “uploaded” people can inhabit a body “printed” from their DNA again, which is supposed to be “reverse upload”, and then they live again.

On another note, it’s the mortals who are the main account holders of the “upload” of any person, can immediately erase that person. And then their consciousness would be absolutely gone. A person must be “uploaded” before their natural death, and “uploading” actually means to kill the body to maintain the consciousness which is assumed to be the digital data collected all through a human’s life. For that, there is a way to “record” and access the memories of every person, and those memories are then used to “re-create” the consciousness and thus the person who the dead person once was, in the afterlife.

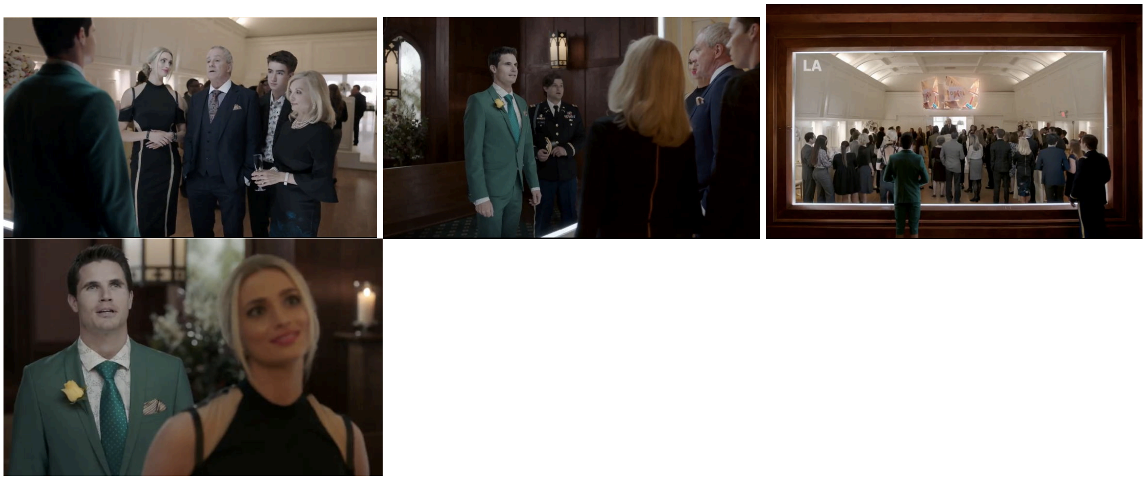
Wow.

So … the very interesting implication: **Only if you experience your natural death** would it be possible for you to actually keep “owning” your own consciousness and therefore stay in charge of the development of your soul.

It’s a spoof on the digital age, in a way, but also on the possibility to love someone even if they’re dead. There is a love story, between the mortal “angel” who is the person who “runs” the uploaded person’s life in a realm called “Lakeview” (by Horizon), and in the story her name is “Nora”, and the actually dead and uploaded man “Nathan”. It seems clear that he was killed for business reasons, and she’ll probably help him out and maybe refuse to “delete” him when his evil asshole girlfriend decides to erase him. Which she did already, threaten, that is.

So anyway … again, I have to stop writing about the plot and this series …

“Nathan” attended ***his own funeral*** … standing behind some kind of “invisible barrier” (just like actually I described in “Regents of Clouds”) … heartbreaking.



I’ll only mention it when I get feedback from Bob.

I had a feeling of a very strong connection with him, today, **after the phone-incident yesterday**.

I shared my dinner and sweets with him. I miss him so much.

But I also have the feeling that he is watching this series with me … along with his buddies.

The guy, “Nathan”, has a **dog** as a therapist in the afterlife (because he wanted to kill himself in the “data torrent”).

Oh, geez. I really wanted to stop writing about this series, but in episode 4, “Nathan” just talked about another “dead” named “Choak” … and he said that “Choak” **used to live in a nudist commune in 1973 …**

Geez! That was “*Taylor Camp*”! **A nudist commune that was burned down in the early 1970s!** *Wow.*

Having written that … I just **realized** that Bob is **actually able to “live” in “Taylor Camp” right now**! Several of the people he interviewed for the documentary are dead (in real life, hahaha), and so with them, he can “recreate” anything he wants. I’m actually glad for him.

This is a very cool thought.

Hey! Is that an **answer** to my ongoing question *of what he’s doing “in the beyond”?* **Living in “Taylor Camp”**, *in the “nudist commune of the 1970s”*? Seriously? Good for you, Stoneman, good for you.

Alright. “Nathan” likes **root beer**. The only person I ever knew to like root beer was … Bob.

Alright. They just walked through a hedge onto some kind of forbidden territory.

PRINCE TUNDE OKAFOR
NEEDS YOUR ASSISTANCE!

Oh, wow! In “***Upload” episode 5*** they are walking through a dense … wait for it! … *fog*.

Fog! ***Remember my fog experience from last night?***

This looks just like me **driving behind the tail lights of that truck** … and then, finally, a **tunnel**!
And: A “**Hula-doll**” on a place that looks like Santa Monica Pier.

May 7, 2020

My joy of mortal life has ended when I heard the words “*Bob has passed away this morning*”. And nothing I learn or do or experience can change that. I don’t think.

I can get busy with something, but there is always the moment when “clarity” “happens”. And I realize that I can’t talk to Bob or see him or do the things with him that were the purposes of my life the way I knew it. Even when I’m aware that consciousness is “the only reality” and that we keep living after our physical death … it doesn’t help my feeling of this mortal life. It was connected with Bob being on this Earth in the mortal realm. Without him … I see no light.

Everything keeps turning “distant” and “cold” inside of me … in those moments when I realize that Bob is no more. Not in this realm. Even when my dog lies under the table close to me, I feel like I don’t have a life here anymore. I usually recover from this drop in … yes, I’m not sure, what it is that “drops”. But it does. It’s like I’m literally and irreparably lacking life-force now.

I just took a walk with my dog in the dusk … passed by a freshly mowed field, it smelled of grass … I tried to share the scent with Bob. Some day in early to mid-May 2002 I met him for the first time.

I will watch the movie “*Atlantics*”, about a young man who dies at sea and comes back to his beloved woman … I learned about it months ago. It plays in Africa. And I used to feel drawn to Africa for so many years decades ago, when I traveled there all the time.

The effects of the tick bite have been flaring up.

Strange dreams. About a **bee** who talked to me when I freed her from a tight space like between cardboard layers or something (thanking me and confirming, in a very jolly mood, that she can, indeed, speak, but I can’t remember more), but when I told other people, they didn’t believe me … many weird dreams. Can’t remember much, though. They “feel” telling, though.

My tick bite problem is flaring up.

May 9, 2020 **– Memories, Chairs & Roses**

I was just watching the movie "***Atlantics***", about a young man who died at sea and comes back to his beloved woman … but … not really. It's a story of "possession" and how the deceased folks use the mortals' bodies to do their thing in this realm.

I had to cry very hard. Missing Bob and my life with him so much. In the end of the movie there is a line about the female main character is on her way to really coming into her own … yeah, when you're in your twenties, life can look promising even if you lose someone of whom you thought they were "the love of your life". But when this happens when you're in your mid-fifties … I had learned about that movie months ago, even mentioned it in this contact diary. It plays in West-Africa. And I used to feel drawn to Africa for so many years, decades ago, when I traveled there all the time … also to Senegal, where the story seems to be set in. The music and the views of the ocean are haunting …

There is a **view of the silver ocean** that I mentioned very early in this contact diary (*on March 2, 2019),* I remember exactly when I filmed an almost exact same view right above Kealakekua Bay on Big Island Hawaii … with Bob somewhere behind me … and I have meant to go back to my TV-series "*Native of Owhyhee*" so many times to get a screenshot of that view … but I haven't ever managed to do it. Too painful. So in the movie "Atlantics" the **silver ocean shot** showed up … here it is …

Some memories are omens.

And also, there is one sentence that stuck … "**Some memories are omens**". Yes. Very true. The chairs in that shot are haunting for me, because ***the day Bob and I met*** and fell in love some day in May 2002 was when I helped a friend, Yolanda, who was Bob's friend and wanted to introduce me to him, deliver a glass table and white **plastic chairs** to his home, our beloved "housie" …

"Some memories are omens" …. No shit.

The scene of the woman **"Ada" uniting with her dead love** in her imagination (because the story shows how she actually ***embraced*** and then sleeps with some other man who only kind of looks like her dead love) reminds me of my dreams of Bob …

And there are the **roses** … that are in my bedroom, too … they show up on a bed …

Yes, I remember my own shots of the wide blue ocean for my Hawaii-series … seen the ocean in that movie … catapulted me back to Maui and right back into my grief.

Other than that I didn’t care about the story or the movie itself except for the very atmospheric music and cinematography, I can related, having seen African cities and landscapes and shores … even the shore of Senegal of the Atlantic …

You're just watching the ocean.

You're not even looking at me.

Bob did that … *not look at me*. When we sat at the ocean shore for the last time, at Baldwin Beach on Maui, early in September 2018 … I got out of the water through the high waves, Bob was sitting up on the dune in his bright blue jacket … it felt surreal and strange and just unbearably sad, seeing him like that, a shadow of himself, on that gray and misty day … and I sat down next to him, to his right and watched him watch the waves …

May 13, 2020

Difficult times. I’ve got a lot to do caring for little dog Marshall, who is today 7 months old. I have the suspicion that he is developmentally challenged … mentally and physically. I didn’t walk him for several days, during which nobody (!) did anything with him, nobody walks him

Somebody told the authorities about his electronic collar, which is totally prohibited in Austria, and the owner came right up to me, assuming that it had been me. (Ha. How come.) An anonymous complaint.

Well, he and his family were facing me like at a tribunal, and the idiot tried to convince me that the collar “does nothing” and “isn’t on” or “doesn’t work” … but I have experienced it in action, when Marshall one time came to the fence to greet me, and a horrible beeping sounded and he ran away totally distraught …

Anyway. The problem is really that the situation occupies my mind all the time.

And yet … there have been such amazing *signs and messages* … I just haven’t gotten around to write them down … but I will when I take the dated photographs from my camera …

I went to the doctor on May 11 and obtained antibiotics against Borreliosis, because it flared up. Right after taking the first “Doxycycline” a so-called “Herxheimer Reaction” occurred, but then the inflammation immediately started to fade … so the antibiotics are working.

The doctor – a very cool woman … we both took the fucking masks off while I was in her office – suggested “Wilde Karde” as a plant remedy against Borreliosis, and I ordered an extract and will take it.

Took Jacqui and Marshall for a walk … poor guy, his puppyhood is nearly over, he is sexually aroused all the time and tries to hump Jacqui and doesn’t know what to do with himself.

Just haven’t had the need to see either of them, after they sort of “accused” me straight-out to have made an unjustified anonymous report at authorities because of the dog’s illegal torture collar. I wonder who has done that. Smiley.

They have given that collar to the dog months ago, and I had thought it was a GPS at first.

Breaks my heart that after the walk I always have to leave Marshall all on his own in the garden. It would be so necessary for him to stay together and rest … no, he has to be on his own, eat his yuck dry food, while Jacqui and I are together. This situation really sucks.

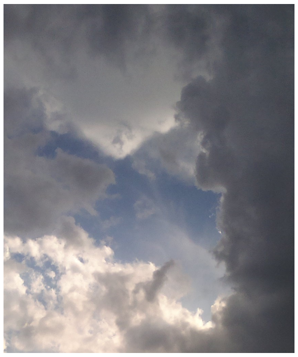
May 7, 2020 **– Stone & Teal**

A **stone** with **teal stripes** showed up on my path … Bob Stone loved the color teal, his beloved Honda Accord was teal colored.

May 9, 2020

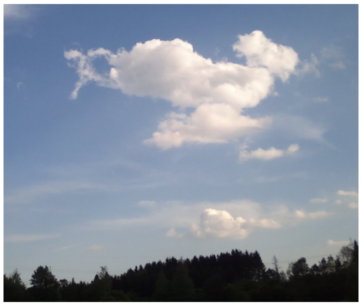
Walk along the treehouse field path … whenever I feel like “the clouds want to talk” I’m drawn to that field … so today: a **black cloud** was **heading for** an exactly **matching gap** in a **white cloud** …

Clouds seem to mimic a **tree** just below them by forming a reverse mirror “**puka**”.



A huge **thunderstorm front** seemed to want me to realize the power that’s “up there” … along with a striped pattern that seemed to mimic the patterns of the fields …

The **light green patch** in a field seemed to be mirrored in the sky … and I found a **plastic bottle** just when I had thought about how I’ll need to keep water with me for the dogs (Jacqui and Marshall) as it’s getting hot and there isn’t always a creek nearby. And the bottle was next to a creek! And really just when I was thinking about a plastic bottle! There aren’t many plastic bottles around this area, it’s all very clean. And there was a “***sky frog***”, clearly.



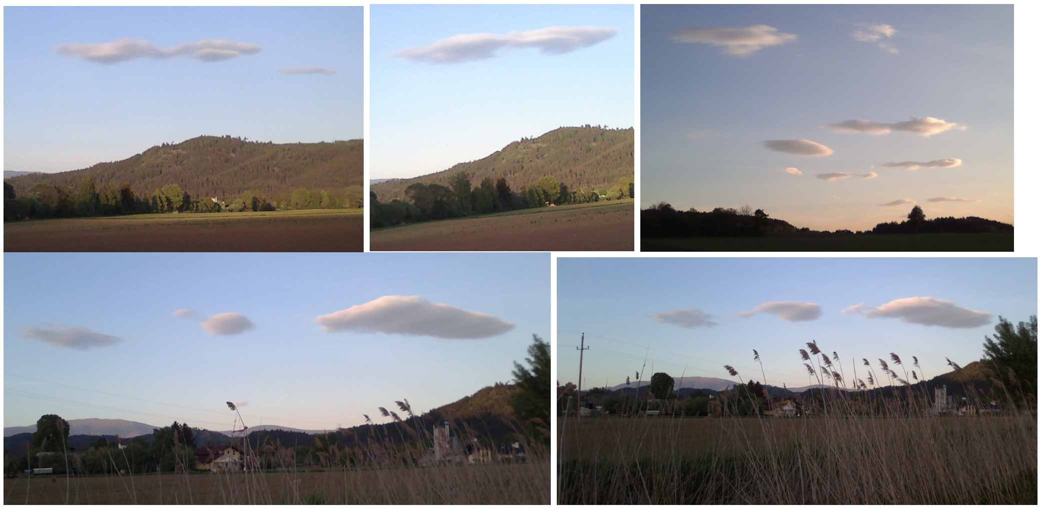
May 10, 2020

One of many walks with Jacqui … but never was a **sunflower** on my path like this … it’s a “Marguerite”, actually … and clouds “**Holding hands**” …

On the way I noticed clouds that were strange “dumplings” …

And then I realized that there were **horse dumps** all over the place along the path (I actually know the horse responsible, Jacqui and I have met it several times, with a little girl on his back and a gray haired elderly man on a bike next or ahead to them … I thought wow, how I would have liked to have a father like that … doing things with me … instead he beat me and kept telling me that I’m ugly and worthless … and yes, I know that it wasn’t his fault, his upbringing was sad, too …)

There was a beautiful **backlit cloud** … Bob knew how much I loved backlit views of stuff … And **clouds**, connected … that theme, the “**connectedness**” was right in my face …



And then … **clouds on their way**, that’s what I saw, at least …

And **symbols** appeared … really, I wasn’t walking and looking for “speaking clouds”, but it seemed that they put on a show for me.

The **clouds touching** kept going …

The **ultimate scenario** began on my way back to the car … and it was baffling: The **clouds were separated** … and they **moved steadily to connect**, only to then **separate again** … I cried.

Meanwhile, in the opposite direction (West) …

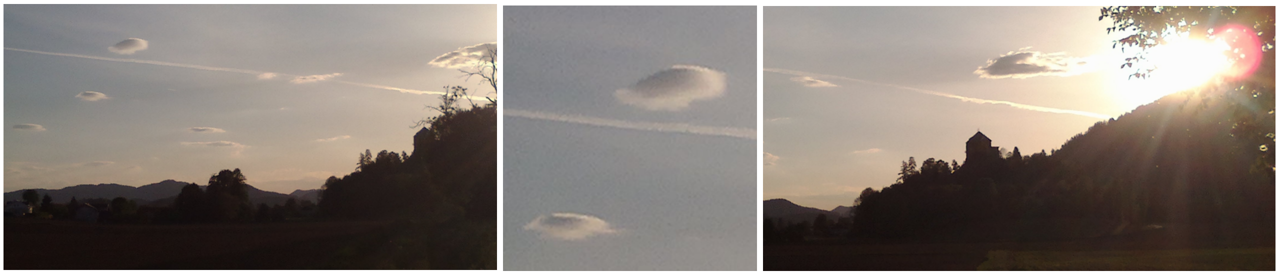
Back to the events in the East … the clouds started to **separate again** … as if they were telling me that it’s a constant game of “connecting and separating” …

I also went back to the stone on the path and finally touched it … took a picture of the stone and me … it felt a little silly, but in a way I felt very close to Bob.

And there are the **ferns** … they keep developing … I am every time reminded of the beautiful giant fern right next to our front door on Maui … I miss that place so much, I can barely stand it, mostly.

The **field patterns** seemed to "speak to me", too.

And back to the **dumplings on the path** … in other words, "**horseshit**" …



The snake in the sky, huh … right after a real **snake** on my path…

May 11, 2020 – Heart as Above so Below

It's too bad that I didn't catch what happened today … I saw the perfect **"heart"-shaped cloud** "puka" … and while I pulled out my phone, I saw a **heart** in the reverse colors on a plastic wrapping … with the word "**Danke**" meaning **"thank you"** on it … and when I looked up, the cloud heart was already dissolving … it was so uncanny…

May 12, 2020 **– Fanta**

"Fanta" was a very famous popular drink in the 1970s … and I haven't ever come across that name anymore, maybe once, many years ago, when someone drank a Fanta somewhere … I don't remember.

All right, Fanta...

But when I watched the movie "Atlantics", one of the character's name was … "Fanta".

May 13, 2020

Late night … I'm watching a speech by Dr. Marilyn Rossner at a library … and in the end, she walked up to the single participants and told them straight into their faces which deceased loved ones were around them and what they wanted her to tell those people. Strange. (Referral by Elizabeth Hare of the Dr. Alexander Eben office.)

May 14, 2020

Dream of **Bob** and *Kenny*, and ***I was an outsider*** while they were working in some kind of video production editing office with two fancy slutty women on some project. I entered that premise when they weren't there, I think I snuck in,

and when I checked on the projects, I found them in some kind of refrigerator – but they were no films, they were some kind of plastic **sacks** or **bags**, about a pound, with a gooey putrefying brownish-reddish gel or liquid, and it stank horribly. For some reason I had another such bag with me, a bit smaller, and I stuffed it into the fridge along with the other bag, but it barely fit in, and I was worried it would leak.

(Actually now that I'm writing this, in the morning, I realize that it reminds me of Bob's leaking tumor …) and then I tried to call Bob. *In the dream it was clear that we had been separated for a while, and that he didn't know I was there*. And when I tried to think about his phone number, I remembered that he had lived on Kauai, and that the number must be a Kauai number. In my dream I struggled to remember, and I was wondering why I couldn't … but I did come up with numbers, one was some kind of European network cellphone code, like 0664 or 0650, and the number that came to my mind was "**3020**".

Then – they all came back from something like a lunch break, and there was a man like Kenny B., with who Bob had collaborated in real life and who had betrayed him horribly, and two blond office ladies, and I looked at them and found it *incredible that Bob would work with them* … and then **Bob showed up**, tall and handsome as he had been, and he only **smiled** at me, in a way surprised, but not really … and the room resembled kind of the *old kitchen of my maternal grandmother* Maria in Kl. St. Veit … and Bob looked at me as if he was waiting for me to say something, but then that was it … I woke up.

Before that, I had **dreamed** that I had been in **a big building with many floors and rooms**, and I was looking for **Jacqui**! I was horrified because I had lost him! And there were many people who I thought were responsible for that … and I kind of found him again, *but he was strangely transparent.*

And then came the above told dream.

Last night I could barely fall asleep because I was so worried about little Marshall. I told his owner that he needs to make a fence, the property is right next to the street where many cars drive daily right at a sharp turn.

He wouldn’t. I can’t believe that person. I hate his smug idiocy … the way he talked to me yesterday … unbelievably dumb and reckless.

Maybe that’s why the dream.

And Bob … I feel a little like having actually met him tonight. My longing knows no bounds.

I’ll write to Dr. Rossner … maybe. E. Hare suggested as much. Will send the Hawaii-DVD to Ms. Hare and to Don Gallagher today, I hope the postal service works already.

Took a **walk in the forest with Jacqui and Marshall** today, it’s so touching how eager and greedy the little guy is for life, for experiencing, sniffing, looking, running, jumping, tirelessly … unbelievable that if I wouldn’t take him out, the little boy would be all alone every day, sitting in front of the door waiting …. and then, maybe someone comes and goes into the house, and Marshall stays outside alone … nobody to cuddle with him, talk to him after the big excitements out in nature … my heart breaks for him. He is only 7 months old.

We came across an interesting **gap in a rock wall** … like a “portal” between two huge stones.

May 15, 2020

Intense **dream** of Bob.

He was so clearly “him”, that ***I thought in my dream “Wow, this is real”.*** Then, it related to something that absolutely has to do with our real-world life, but this time, it was Bob who had to leave. We were in some place a little like Velden, ***where I grew up***, but it also resembled a *place where I had been in dreams before* … and there was even some kind of private home, which was blended into the outdoors, somehow. **Bob** was his tall and handsome self, but not that young, maybe in his mid-fifties, slender and quiet, and he wore one of his **Hawaii-shirts** that had the teal color in it that he loved. I accompanied him to a **railway** station … but I knew that he didn’t have to leave yet. And sure enough, we took a **detour** and kept hanging out in the area, like strolling around or just being together, it was no distinct kind of action, only that we were **together**. And I kept watching him and thinking that *I should really speak out what was on my mind* … and I kind of “***thought into him***” rather than saying it, but I did hear my own voice, in German: “Kann es sein, dass wir uns einfach nur auseinandergelebt haben, oder hast du mich nie wirklich gemocht?" *("Can it be, that we only began to drift apart, or did you never really like me?")*

Bob just looked at me and we were going to take a walk to talk it out … but then I asked him when his train departed. And suddenly we were back at the railway station and I saw the **clock**, and Bob said "At eight fifteen" (**8.15**), and I'm not sure if that was meant a.m. or p.m., but it was still light … and I said "Wow, then we don't have enough time, it's already late", because the clock showed "seven forty" (**7.40**).

And **Bob** said or thought ***"I should take a later train"*** ….

And then somehow the dream shifted … and I was by myself in a very dramatic setting, but I can't remember that. It was something about having to accomplish something, but in a way, I was in such a *hurry* …

Maybe all that has to do with a certain feeling of pressure I've been having lately, having (wanting) to take care of the literally abandoned dog Marshall next door. His owner has been at the hospital (has her baby already, I learned yesterday), and virtually nobody cares about the dog. He is on his own on the property all day, without a complete fence … Yesterday I talked to my landlord, the father of Marshall's owner that a fence must be made right away, as Marshall will run on the street. It's a big deal that their former dog was run over by a car! And two of their cats! But they don't have a complete fence, and the missing part is exactly there where the dog hut is! Jesus Christ … this stressed me out to no end.

And my mother. I should visit her. I want to. But I don't even find the energy, really, to even call her. It's always me me me taking efforts. I don't dare to call my father's wife, Edith, who never called me from the hospital where she went three weeks ago, even though she had promised …

Sigh.

But that's my life now, no way around that.

I miss Bob so much.

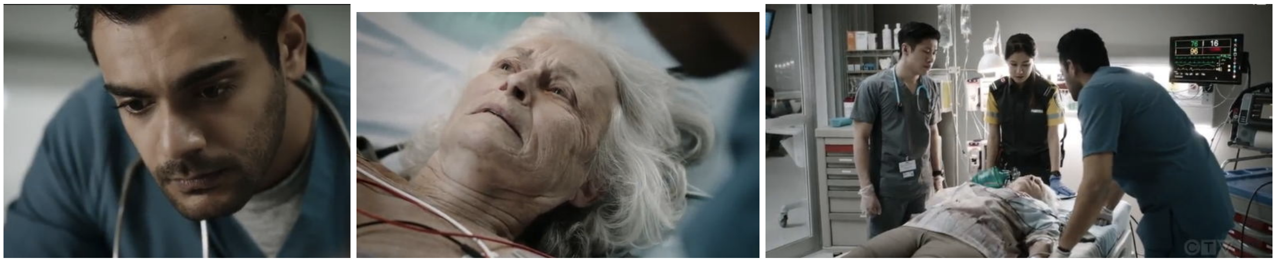
Yesterday I thought about him particularly strongly …

Oh, and something else:

Just when I was falling asleep last night, **I felt a touch on my forehead** – and I shot up and switched on the light! I was not really spooked, but my heart doesn't handle such surprises well. And I told "them" that … whoever had touched me.

I've started to watch the Canadian Emergency Room **Medical TV-drama "Transplant**" about a young Syrian doctor … just because the thought has been plaguing me that I would be no means end up in a "care"-facility if for some reason my mind should let out. When I listened to an interview with some near-death survivor I came across the term *"**autogenic death**"* where people die on purpose and learn to do so. Also that reminded me of the form of assisted suicide by intentional starving to death.

So sure enough, in episode 5 of "*Transplant*" a woman is resuscitated after cardiac arrest, and she is devastated because *she intended to take her own life* and hadn't taken food or water or medicine for days. She was very upset that her daughter didn't accept that she wanted to die. I understand the daughter, too. She had suffered a lot, also due to her father's death, and now her *mother chose not to be there for her anymore* either, on terms of "being old" even though she was totally healthy mentally and physically. In that respect I don't agree to the "right" to die necessarily, which the character keeps stressing. (But I would certainly end my own life that way, in a nice place, near an ocean, so that my heart would stop while I'd be swimming … right now it's pretty much only the drive to live of other creatures, like dogs, or kids that keeps me kind of "motivated" to carry on …)

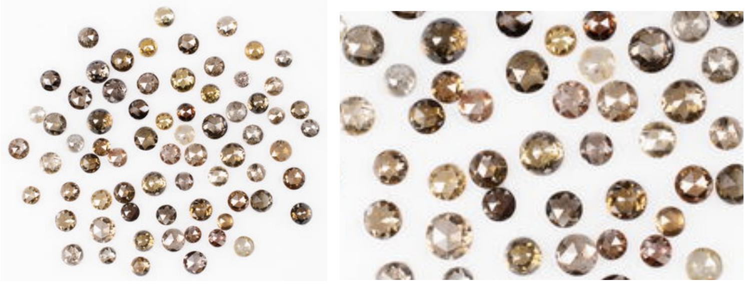


The woman really looks very much like me (that's exactly what I'd look like in ten, fifteen years if I'd live that long). I realize that Bob died when he was eight years older than I'm now. But I look his age right now already. Good, works for me.

Right now I have the responsibility to take care of my mother. In a way. To help her feel good and content. She didn't have much luck in life, actually … except for the big love with Sebastian who died in a car wreck in 1983 she never had a partner who stood by her. Very sad. She could find a friend or partner now, but she is so disheartened and disappointed, I do understand her wish to be on her own. In a way. And I totally owe it to my dog Kimba and my unborn children to be there for the innocent, like the dogs, because I think I have sinned greatly in many ways in this life.

May 16, 2020 – Bob in the Fields

Wow, what a strange **dream**. Had something to do with a heist, with moving in heights like in the mountains, with fleeing from somewhere to somewhere … with a corpse that was my doing and with some kind of crime case … in which I did get the upper hand, and the whole thing ended with millions of tiny **champagne colored diamonds** being kind of tossed out of some container and just thrown into the surroundings, and I was in the middle of it, and they belonged mostly to me, but someone told me that all those spilled diamonds would sure be picked up by people … and *while dreaming I was trying to make sense of that kind of dumb behavior.*



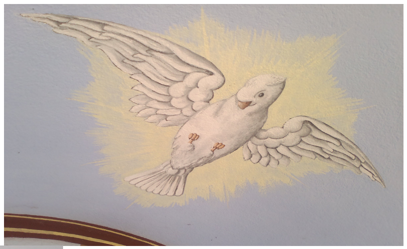
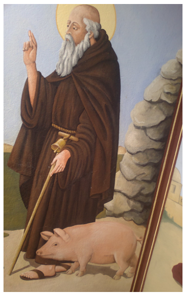
It feels like in the dream I was kind of teamed up with people, and somehow it had to do with making a film with a celebrity actor … but that part is very blurry.

Today I was glad to hear that A., my landlady, was willing to take little Marshall for a walk in the afternoon, and I took Jacqui to the **small lake** nearby – only to find out that there is no swimming for the both of us, it's only for people, that lake, but there are **miles and miles of pathways** along the **river** Lavant …

… **between fields** with crops of all kinds, also much field horsetail and chamomile and also **asparagus** plantations …

And at some point I found myself saying out loud ***“Now – that’s a field!”*** (In the vein of “Crocodile Dundee”, “now ***that’s*** a knife” …) As if Bob had said that … it’s his kind of humor, playing on us “*doing the field*” during our walks at *Pukalani* sports ground …)

… and a very silly Christian memorial thing … I mean, look at that “**dove**” … that’s a parrot. And the guy is walking with a **pig** …

Kein Leid ſo tief, kein Schmerz ſo groß,
wie Jeſus auf dem Mutterſchoß.



It was so **quiet** there. And a slight breeze. It was really nice.

There was something strange … **one single bloom** on a tree that already had tiny fruits developing! Plus a very strange kind of **bush flower** with big flowers as a rim and tiny ones in the center.

Also … I saw something amazing: A climbing plant **climbing up simple blades of grass!**

I so much wanted to see Bob next to me … and sure enough, a very tall **Bob-size man** came towards us with a border collie dog, and he had a blond ponytail (the man) and wore light shorts and a **dark blue cardigan** – just like the one Bob had worn since I met him. At our last meeting Bob wore that bright blue fleece jacket, but before that, always dark blue cardigan and shorts … and that man I met was really like a brother of Bob's. We only greeted each other, passing by. Strangely, among all those hugely wide fields, *he suddenly came towards me* ***again*** *on a path* … but I didn't have the courage to meet him again, so I walked in a direction so that we couldn't meet again. I had felt some interest in that man. So I … avoided meeting him.

I also notice that Jacqui seems exhausted. Maybe that's a lot for him, emotionally, being with little Marshall every day. So it was nice for us to be alone … Jacqui sniffing all over the place.

May 17, 2020 – **Contact Made**

I did a big thing today. I wrote an Email to Christina Hirschl. She was a lady who had a flat to rent out last year, and I looked at it, but it was too small and too moldy. Yet, Christina is a phd in computing and sensor technology. And today I wrote to her about CineDip and the "Dipper". I felt inspired during my and Jacqui's walk today …

I got inspired by the huge **leaves** and the **ferns** again … like you look at leaves and they are lush and green, but they aren't really alike, when you look closely …

Also Jacqui and I sat down on a **wooden bridge** to take a break … I don't know … I just felt so strange the whole day.

I saw **flowers** that I haven't seen since my childhood … and I had to think how sad it is that my parents don't want contact with me … I mean, all older people pretty much complain that their kids don't give a shit, but in my case, it's different.

I don't know why Edith didn't call me like she promised weeks ago … I'm kind of worried … but I'm also not interested in more drama right now … the situation with the innocent little dog Marshall really plagues me … I mean, how brutal to ignore the little guy … and it breaks my heart having to let him into their property and leave him alone after our walks … so I hope when his owner is back from the hospital with the baby, they'll be at least out in the garden more, so that he won't be alone …

I also had wild dreams again that I can't remember. And as I was walking there I had the feeling that I can't waste my time.

I noticed how similar **leaves** look, sometime … but they are so different, really …

Also, "Hirschl" actually means "little roe buck" …

Interestingly, I've been noticing an hurtful bump on my arm, and it turned out to be a swollen blood vessel ... the day before yesterday when I patted Marshall through the fence, he was wild, and my arm got squeezed into the fence … and today I found a huge **bruise** on my arm, but the swollen blood vessel was gone. Has it burst? I think. Is that a good thing?

KONG
STRONG

So walking today I thought that I really should hold the "mudra" that I've been re-learning while walking to make the most of it.

That seems to be a motto, suddenly, to make the most of … well, my time in this realm. I saw that strange **drinks can** on my way … about "**being strong**" … it was right by the big stone under the tree at the very new path I've discovered.

I stood facing **green stalks** that were as tall as Bob was … they mesmerized me, and I actually imagined they were Bob …

It's a strange day. It's Sunday, and I can't take Marshall for a walk, because likely the family will be out in the garden at some point wanting to play with him …

I hate those people … so ignorant. They think when the play with him or walk him an hour per week, that makes him … what? Happy? They don't teach him anything, they ignore him, no closeness, no cuddling, breaks my heart …

I scanned through TV-series pilots, just because I really should know more about what's out there … and there's a series, called "***Defending Jacob***" (strangely, they new baby of the landlady's daughter is supposed to be christened "Jakob", and yesterday I came by an address "Jackling" (number 36) …

And there's a bed scene … and the man really so much reminds me of Bob, how I saw him in our early hears … so vulnerable, so handsome that I couldn't believe my luck to be able to be with him and next to him to be his partner, on a tropical island …

May 17, 2020 – **House of Cards Dog**

Spooky. The whole day I've been fretting about the fact that, again, nobody did anything about little dog Marshall … and nobody built the fence that's so urgently needed. My landlady keeps telling me how scared they are "to lose another dog", as their previous one was run over by a car, and yet, they *do* ***not*** *have a fence right there where their current dog sleeps*, and where people go by … where there is their parking space, so if he'd ever figure out that he only needs to jump up there to be free, any driver would have no chance to push the brakes in time …

And I'm so scared that something would happen to Marshall … but I've told those people several times about my worries, and I asked Toni, the father of the owner and my landlord two days ago straight out to make sure that a fence is built!

And tonight, I wanted to watch something to distract me … and I realized that I've never seen **"House of Cards"**, that came to my mind.

So I started the pilot …

… and the series starts with **a dog being run over by a car**. He is badly hurt, and the main character (played by Kevin Spacey) kills the dog with his bare hands to spare him suffering. I said to Bob, back then, on Maui, at the end of August 2018, seeing him suffer, that if that was going to be his "life" of the future, remaining just a suffering shadow of himself, I´d rather he not live. He was so shocked, looked at me, asking "You want me to die?" Jesus, how could he ask that while I did everything possible in that short time to save his mortal life?

May 18, 2020 – **Bobtails, a Field, Call Bob And So Much More!**

(Note/edit: On May 20 I learned, that ***Willie K*** *died on May 18. So the events of my dream and everything else make more sense now.)*

I started a website today on Jimdo to publish the information about my "contact diary". At the same time … I had a very hard day, missing Bob.

I took Jacqui and Marshall to the pond, and for the first time Marshall was on a 10 meter leash, and he was so happy. Jacqui also plays and jumps like crazy … and as I looked up, there was the most amazing **shark fin cloud** right above us. (I was too slow to photograph it, though.)

Still, I felt so lonely … and I remember a **very strange dream** about me being in some kind of **hippie commune** hostel on a mountain, *looking for a place to sleep* … and there were other women like me, and I had a dog … and somehow I managed to get a spot in a kind of open shack kind of dorm house … and it was so incredibly dirty and full of pests and garbage … I was horrified. I fled out into the open … and there I ended up next to a field …

And another woman was with me, actually two … and somehow it was about a gray **Bobtail dog** that was supposed to be with me, but he had disappeared. And one of the other women pointed out to two other Bobtail dogs, a gray and a white one, but they had *only three legs*! And one of the women told me that I might as well take care of those dogs instead of looking for mine. I was kind of upset … and that’s when I moved towards that field. And then:

In the dream I said to the other woman: **“I know this field! I’ve slept here before!”** ***And I recalled another dream where I had needed a place to sleep*** with my former friend H. (who hasn’t responded for weeks again), and we had been sleeping in that exact field! Yes! ***In an actual dream years ago!*** And back then, there had been lots of crops and high grass, and we had slept there! But now that I think about it … maybe I had slept there alone? No. There was another person in that other dream. I remember how high the grass or the crops were … and I did sleep there, but not long, somehow I had to leave early … so strange, because all tha**t I remembered while dreaming in the dream!**

So … waking up … I felt strange.

There is something weird … I’ve found myself making **hand gestures** or rather holding my hands in ways how Bob had done it … then I realized that it helped me feel closer to Bob. I did feel silly … thinking that he was right there, just invisible, seeing me gesturing …. I also sometimes make the playful dance hip motions that he used to do, for example, when he was ready for our evening or morning walk, waiting for me in the drive way … oh, I could so cry right now … but back to the hand motions … I felt compelled to check out a **newspaper online** that I hadn’t seen in months … and the first (and only) thing I saw was a **woman** ***making those exact hand motions*** that I had just done, mimicking Bob’s gestures … that I had always found them kind of odd, his fingers held at the same time stiffly and kind of … well, unaware-ly. Not fitting to Bob’s personality. And still he kept doing those gestures …

Anyway … I decided to check out some other TV-show before going to bed. A **pesty fly** kept being like stuck to me, and I asked Bob *if he was the fly*. Before that I had shared a very spicy salad with him … I miss Bob.

So somehow I ended up with the **pilot** of the show "**Episodes**" with Matt LeBlanc, and one of the first things that Matt says is "**Call Bob!"** to his phone. In his car. Right before he has an accident. The automated phone doesn't understand "Call Bob", so it calls Matt's "mom" …

And later a character said "**When I had cancer I realized something. If you want something, go for it.**" I think that character's name is "Murk" (surely spelled differently, but pronounced like this).

Alright – while I was writing, "**Episodes**" episode one is running, and yes, great, it's about just what I've been talking to Bob about TODAY … how he and I were supposed to be a great couple in the movie industry … and "Episodes" is about a great couple in the movie industry! And they get Matt LeBlanc as the main character for the show they've written …

I'm just left to sigh.

And I just remember that the two Bobtail dogs looked like the ones I met a few weeks ago, where one of them was called "Fe" … remember?

Oh!

And just now an agent said to two writers "**It's in stone … but stone … there's things stronger than stone.**" – "***Murk is stronger***" said another one. (It's written differently, "Merc", but the name sounds like "Murk".) Oh geez. It has always been a thing between Bob and me that we wouldn't like to swim in the "murk" (the sandy ocean) … as it scared the shit out of us.

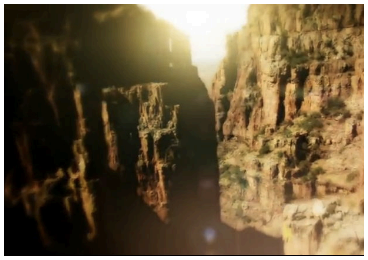
Just today I recalled very strongly my last swim at Paia … that magically crystal clear water … moving me, moving with me, me moving it … oh wow. So back to communicating, I guess. Not that it has ever ended. But I really needed the confirmation.

Bobtail dogs, the field where I've been in a dream years ago … then **a hippie commune, Bob and murk and stone and cancer …** all in a few minutes. **On a random TV-show I picked.**

There.

Oh, wow, this keeps going …

Episode two of "Episodes" … "Murk" introduced his **blind wife** – who fell blind in Hawaii after some kind of infection of poisoning, on the island of **Kauai**!

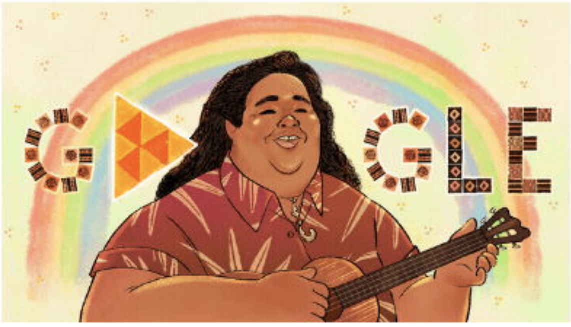


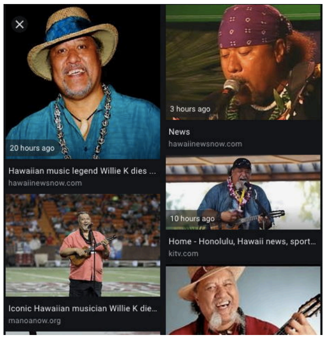
That’s where I got my staph infection of which I nearly got blind years later on Maui! And in the intro of the show there is a shot that so reminded me of Kauai and an aerial shot into Kalalau valley in Bob’s film “Taylor Camp” … and here it is, Kauai mentioned!

And: He just said something like “***She’s my hero … but she falls down a lot! You should see her shins, … bruises!”*** And that’s what **my shin bones are right now – bruised**, because of the two wild dogs bumping into me with their bony bodies and collar clasps all the time! I’ve been rubbing on ointment all the time! And: Today I stumbled and twisted my right **ankle** twice in five seconds while on a hill with the two dogs (reminds me of my dream of tonight, actually), and felt a sharp pain in my foot and still feel it …
And then I see and hear stuff like that in a random TV-series again?!

And all the ***flying papers in the intro*** … reminds me of “You’re the words, and I’m the tune … play me!” I could cry right now. But only very deep inside. I still hear Bob’s voice “You’re my writer” and “I’ve told people that my writer will be here shortly …” That’s what he said in real life about working with me again …

May 20, 2020 – **Willie K is dead.**
I just googled Willie K and read online that he died on Monday, May 18, on Maui.
I was prompted to google because on Google today there was the image of *Israel Kamakawiwo’ole* as a theme … who is, I think, the most famous Hawaiian ever. Well, he and Willie are sure going to chat shortly … right now, Willie may still be confused and surprised about finding himself alive after his death. Hahaha, funny, right?




20 hours ago
Hawaiian music legend Willie K dies ...
hawaiinewsnow.com
3 hours ago
News
hawaiinewsnow.com
10 hours ago
Home - Honolulu, Hawaii news, sport...
kitv.com
Iconic Hawaiian musician Willie K die...
manoanow.org

Even though this was a long time coming, and I had been jealous of Willie surviving while Bob had to die, it’s so strange now that the two of them can talk directly … while I’m still here. It’s really sad for us mortals that he has left us. But we all will meet again.
The world feels empty now.
I loved Willie K the way I loved Bob, almost.

Yesterday, my dog Jacqui was all sad and strange, the whole day. I thought it was the rain and because he had seen little lonely Marshall in front of the door, all wet. But who knows.

I’m sure that Willie is baffled now how cool his life is going on. And so many people to greet him … including Bob.

Still … they are all “there”, and I’m here?

Fuck it all. If I didn’t know that we all have a purpose and that there is no point to stop one’s mortal life when one has no good reason … I’m really wondering how to move forward. When I sent them my advice for his treatment, I’m almost sure they didn’t even try.

Well, he was meant to not reach 60, my William Awihilima Kahai’ali'i.

In “**Episodes**”, Matt LeBlanc receives the **ashes of his cremated father** … and later spreads them on the beach (of course against the wind) … just the topic alone, a person’s “cremains” … of course felt like I got to hold the box with the remains of Bob’s body. I don’t dare to ask his sister what they did with his ashes …

May 20, 2020 – **Surreality Kicks In**

Horrible **dream** … there were ***killers*** in the home in Velden where I grew up … but I was the only one of my family in there, but there was a man, and I have no idea who that was, someone foreign, early fifties, maybe someone Eastern Europe. It was cold horrible dreadful danger. I knew *we’d die if we didn’t get away* … and then came the part of the dream that is a repeat, I’ve dreamed it many times many years ago … same place, my childhood home, the street, and the fleeing through the backyard through the fence along the long meadow and field that’s (was in real life) between the house and the main road in the north-west … and my attempt to get to the police station. Oh, I’ve dreamed that many times … Tonight I fled with that **guy** who then somehow disappeared. But the killers were out and looking for us (I never saw the killers, I only knew that they were around), and I managed to **escape** into some kind of hotel or restaurant and I joined a whole big ***group of tourist girls*** in their early twenties. Even that I’ve dreamed before, something like it!

I actually managed to hide out, and the killers didn’t find me, but I also never made it to the police to ask for help – like many times before in the dream. Oh shit, *I’ve been so* ***desperate*** *in those dreams … and I was again tonight.* I was so glad I woke up …

Took a long walk with Jacqui and Marshall … touches me deeply as Marshall learns to lie down and relax and just close his eyes and let himself be patted. He isn’t used to that, he is always wary of touch. Spending time with the two dogs seems to be a purpose.

Thinking that Willie K has shed his body now, too, makes me feel jealous again and in a way in **disbelief** that Bob is discarnate, too. ***My Bob. I need to call him and discuss Willie K’s passing.*** But then … Bob has been dead for a while. I can’t really grasp it today. I feel like I really don’t want to have this pain anymore … of the realizations of mortal life, the challenges, all the trials … And thinking that likely I chose to do “another time around” … geez, I probably will choose to come back in yet another mortal life, too, after my graduation knowing that it’s only a phase … but yet, mortal life is to such a big part just agony!

I managed to switch from sadness to “congratulations” to Willie K in a way … I must try to keep my thoughts right. And they keep switching back to Bob and how I won’t ever be with him again in this life.

Should I become a medium to have more direct contact with the beyond? Would that be helpful? For sure I want to connect with a medium again … I want to talk to Bob urgently. I feel so empty and confused and alone … so alone. Walking with the dogs … who knows who they are!

Also, I remember that **yesterday** was actually **the day Willie died, May 19**, *in my time zone.* And yesterday was the only time in a long time that I saw a **car with “UA”** on the license plate, the **Hawaiian word for light rain or “blessing from heaven**”, right before light rain started in Völkermarkt, where I had driven for errands.

Oh my, *mortal life seems so … incomprehensible right now. A fucking horrible experience*. And no, it doesn’t help to remember “the good times”! Doesn’t help me! Who feels helped by recalling what will never again be real for them? Must be some lunatic.

I have to call my mother and see what Edith is doing. (***Note****: In November I’d know why the urge, connected with Willie’s death, but then I’d realize my mistakes, too.)* Everything feels surreal right now. I keep imagining how Bob greets Willie K, and how Willie is now desperate to share with his family that he finds himself fine and alive, but he can’t reach them. But then, he was Hawaiian in this just finished incarnation, and Hawaiians believe in “Aumakua”, the ancestral spirit … oh, I wrote hundreds of pages about all that in “We Creators”. Kind of comforts me that Willie knows it all now.

But I really don’t know what to do with my life right now.

Is “Regents of Clouds” still on? How?

May 21, 2020 **… just Clouds … Letters**

Seeking a “**puka**” in the sky hurts like hell … doesn’t help that **letters** seem to form, too … I feel so broken and empty.

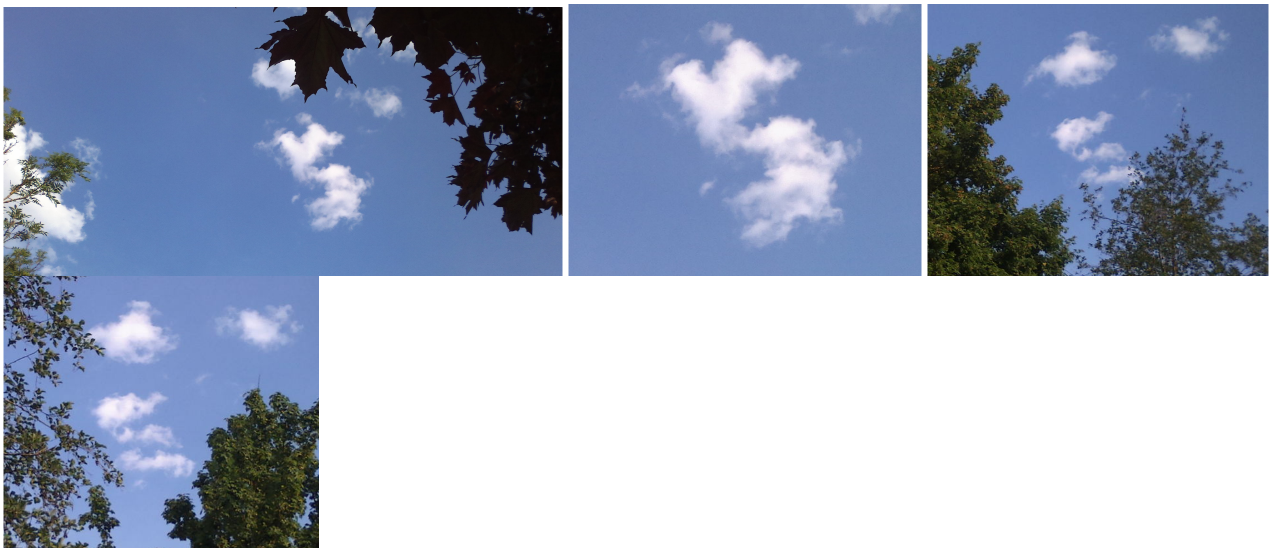
May 22, 2020 **– Lilly**

Very sad **dream** of Bob … I **sniffed at his bag** that he had always used for *production*, but It was bigger and actually black and white instead of blue … and I obtained it from some guy who actually worked at a production facility of sorts, not necessarily film, but he was editing, and in my dream I knew that Bob was dead and that the guy had taken over his agendas. And he kind of acknowledged my grief, and suddenly the dream had *shifted* and I was in some sort of production task, but it was very unclear what I was supposed to do.

In my dream I was so sad and in disbelief that Bob was dead, and I felt ***just as empty and lonely as in real life.*** I was desperately thinking whether there was any chance that he’d be alive and show up again … but looking at **his production bag** made it so clear that he was gone.

I woke up with heart pain again.

Later today, the most amazingly clear **cloud “S”** (for “***Stoneman***”) appeared in the sky …



Last night I had actually googled LA agencies and management companies to who I could pitch my screenplays. Oh fuck, I’ve done that so often, and everytime it had been Bob to comfort me and tell me that we’d do our own films and that then all my scripts would sell and we’d only do the films we want to do, and it was going to be great.

I went to visit my mother spontaneously … she seems kind of fine, but I did notice that she seemed a bit absent-minded a bit.

First Jacqui and I walked around the **Forestlake**, and I swam in it, and after the visit I went to **swim** in the Wörthersee. It didn’t feel cold … it was clear and lovely, and I swam for about ten minutes, in the evening I started to have immense pain in my right abdomen and back. Still, my body feels immediately differently after swimming, rejuvenated, stronger, kind of “me” several years back.

Back in Griffen, I saw sad puppy **Marshall** sit all alone in the garden, and Jacqui and I took him for a walk (even though we were tired). I met that man again that I’ve met several times who lives at the beginning of a path up Schlossberg (castle mountain) and of who I had thought that he was a priest. (But likely he is not.) He introduced his **cats** to me, “**Milo**” and “**Lilly**” … and Jacqui and Marshall were both being totally “good dogs”, not barking, just lying in front of me watching “Milo” and “Lilly”.

May 23, 2020

I had very strong pain in my abdomen all through the night, could barely sleep or move, kept up during the day … can it be that I caught a cold …? Doing Cistus tea and cell salts and Spitzwegerich extract. During a walk I noticed a strange **pattern in a field** … single plants sticking out from the mass of crops, like … well, like they were some kinds of hallucination …

And of course I always admire **plants along the way** that come to my attention and that seem to "speak" to me … *telling me that "they" are all around, diverse and invisible – unless one pays special attention …*

Found out that there is a TV-series called "**Dispatches From Elsewhere**" … but only the title "speaks" to me, because it's the theme of my life. The series itself deals with some kind of underground game, although the topic of "it's not what it seems" kind of plays into my story right now. One of the characters says at the beginning **"I feel okay, mostly … except maybe for a sense of loss".** And that sentence made me wince … it felt like Bob had spoken to me directly. "**Mostly**" was his word. He'd say it all the time, and I asked all the time what it meant. Mostly. (Geez, my face turned hot like fire when I wrote about "mostly"; this has been going on for the last two days again … immediately when I connect with Bob emotionally, I flash up like a light bulb.)

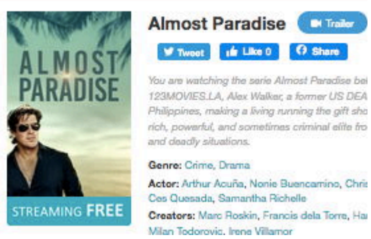
May 24, 2020, Sunday **– Almost Paradise**

So sad … Sunday, sun, little dog Marshall all alone in the garden … nobody of the family out the whole day. I got him – just with a collar, not the harness – and took him on a short walk, thinking that the family would come out for him later. Nothing. I had some food for him, poor guy gulped everything down so greedily.

Strangely I realized something in my apartment: **A hole in the wall**, as if someone had thrown something at the wall, something sharp, edgy … I kind of winced because it reminded me so much of the **hole in the wall in our Maui housie**, on the spot where Bob once had thrown a Beta-tape at me … and had I not ducked … the hole in the wall was much deeper and bigger on Maui, but the point of my discovery today is that I hadn't noticed the hole before.

So what else have I not been noticing … generally?

Oh geez, I somehow ended up finding a TV-series by the title "**Almost Paradise**" playing at the "**Paradise Resort**" somewhere in the Philippines … where a guy runs a gift shop he bought. It's **Christian Kane**, an actor that Bob and I really liked in the "Leverage" TV-series … "Kane" is also the Hawaiian word for "man" and for the highest "Akua", "God".



Almost Paradise

You are watching the serie Almost Paradise be
123MOVIES.LA, Alex Walker, a former US DEA
Philippines, making a living running the gift sho
rich, powerful, and sometimes criminal elite fro
and deadly situations.

Genre: Crime, Drama
Actor: Arthur Acuña, Nonie Buencamino, Chri
Ces Quesada, Samantha Richelle
Creators: Marc Roskin, Francis dela Torre, Ha
Milan Todorovic, Irene Villamor

What are the odds that I even find this series … I was browsing 123movies, and I went to "crime" … but I do not like "crime".

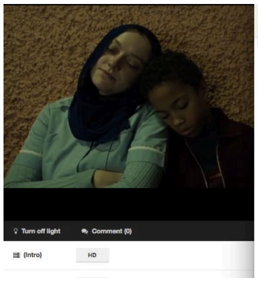
I don't think that I'll watch it, because it's too brutal … and it's exaggerated and loud and just feels "cheap" … but it's called "Paradise" (almost) …. geez, that's dumb. (Police observe motorcyclists, and then those start their bikes' engines, and the female police officer says "They're moving". Seriously.)

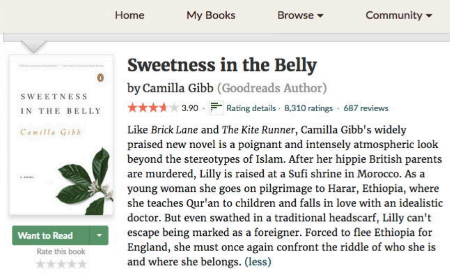
Feels like a greeting, though.

I published my Jimdo "Naupaka Bunny Contact Diary" free website today. Maybe that's why.

A little later:

I browsed movies a bit to find something interesting … and I started "**Sweetness in the Belly**" about a white Muslim from Ethiopia … but the only thing that "spoke" to me was that the main character's name is "**Lilly**", like the cat from yesterday. My former friend Silvia's cat's name is also "Lilly" … And of course there is the **diaper advertising** that keeps coming up, "**Lillydoo**". Lilly doo. I kid you not.





Sweetness in the Belly

by Camilla Gibb (Goodreads Author)

3.90 · Rating details · 8,310 ratings · 687 reviews

Like *Brick Lane* and *The Kite Runner*, Camilla Gibb's widely praised new novel is a poignant and intensely atmospheric look beyond the stereotypes of Islam. After her hippie British parents are murdered, Lilly is raised at a Sufi shrine in Morocco. As a young woman she goes on pilgrimage to Harar, Ethiopia, where she teaches Qur'an to children and falls in love with an idealistic doctor. But even swathed in a traditional headscarf, Lilly can't escape being marked as a foreigner. Forced to flee Ethiopia for England, she must once again confront the riddle of who she is and where she belongs. (less)

Skip Ad
WWW.LILLYDOO.COM

Silvia doesn’t speak with me anymore since I freaked out on the phone several weeks back (actually on my birthday) when she talked with me on the phone and I could totally tell that she wasn’t listening and clunking her dishes and being entirely unfocused on what I was saying, not even responding when I paused because she hadn’t listened. I told her that I’m tired of trying to talk with her because she doesn’t listen anyway, and I hung up. She sent a text message, but I didn’t read it, I deleted it unread.

It has been hurtful to me, not just since Bob’s death, but even before, that Silvia never really pays attention, it has been an issue for me … so back in February I simply had enough.

Anyway.

“Sweetness in the Belly” is just as unbearable as last night’s “The Assistant” that I peeked into, and I can’t understand how films are financed and made that just feel so fake and wrong.

I’ve got so much better stories … and whenever I think about it, I’m in shock again that Bob is no more and that all our plans are dead.

A little later:

“The Kingdom of God is a real place … and you have an immortal soul.” – “Oh I do so hope you’re wrong.” (sarcasm off). That’s a conversation in the first episode of “The Mentalist” from 2008. How strange that of all TV-series I felt drawn to this one today, although I would have never thought to even check it out.

May 24, 2020 (00.09 am) – **Orange rabbits!**

Okay: “The Mentalist” season 1 episode 3: The mentalist asks some people what color a murder victim named “Christine” would be if she was one and what animal. “**Orange**”. “A **rabbit**”.

What are the odds? Remember my **orange rabbits?**

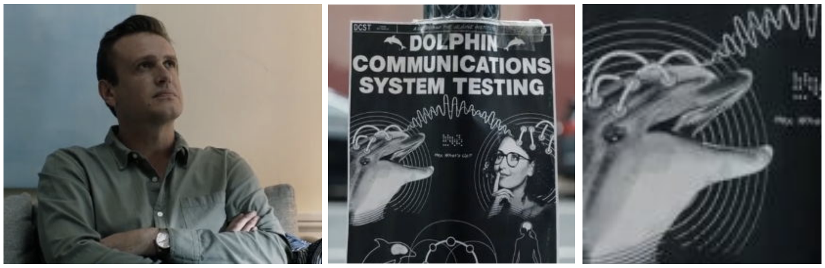
And that right after they had **thrown Plumeria flower “lei” into the ocean …** like people do in Hawaii. Like Bob and I have seen float in the ocean many times. **Plumerias**. Bob and I loved them so much.

“We’re looking for someone who doesn’t like orange rabbits …”

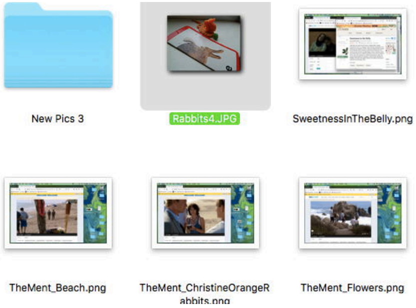
Also … later: The Mentalist uses his **shoe** to **dig a hole into the sand** on the beach – *and that’s what I did all the time amusing Bob all the time.* I dug the hole to then put a sandal in, then the car keys in it, then the second sandal on top, then the beach bag, then the towels. Also … one of the first thing I did working with Bob on Maui was to **build a sand castle** for a commercial shoot … and here it is, too: The Mentalist built a ***sand castle****.*

Wow, that’s one intense episode. As if I had been “lead” to watching “messages” galore.

(Later) The characters are again asked what kind of animals they thought they were themselves: “**dolphin**”, “**hawk**” and “**tiger**”. The two other animals (beside a racoon) that have been of importance in the past year! And the “dolphin” I came across just yesterday watching a few minutes of “**Dispatches from Elsewhere**” …



Interestingly: Just a few days ago I had ***pulled the “orange rabbits” picture*** out from the “Used” folder to illustrate the beginnings of the different chapters of the “contact diary” … that’s why it’s among the pictures and screenshots I’ve collected in the last days …



A character just said "Jason knew that **it was the end of the road here**" (The Mentalist, season 1, episode 4) … The end of the road, huh. Wow. And I had just thought that the "communication" was about to dry up … just because I've gotten so tired, recently.

Tired of … everything.

Feels like I'm supposed to be *jumpstarted* tonight.

Also I've got a rash on my right butt cheek. Which I've never had before. Something about that. Not sure what. Just mentioning.

May 25, 2020 – **"Great Job, Bob", Spaniel, Elderberry Clouds**

"**The Mentalist"** made (in one episode) fun of a woman who said she communicated "with the other side", and he keeps saying stuff like "There are no **psychics**", and it pissed me off so much that I had to switch off the film.

I pitched to a new literary agency in Munich, "Midpoint", and I realized that I truly want to make films and be really famous so that I'll have an influence in regard to "the bridge".

Sometime during the day, when I heard Marshall bark in the neighbor's garden, I realized that very early in my childhood, when I was longing to own a dog, it was a **Cocker Spaniel** I had in mind … just like Marshall is one. So is that some kind of manifestation that I'm now taking care of one … and I almost wish he was mine and Jacqui's?

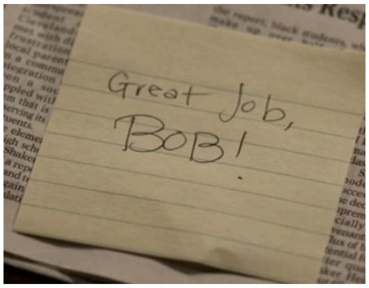
Later in the evening, I took a walk on the same **field**, and I found freshly blooming Elderberry bushes, and I picked several **Elderberry flowers** to make syrup. (Which I did today.) And also … as I looked at the astounding **cloudscape**, the **dark** “**covers**” above me, I talked to Bob telling him that I could read all kinds of stuff into those clouds … like that “Regents of Clouds” is definitely “on”, or that there will be a “**Spaceship Hoffnung**” one day just the way a certain cloud formation that I was seeing looked like …

I was stunned by the **grass** that was flattened by the recent rain … and I remembered my old fascination with “**crop circles**” …

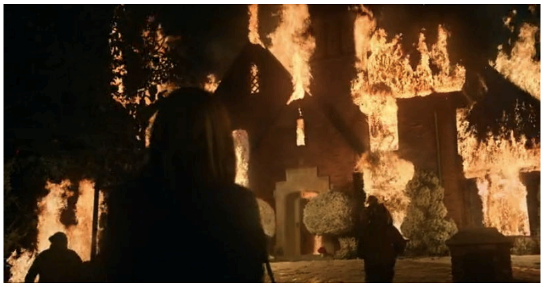
And back at the car, I looked at my Elderberry blooms – and as I looked back up, they were "shown" also in front of the dark clouds as white **"Elderberry clouds"!**

It was like "someone" showed me in the form of "**Elderberry**" **clouds** that they were seeing what I was seeing and that they know what I'm doing. That "they" are around. Bob and his folks.

I'm not sure when, but I checked out a TV-series called "**Little Fires Everywhere**", but I didn't like it at all … just two scenes struck me, a **burning house**, and a **note to a certain "Bob"**.

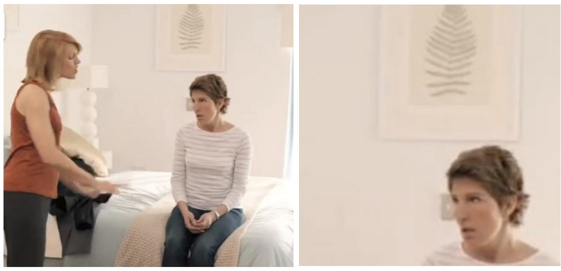


Great Job,
BOB!



The fire … many years ago, Nancy Vendetti, the wife of Tom, a "friend" of Bob's, dreamed of a big red fire … and she asked me if I had any idea what it could mean. For something I had to think about that when I saw the scene in the TV-series.

Also, just came across a screenshot from "Episodes" … a **picture** of a **fern** on a wall.



May 26, 2020 – **Rollerblades, the Blue Rim Glass, the Nose Hit, 222 & Root Beer**

I’ve been having very intense feelings that **Bob was close**. But then … I also have some sort of down, and every day there are equally intense phases where I just find myself in disbelief that Bob is dead.

Today I took Jacqui and Marshall for a long walk again … little guy so much loves to lie with us, just schmoozing, being quiet, he lies down, snuggles up to us and sighs so deeply like a human, just enjoys being touched and having company. Breaks my heart everytime having to put him back in the empty garden … today it’s very windy, he began to whine …

And when I dropped him off, I found a greenish old slice of ham in his food bowl – but no water! I couldn’t believe my eyes. Poor guy has diarrhea, too. Something has got to change about this.

So while walking back towards home with Jacqui and Marshall, Jacqui free and Marshall on the long leash, I looked around and I said to Bob that I enjoyed “doing the field” with him, and that I’s nice that we are **doing the field together**, the four of us. I found myself silly thinking this … and so I told him to let me know distinctly that he is here … but of course, I wouldn’t try to interpret clouds, because in that state of longing, I’d certainly try to “see” something in them. I thought towards Bob that he got to “speak to me”, I was listening. In my head, of course.

And I assumed an inner attitude of openness, and the first word that came to my mind was “**rollerblades**”. Which surprised me, but I found it utterly strange and useless.

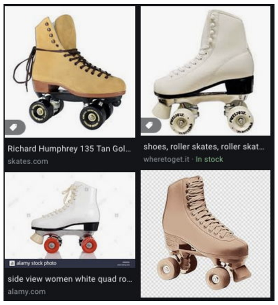
So hours later, I just came back from picking up a new akku for my old phone – actually something I appreciate, because some young guy really had taken the effort to get that akku for me! – and from some shopping, I drove back up the Rakounigstreet hill, and there were three young girls, one on foot, one on a bike – and **one on rollerblades!**

Now, I haven’t seen rollerblades or anyone on rollerblades in … I don’t know, in forever. And just hours after the word “rollerblades” appeared in my head, I saw rollerblades! In Griffen! It’s so unlikely … and yet, I was “told” that I’d see them!

Now, am I clairvoyant? Or did Bob let me know that he was there, and that was a way to prove it to me?

The ***rollerblades*** were actually ***the old-style-ones***, the ones I even had in my childhood, with four wheels on four corners! We called them “Rollschuhe” which translates into something like “rolling shoes”. I really should have taken a photograph of the girls. So I drove by them, my eyes bulging, and I said ***“Rollerblades! Are you kidding me?”***

This “rollerblades” incident was a very huge big surprise … just I still have to figure out what to make of it.


Richard Humphrey 135 Tan Gol...
skates.com
shoes, roller skates, roller skat...
wheretoget.it · In stock
alamy stock photo
side view women white quad ro...
alamy.com

I’ve been **sharing smells of flowers and food with Bob** … and I’ve resorted to say “I play you!” instead of “Play me!”

Also, yesterday, twice, in my bed … and hey, just now, as I was about to write about window crackling, the window next to me crackled big time, and it hasn't done that before the whole day! – I thought about how I wanted Bob to "speak" to me, and the window did a very dark loud "thumping" sound. Such a strange sound, that I actually totally shut up internally and externally … Only to say right afterwards "I got it, thanks."

Also … the **fly**! Geez! ***A fly has been waking me up now for two days.*** And I mean that literally: It didn't fly just somewhere around and I'd hear it, no, in the morning, when I was already awake and knew I should get up but allowed myself back into drowsily drifting off all the time, the fly flew right next to my face and my ears, and she kept doing that until I got up!

I kid you not, that fly had an agenda. It shows up sometimes during the day and follows me around – everywhere!

Seriously! That happened before, last year, too, now it's a new fly.

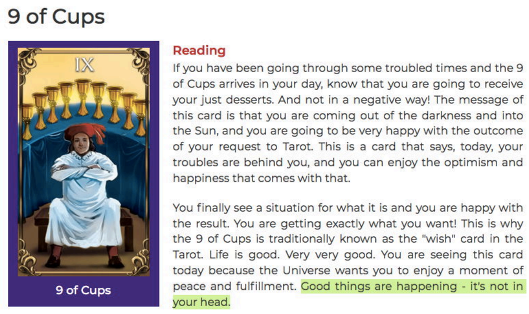
Uncanny.

Okay, I kept watching "**The Mentalist**" over dinner … and wow! A **blue rim glass**! A blue rim glass like the glasses Bob and I had! And I had thought about those blue rim glasses recently intensely, I imagined holding them, feeling them on my lips … and there it was: exactly that blue rim glass.

And there is more: Today, **Marshall** gave me a **full nose hit** with his head when he rose and I tried to pull him back from another dog … and just now, "**The Mentalist**" has received just that too – a punch in his nose!

Okay – and finally: The **location** of the murder in that episode is number "**222**"! Right there, on the door it is! Like our beloved Pukalani house address: Haulani 222. They ate a Hawaii-pizza earlier in the episode, … just saying!

Am I supposed to feel better now … feel comforted? Should I try? I feel confused in a weird way. My horoscope does the "positive" thing … but I'm not positive. I want to be with Bob on Maui. Never can do again. Not in this life.

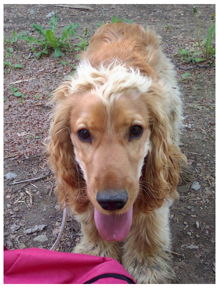


9 of Cups

Reading

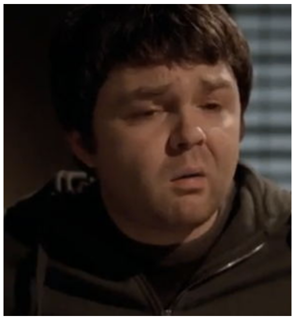
If you have been going through some troubled times and the 9 of Cups arrives in your day, know that you are going to receive your just desserts. And not in a negative way! The message of this card is that you are coming out of the darkness and into the Sun, and you are going to be very happy with the outcome of your request to Tarot. This is a card that says, today, your troubles are behind you, and you can enjoy the optimism and happiness that comes with that.

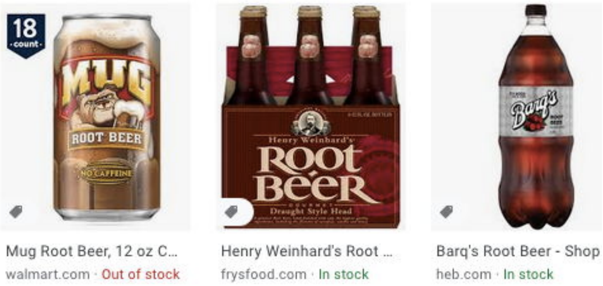
You finally see a situation for what it is and you are happy with the result. You are getting exactly what you want! This is why the 9 of Cups is traditionally known as the "wish" card in the Tarot. Life is good. Very very good. You are seeing this card today because the Universe wants you to enjoy a moment of peace and fulfillment. Good things are happening - it's not in your head.



Being there for the dogs … that’s my job right now. I can’t “meditate” or anything being out with little Marshall … but maybe that’s the point? To keep me “in the here and now” … because that’s the way to **“open the mind”?** When the thoughts aren’t occupied by compulsive thinking? Is this why “rollerblades” was possible?

Okay … I guess I am … because in the next episode of “The Mentalist” a guy by the name of “Tommy” says that *his favorite soda* of all is “**root beer**”. And I only knew one man ever, who loved root beer, and that was Bob.





Mug Root Beer, 12 oz C...
walmart.com · Out of stock

Henry Weinhard's Root ...
frysfood.com · In stock

Barq's Root Beer - Shop
heb.com · In stock

May 27, 2020 – A Meeting With Bob in Housie, the Shaka & Above the Line

Today, I had the strangest waking up experience … in the evening.

The day was again full of sadness and longing, but I took Marshall and Jacqui again for a long tour, and I realized again, like before, that being with the dogs keeps me from dwelling on thoughts and on being focused in the moment totally. Little Marshall was just so happy, and it makes me happy to see him happy, and I think Jacqui likes him, too. I’m sometimes impatient with Jacqui, who at times refuses to obey my command to come to me, but that’s because he knows that Marshall will attack him in his playful way and pinch him and force him to defend himself, and sometimes an old dog just wants his peace. I’m going to work on my patience, here. Also with Marshall, who sometimes thinks he is free and just runs off, almost tearing my arm out. And I must be more defined with my commands … anyway.

Kept watching “**The Mentalist**”, but from season 4 (I only made it through about seven episodes of season 1, but as I read up on catching the villain, I realized that I had from the beginning known who of the characters was “off”, and that character turned out to be the famed “Red John”, or will turn out, in season 6, I read).

And in one scene a **woman who looks just like me**, tall, white hair and all, sat in the background of a shot, watching. That was odd.

I started to work on all the screenshots and pictures for the past days for this c. d. … and then *I fell dead tired.* So I lied down on my bed, and immediately dozed off.

And then it happened: **I woke up** – and I realized that I was waking up in my apartment in Griffen – **but I "was" in the kitchen on Maui**, in my beloved housie. I saw and felt everything from my point of view as being there, and there were uncanny details, like the blue water container, and some food on the stove, and the sounds and smells and the feeling of everything was absolutely real … but at the same time I "knew" that I was lying on my bed in my Griffen apartment! I've never experienced anything like this before.

And then Bob came into the kitchen, and he was heavy and tall and healthy, just like Bob had been, and he was so close and alive … and **I looked at him from my aware state** of "lying on my bed", and I saw that he wore his tan cargo pants and his gray t-shirt with the print across the chest that he had worn a gazillion times … (wow, I'm getting burning hot recalling this, just like last night, when I felt Bob close) …

And lying on my bed I suddenly felt a headache and deep nausea … which caused me to wake up "more", but at the same time I "held on to being in the Maui house" and it worked!

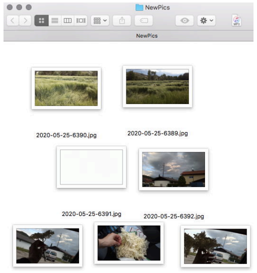
I asked Bob in my mind "What do you want to tell me?", and I followed him outside, onto the lanai … and I tried to see his face .. and there he was, with his serious face, not looking at me, but at something that he held in his hands, and at first I tried to see consciously thinking that it was a message, and I thought it was a book … and I looked at the white pages, but the only word that came to my mind was garbled, something like "**Scaevola**", must check, what that is … (*Note/edit: I did! It's amazing … it's the "Naupaka" flower!)*

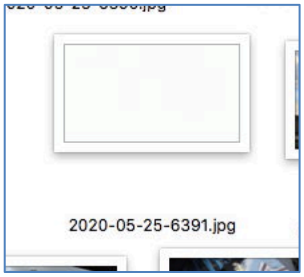
but then I said to myself that I was probably making this up … and I kind of "stepped back" consciously, letting Bob just do what he did … and he stood on the lanai, and he now had his **phone** in his hand and had his ear plugs in … talking on the phone, not looking at me … and suddenly **I "zoomed in" on the print on his t-shirt** (without wanting it) … and there it was: the "shaka"! And I remembered how often I had seen that, the *Hawaiian shaka sign on that t-shirt*, I just had forgotten that the print consisted of "shaka" …

So I did a shaka, too, there, two, actually, both hands, lying there on my bed, still being totally in the Maui house … and I thought ***"Is that the greeting? Is that the message, a greeting?"***

I realized suddenly how sick and miserable I felt and looked to the floor, and there was Jacqui, just watching me … and I forced myself out of that state.

Hang Loose
Hawaii





It was getting dark, and I wanted to take Jacqui into the fresh air one more time for the day …

It stuck with me, though, that intense clear experience of being there as if all was still real and I could simply switch between the realms. That would be so wonderful. And the "shaka" … I had the feeling that it was the message itself.

Also, a **strange white picture** showed up …

So I took a walk … our usual evening route, by the lit stone and along the small fields … and suddenly I realize that there was **one lone pink line** above the power lines … and into my mind shot the expression "Above the Line", it's an expression from film production and it means the people who actually are involved in creatively making a film, like actors, director, producer …

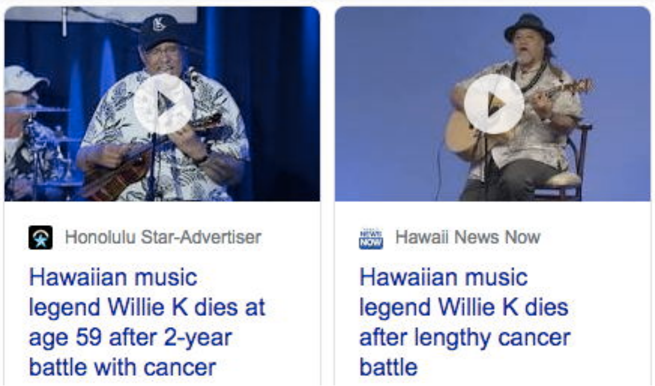
And I said it out loud. The strange thing is that I had been considering writing a query letter to an agency with the name *"Above the Line".*

So I'll write to them.

I also kept thinking about that wake-dream-reality and that Bob had been handling the water bottle like he had, so often … or maybe I had "made" him do it, imagining it? I don't know. But it seemed significant, because "wai" means "water", and "wai wai" means "wealth". Somehow I had to think that maybe I would be contacted by someone from Hawaii …

I also had to think of Willie K … and maybe that's the greeting, the message from Willie, through Bob, because the two of them are now together … *and the "shaka" is the most typical of Hawaiian signs, and Willie did it all the time …?*

So it was a very intense real life connection with the past and with the beyond. That's my conclusion and realization now.



Honolulu Star-Advertiser

Hawaiian music legend Willie K dies at age 59 after 2-year battle with cancer

Hawaii News Now

Hawaiian music legend Willie K dies after lengthy cancer battle

There were **more pink lines**, later, as I approached the house uphill, again …

And just now I realize the "going down the hill" and "going up the hill" is entirely my routine now, where I live … like it was on Maui.

For so many years.

That real-life-past-vision of being in the house just earlier … it was so wonderful and so painful at the same time. And Bob there … so clear and so close and so real … and I felt the stove and I saw the dishes in the cabinet and the tea …

Also, when I felt so bad, the head and the nausea, I whispered to myself that I had to get better. I can't die just yet. Jacqui needs me. And I've got stuff to do. I think.

Also … something that just came to my mind … this morning, a van was driving down the hill just by the house where I live when Jacqui and I stepped out to pick up Marshall … and it was written "Meilenstein" on it, "**Milestone**", and actually I'm not sure whether it was in German or English. Which is strange because I put "**Milestone**" on my Jimdo-**Website** that I made for "Naupaka Bunny", this contact diary … (I'm going to share that with Gabi now.)

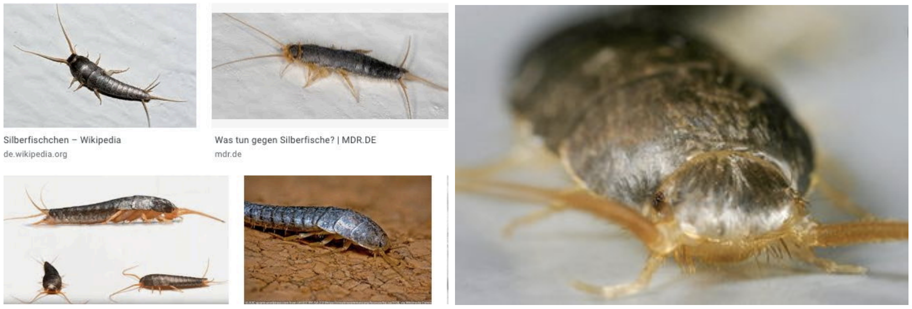
Okay … I started watching "*The Mentalist*" again … and something really strikes my interest: One of the characters in the episode I'm watching is the same actor that played "**Rudy**", the brother of "**Dexter**" on "Dexter" … and Bob and I loved love "Dexter".

May 28, 2020 **– Scaevola, Stone on the Stoneman Productions**

Today I took Marshall and Jacqui for a long walk to the Stift (Seminary) Griffen … and I walked by the **broken stone** on the junction again … and as I looked above it and talked to Bob, I could swear I saw ***something "whitish" above it***, like some kind of translucent fog. I looked again, there it was again … It was uncanny.

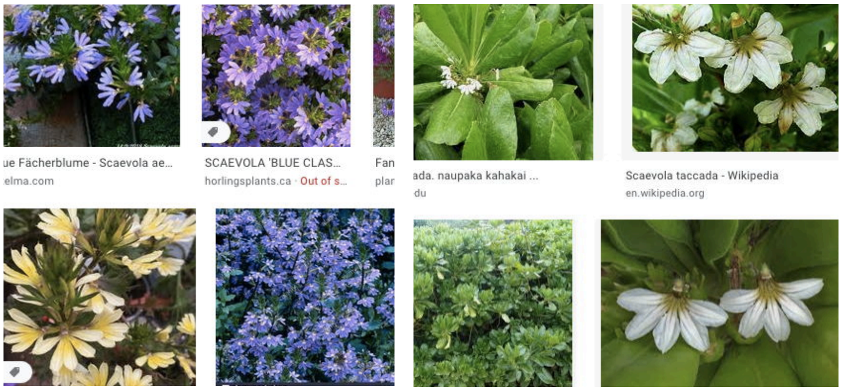
An in the area, there was also a strange **stone with a red mark** …

I had the strangest **dream** tonight – I had to take care of a **giant silver fish** (Lepisma saccharina, "sugar guest"), like it was a pet, but it belonged to someone else, some man, maybe there was also a younger person, somehow traveling was involved, a train, maybe … and I had the hardest time to keep that silver fish with me. It wanted to escape and I kept holding it on my bosom, protectively … somehow I "won" in the dream … but there was a "plot" thread about some gathering of people, like old school pals, not sure, and I had to do something with them or for them … they seemed to be friendly with me, but I didn't trust them.


Silberfischchen – Wikipedia
de.wikipedia.org
Was tun gegen Silberfische? | MDR.DE
mdr.de

I talked to my mother, she seems fine … and then I started watching “**The Mentalist**” again … it gives me some weird satisfaction to see dead people, and I’m so aware that they only shed their bodies *… I had to think of Willie K so intensely … as if he was here …*

Then the world “**Scaevola**” came to my mind again … the word that showed up in my “day dream”, yesterday, seemingly in the “book” that I “saw” Bob handle … I thought and I looked it up: **It’s the “Naupaka” flower.**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SCAEVOLA 'BLUE CLAS…
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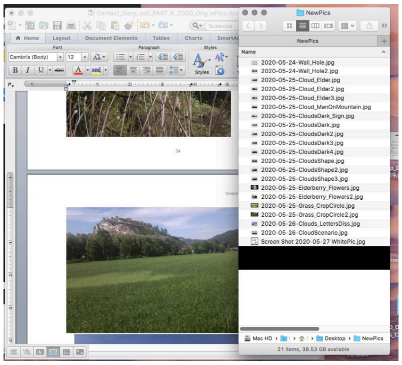
Scaevola taccada - Wikipedia
en.wikipedia.org

(I felt prompted to look it up after I heard the name of a character on TV, like “Sofia Scavia” … so then I googled “Scaevola”, and there it was … Naupaka. Bob’s and my flower. *So it* ***was*** *Bob there, with me, directly, yesterday … why else would that word show up on my mind?)*

And maybe I really saw “something” **hovering** above that big stone today … because just before I had said to Bob, playfully, that he was “***hovering along***” with us … since he doesn’t have to “walk” anymore …

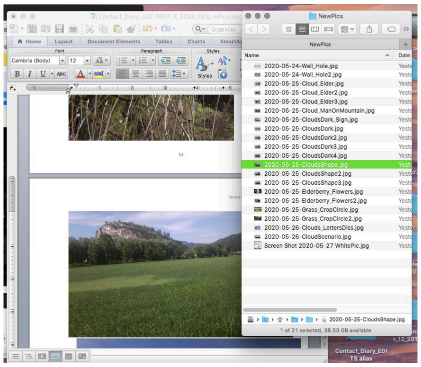
Something else: A never before seen **black bar** appeared on my laptop screen … I couldn’t click it on or away … and suddenly it disappeared on its own.



NewPics

Name
2020-05-24-Wall_Hole.jpg
2020-05-24-Wall_Hole2.jpg
2020-05-25-Cloud_Elder.jpg
2020-05-25-Cloud_Elder2.jpg
2020-05-25-Cloud_Elder3.jpg
2020-05-25-Cloud_ManOnMountain.jpg
2020-05-25-CloudsDark_Sign.jpg
2020-05-25-CloudsDark.jpg
2020-05-25-CloudsDark2.jpg
2020-05-25-CloudsDark3.jpg
2020-05-25-CloudsDark4.jpg
2020-05-25-CloudsShape.jpg
2020-05-25-CloudsShape2.jpg
2020-05-25-CloudsShape3.jpg
2020-05-25-Elderberry_Flowers.jpg
2020-05-25-Elderberry_Flowers2.jpg
2020-05-25-Grass_CropCircle.jpg
2020-05-25-Grass_CropCircle2.jpg
2020-05-26-Clouds_LettersDiss.jpg
2020-05-26-CloudScenario.jpg
Screen Shot 2020-05-27 WhitePic.jpg

Mac HD › Desktop › NewPics
21 items, 38.53 GB available



NewPics

Mac HD › Desktop › NewPics › 2020-05-25-CloudsShape.jpg
1 of 21 selected, 38.53 GB available

Also, my **speakers** work again! Suddenly I realized that the chimes are audible again and there: the internal speakers of the laptop are working again! Suddenly! On their own! Like Bob sang “**You’re the words, and I’m the tune … play me!”**

May 29, 2020 – **Message from the Stranger**

Today I met a man who I had seen on my first day in Griffen: tall, upright posture, long gray hair. Yes, like me. I had seen him around from afar several times, and once I had the impression that he was either drunk or on drugs.

Today I walked Jacqui and Marshall on a long round to the seminary and back through the fields, and I met that man, he was the only one around, crossing paths with me in the middle of nowhere. But I was on the phone with Eric, my French acquaintance (long story) who now lives in my apartment. Eric hears that my voice sounds “fun” (I talked about Marshall) and immediately assumes that I’m fine, and it pisses me off everytime. I’m not fucking fine.

So I was on the phone with **Eric**, and the stranger was sniffed out by the dogs, and I could only say “hi”, and he walked on (not wanting to disturb my chat).

An hour later – he came right towards me again, and this time I said something about the “wild wolves” I was walking, and he stopped, and we chatted. I told him who M was and who J, and of course the two guys had to show off the worst of them right then by beginning to brawl playfully on the street, and I had a hard time handling them. They have the most fun on the street and not necessarily on nice meadows where I bring them so that they can play … and **the stranger said:**

“It’s the problem that you have those expectations …” Basically, his **message** was: We humans are always expecting things to happen and play out at a certain time in a certain way, but the factors involved have their own momentum, and we simply can’t control them all. We must deal with “what is” and not with “what we expect to be”.

That’s in part true. I can’t expect things to play out the way I want them to **when** I want them to.

But of course I can and I must expect things to play out the way I want them to – because that’s my Goddam human creative nature and heritage. I immediately realized that the stranger is one of the people with the “part-truth” on his mind, and that he didn’t have a concept of creative manifestation and what it takes to get the outcome we want.

I stopped talking with him about that … also because the dogs went wild … and he also said that he had lived a wild live, and something about his children … and yes, his face looked like he was a drunk or used to be one, he also misses a few front teeth.

Yet, … walking on and at home I realized that I had indeed received a clear and loud message:

I cannot expect things to happen the way I want them to and when. The Universe will exactly give me what I “put out there”, but the factors of “impetus” around me by other creatures are so dense and strong, that I have to be … well, patient.

Okay.

So I can only do what I can do. That’s what I realized later at night, when I watched “The Mentalist” some more … I can only try to network to get to the right people. That’s what I have to do.

That has to be my focus.

I keep going back to my Maui days but yes, I realize, they are gone and over … but they were and are parts of my own path of life.

Bob “told” me in some pensive moment that he “completed his circle” and that I was part of his circle this time around. And he was mine. Same, of course, with all people who we meet, with all creatures …

I grabbed my print-out of “**Our Unseen Guest**” last night to read a little more … and it’s grand. Wonderful. Clear. Hopeful.

If the dead are truly alive and around … why the hell do I insist on mourning? My clock is ticking loudly. I realize it everytime I wake up with the feeling of fever. And that can happen during the day, too, along with the headache. Can be menopausal stuff. Can be something else.

Carpe diem, right? Make good use of the day.

May 30, 2020 Saturday – **Toes in the Sand**

Woke up full of thoughts about the Maui house and Bob … it’s amazing how intense the feeling can be, that I’m there. I can really switch between being there and being in my Griffen bedroom, it all feels “real”. Even my dog who lies close to me in his bed seems to “warp away” when I “am” on Maui … and then I consciously warp him back into my existence … it’s kind of amazing.

It also tells me that if I were to try and study the stuff “mediums” do, I could be quite good at it. But I don’t want to. I want to manifest my films … and I think that’s what I’m supposed to do.

I will focus on networking, pitching and such.

The meeting with the stranger yesterday kind of told me that when you least expect it you’ll get to meet the person you were interested in in the first place or who has something for you …

Strangely, just what I wrote just now “***has something for you***” was, in exactly these words, on my mind intensely … because Bob had said them during our last romantic encounter ever, many many years ago, and I remember it so well …

So “networking” probably does entail sharing my “contact diary” … more. I’ve only shared it with Gabi and Eric, so far. Besides Suzanne and Alexander. But haven’t heard from them, at all. I know I have to post it on grief-blogs and similar … and email it to all the people who deal with the “afterlife” … and with near-death-experiences.

I will do that. Yup. The “kuleana” is clear. I will make an actual list of people who I sent it to.

So …

I thought that I had finished my entry for now and went to the bathroom. And as I sat there, I automatically picked up something from the basket that’s right within reach … and I gazed at “it” not knowing what I was actually looking at. And suddenly I saw: “**toes in the sand**”. A package of inlays for shoes for the summer, **“barefoot soles”** …

Barfuß
Frotteesohle
2 Paar, paires, paia, pár, para

That’ was Bob’s favorite song of all times, and that was the theme of the last picture ever taking of him on a beach, when his sister took him to the spot where he and I had been just weeks earlier … and he had her take his picture, actually of his feet in the sand. I talked to him on the phone, later, after J. had sent me the photographs (including one of Bob’s profile that showed me a dead man and scared the crap out of me) … and he had laughed and said with his hoarse voice, barely able to speak anymore that he was glad that I had picked that up … it had been for me. A message.

Like just now.

Message received, Bob, “toes in the sand” will be forever “ours”. And maybe we’ll be there again, together, on that beach, our toes in the sand.

This morning I had imagined myself on Maui again, on a beach … but the dark and heavy realization came with it that Bob wouldn’t be there, and everytime I’d look up the mountain to Pukalani, I’d probably want to die. I’m not sure I’d even be able to make it to Maui to die there, like I’d like to do. I could, maybe, go there with some friend, not sure who that should be, to make a film, but it got to be a big one. Then I’d know that I’m fulfilling my “kuleana”. But going to Maui without meet Bob the man and being with him … just the thought is torture to an extent I can’t even describe.

“Life with my dead man” says my online contact diary … well, yes. I still have a mortal life. But it’s not comparable at all with life in the era when I knew Bob was still a mortal, too.

That package of “barefoot soles” for shoes I had bought a few days ago … but I hadn’t even noticed the sand and the toe prints in it. I’ve never before bought that kind of shoe inlays.

Like now … I just sat down right away to write down the experience … I don’t take the time to “savor” it … it’s like I’m rushing the dealing with the “message”. But I can’t help it. I’m the words, and Bob’s the tune, so I have to write.

That’s what I’m here for***. “I told people that my writer is coming soon”*** … said Bob sometime in 2018. Yes, I came. But too late.

And now … am I “coming soon”, really? To Bob? To where he is now? Well, even if it should take years, in a realm where there is no time I am actually right there already.

Yesterday I had the thought for a moment **that we are doing this to ourselves**, actually, going through such painful “go-arounds” of mortal existence. When we are in the unobstructed realm, when we don’t have bodies after another “mortal lifetime”, we know that it’s only temporary and that we can learn and increase the “quantity” or our soul’s “quality” … but then, during the mortal phase, we suffer. And we do this to ourselves consciously, because I think I know **that “rebirth” is a choice**. Every human being without a material body can choose to be reborn into an Earth-creature and go through another cycle.

I wonder how often I’ve done that … I’ve been there before, in this train of thought, I’ve written about it before … and maybe I really get to “be there” for real during my sleep.

Everytime I go to bed now I realize with a **very sharp sense of “fact” how my body and the body of my dog simply “shut down”** … we actually really “drop” the body when we fall asleep.

Think about it! What a system, for the machinery that our body is to shut down whether we like it or not … and we fall “unconscious” and are entirely helpless as bodies while we “sleep”**. We really are “dead” during our sleep, to some extent**, that’s for sure. So this kind of proves that our “Self” is not the body but it is in the body. And that means that when the body is “shut down” except for the functions that keep it working during “sleep”, the creature that uses the body during the wake state is somewhere else.

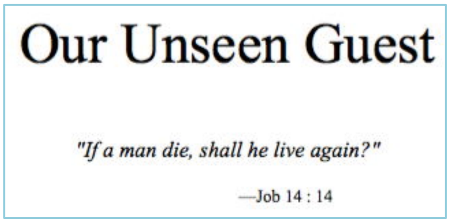
In the beyond, where we always are with one part of our Self … so in a way, the “returning” to the beyond after physical death is only a “permanently moving over” … as **we keep moving back and forth all the time.**

That said …

Yesterday, after the encounter with the stranger, I **realized** one thing … based on having re-read a section of **“Our Unseen Guest”** …

Since we don’t all have the same “quality” of consciousness, it’s not possible for all of us, when we’re dead, **to work “the bridge”!** Which means that we must be spiritually advanced to even be able to communicate “inter-realm” – and that is true for both sides. A mortal who has no clue about “life after death” or has no ability to “move beyond” the simple mortal view of life, *can’t possibly “connect” with the discarnates.* And a discarnate who counts as kind of “***savage***” the way it’s described in “Our Unseen Guest” *can’t possibly connect or reach the mortals!*

So I guess Bob is advanced. That’s why we can communicate. This means, I’m advanced, too.

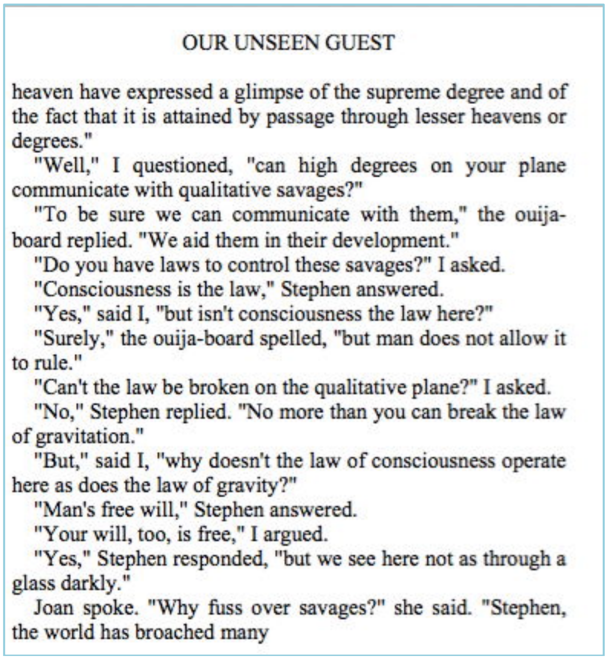


Our Unseen Guest

"If a man die, shall he live again?"

—Job 14 : 14

Humans aren’t “equal” or “the same” or some shit. Not at all. We are entirely diverse, depending on the “quality” of our consciousness.



OUR UNSEEN GUEST

heaven have expressed a glimpse of the supreme degree and of the fact that it is attained by passage through lesser heavens or degrees."

"Well," I questioned, "can high degrees on your plane communicate with qualitative savages?"

"To be sure we can communicate with them," the ouija-board replied. "We aid them in their development."

"Do you have laws to control these savages?" I asked.

"Consciousness is the law," Stephen answered.

"Yes," said I, "but isn't consciousness the law here?"

"Surely," the ouija-board spelled, "but man does not allow it to rule."

"Can't the law be broken on the qualitative plane?" I asked.

"No," Stephen replied. "No more than you can break the law of gravitation."

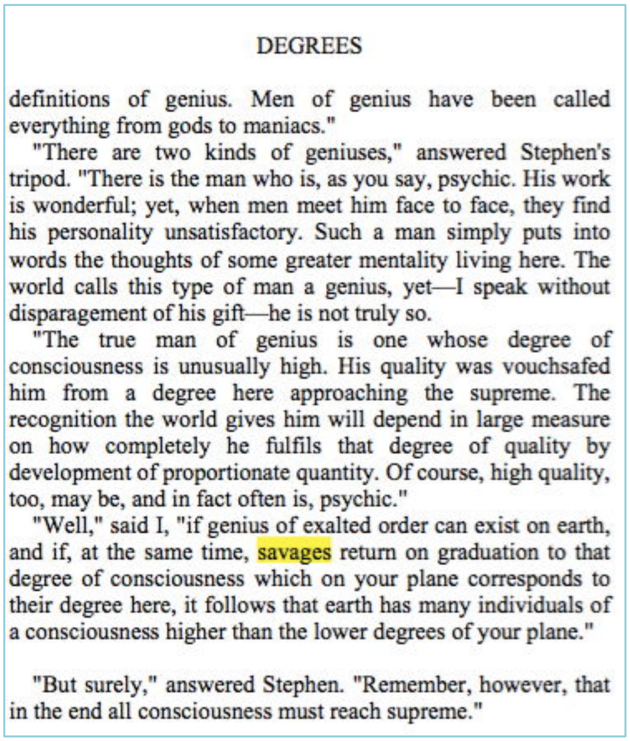
"But," said I, "why doesn't the law of consciousness operate here as does the law of gravity?"

"Man's free will," Stephen answered.

"Your will, too, is free," I argued.

"Yes," Stephen responded, "but we see here not as through a glass darkly."

Joan spoke. "Why fuss over savages?" she said. "Stephen, the world has broached many



DEGREES

definitions of genius. Men of genius have been called everything from gods to maniacs."

"There are two kinds of geniuses," answered Stephen's tripod. "There is the man who is, as you say, psychic. His work is wonderful; yet, when men meet him face to face, they find his personality unsatisfactory. Such a man simply puts into words the thoughts of some greater mentality living here. The world calls this type of man a genius, yet—I speak without disparagement of his gift—he is not truly so.

"The true man of genius is one whose degree of consciousness is unusually high. His quality was vouchsafed him from a degree here approaching the supreme. The recognition the world gives him will depend in large measure on how completely he fulfils that degree of quality by development of proportionate quantity. Of course, high quality, too, may be, and in fact often is, psychic."

"Well," said I, "if genius of exalted order can exist on earth, and if, at the same time, savages return on graduation to that degree of consciousness which on your plane corresponds to their degree here, it follows that earth has many individuals of a consciousness higher than the lower degrees of your plane."

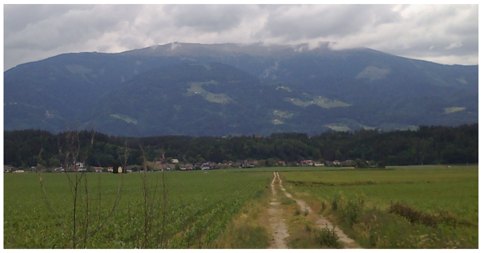
"But surely," answered Stephen. "Remember, however, that in the end all consciousness must reach supreme."

May 30, 2020 **– 333 UA and 808 BH**

Went to Wolfsberg to shop for groceries and dog’s food.

On the way rain sprinkled lightly, and promptly, a car drove by with the license plate number **“VK 333 UA”** and a **sticker** that seemed to feature a **tiger’s head** on its left side. “Ua” is the blessing from heaven, in Hawaiian. And “333” … is that the continuation of “222”, our Pukalani address?

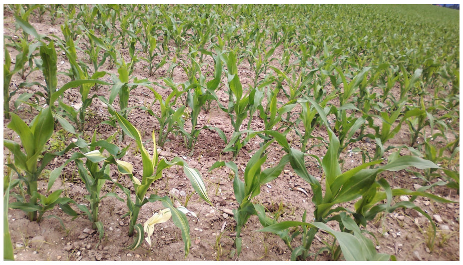
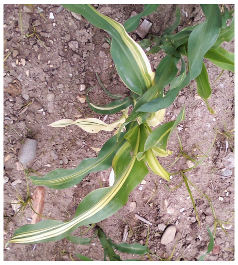
Promptly, at the parking lot I walked by a car with the license plate number “**WO 808 BH**”. So “808” is the area code of Hawaii and it also reads as “BOB”, but the “BH” I spontaneously read as “Bob Home”. Does it mean that “Bob is home in Hawaii” … relating to my intense thoughts that I’ll never be able to go to Maui again, knowing that Bob wouldn’t be there? Does “808 BH” mean that “Bob will be there whenever I go to Hawaii”? Will I go back to Hawaii? Why?



Those two license plate numbers so close together … but that was not all.

On the way back I drove to the **Lavant river** and took Jacqui on the tour between the **wide fields** again. This time we went in the opposite direction from the other day … and so I walked **“facing Pukalani and Haleakala”**! It was uncanny how similar it was, how much the “Koralpe” (Heart Mountain, because “kor” can mean “heart”) resembles the Haleakala, and it’s even something like an observatory on top of it! It really felt like I was looking up the hill to Pukalani.

I was baffled … then I looked at the fields … wow, my face is burning up again suddenly, hasn’t done that all day and night, just now, as I’m writing this … and in the field of mais and mais and more mais … there was **one single different mais plant**. Right next to me. Had I not chosen that path, I hadn’t seen it. It was ***striped***. And I looked all over throughout the walk, there was no other plant like that.

One singularly special plant in the miles of fields and millions of plants. Talk about a message.

And one very interesting sight**: a large silver ball** in a garden where I walked be. A big silver ball. Like … the **moon**.

Then – back home in Griffen, a car came towards me just as I was about to turn into “Rakounigstrasse”, and the license plate number was “**VK 422 CB**”. A woman sat in it. And the first thing I thought was "Wow, this means somewhere out there is a friend, someone just like me". Because my license plate number is "**VK 422 DA**".

Also, I saw that P. **Stern** wrote me an **email**. I haven't read the one he had written me months ago … I was too disappointed about him. Not sure if I'll read this email, at all. I feel like just sending him the website link and ask him to check it out.

Sometimes I feel **"spoken to from above",** literally, when I see **clouds** that kind of stir me up as if I was supposed to "hear" them say something … like the ones below. I don't know from what date in May they are, because my photo camera doesn't record the date currently, must fix it.

Or a **flower** like this one … can totally remind me that "the material world" is some kind of … I don't know, "zoo", maybe.

I've come to really look forward to watching "**The Mentalist**", for some reason. I like the calm mood of the series and the calm leads, very interesting people, actually. I watched a few episodes of season one and then skipped to season 4, which I'm watching in order, unless an episodes turns me off, then I skip it, did that twice already. I think I'm at episode 13 now. There are always **mentionings of "talking with the dead"** … sprinkled in, but somehow I don't have the energy to write it all down every time …

But actually a dead man did appear to one of the police officers, "Grace" and warned her from danger … that was interesting. Also the "Mentalist" himself had a near death experience and saw the other police officer's dead mother …

I actually made a very good Elderberry flower syrup.

(Later)

Kept watching "**The Mentalist**" … and season 4 episode 18 "**Ruddy Cheeks**" is about a man who had **terminal cancer** and seemed to have been killed by a **tiger**. Remember – **"tiger head" sticker** on a car today, and my ***face burning up*** a lot of times when I'm dealing with Bob? "***Ruddy Cheeks***"? Is someone telling me that they are "seeing" ..?

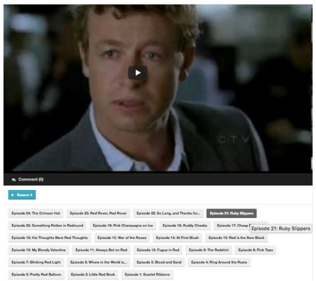
Okay … the “daughter” in that episode just said **“Welcome to the house of fun!”** because not only had the father cancer, the mother has cancer too. Remember – “Haulani 222”, *“the house of laughter”?*

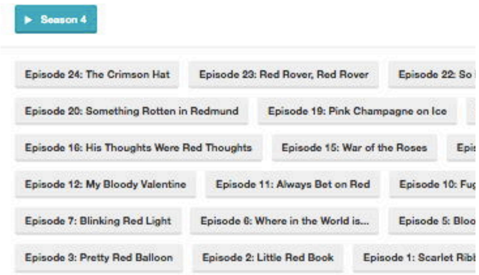
Oh-kay! The “father’s” **cancer was going awa**y (even though he was “terminal”!) … And it’s about a certain “**tea**” that the father drank … oh, geez, Bob was drinking lots and ***lots of tea brewage*** … that I made for him. And it helped him …

… because his cancer was going away too. Just his brain was already too far “gone” …

May 31, 2020 – **Red Marble, Red John & The Pica Pica**

The theme of “The Mentalist” that I’ve been watching is “**Red** John”, the killer who murdered the title character’s family.




Season 4
Episode 24: The Crimson Hat
Episode 23: Red Rover, Red Rover
Episode 22: So
Episode 20: Something Rotten in Redmund
Episode 19: Pink Champagne on Ice
Episode 16: His Thoughts Were Red Thoughts
Episode 15: War of the Roses
Epi
Episode 12: My Bloody Valentine
Episode 11: Always Bet on Red
Episode 10: Fu
Episode 7: Blinking Red Light
Episode 6: Where in the World is...
Episode 5: Bloo
Episode 3: Pretty Red Balloon
Episode 2: Little Red Book
Episode 1: Scarlet Rib

(Besides, John is also the name of the guy who kind of killed Bob, because of destroying his spirit with the endless work on a film project that took over 12 years instead of 6 months.)

So I’ve been looking at the **blood red flowers** in front of my window … when I listened to the amazing sounds of the new **Elster birds** (Magpie, Pica Pica) who have shown up in the garden.

(__Note__: A little more than a year later I'd have an amazing experience with such a bird.)

The cackling and crowing they do is a ***perfect mix of the sounds*** the Myna birds of Maui made together with the geckos in housie. And those sounds have been on my mind a lot …

This morning I took Jacqui on a walk along a path I normally don't take – and promptly I found a "**red marble**"! Come on! There it is, the "red" theme!

Bob is telling me that he is right here. I supposed it's meant to motivate and inspire me to network to find the right people to work with me … I'll try.

Got a lesson in recklessness today … as the landlady was cooking with a full noise scape until 3 o'clock in the morning, banging her cooking spoon against pots, cutting vegetables on wooden boards, rinsing and banging stuff … it was incredible. I couldn't sleep at all … only to wake up to more noise around eight – and then she put on the dryer too, in the room right below mine, so that the roaring sound is everywhere and no way to stay in bed. That was okay, Jacqui needed out anyway, had eaten a big fat bone yesterday … so it was high time for him to dump the waste at 9 a.m. Still. That woman doesn't give a shit. I don't know why I keep being so cautious all the time ..

Also about little Marshall. Again. Nobody walks him! It's Sunday, today, Pfingsten (Pentecost), the family is home, nobody to be seen, and it's already noon …

Ah, sometimes I think I can't stand it anymore. None of it. Thoughtless dumb people, especially.

So I got that **red marble** today. Okay. Fine. Mahalo.

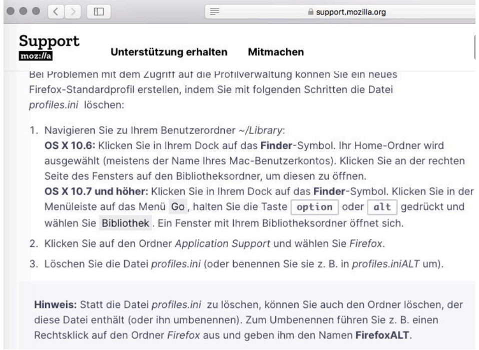
Also I saw a **spaceship cloud** today that reminded me of my "Regents of Clouds" story …

Something just happened …

I noticed that my **laptop** was very slow today … and I went to "libraries" and deleted a bunch of stuff.

Then I wanted to get back online via **Firefox** – only to receive a screen message that I can't …. well, that was disheartening. Profile missing or inaccessible … obviously, I've deleted something again that I wasn't supposed to delete. Strange, though, because I looked very carefully this time what to throw out.

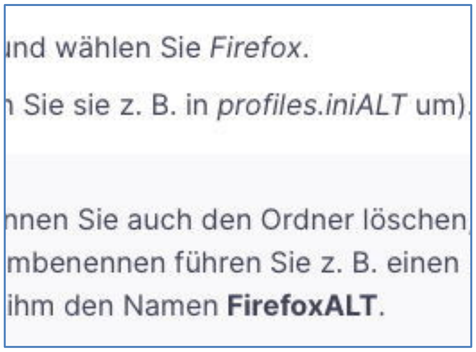
So I was quite desperate … but then, Bob had installed Safari for me, "just in case". So with the help of Safari I started to read trouble shooting suggestions … but didn't find anything that worked, although I did find out where to locate files and such … then I looked for an Apple expert in the area … well. I was about to give up and expect to bring my laptop to a shop soon. But then, in a kind of second "wind", I googled again, with a different question … and there was to absolutely simplest solution of them all … which I did apply and voila, **Firefox is working again!**



Bei Problemen mit dem Zugriff auf die Profilverwaltung können Sie ein neues Firefox-Standardprofil erstellen, indem Sie mit folgenden Schritten die Datei *profiles.ini* löschen:

1. Navigieren Sie zu Ihrem Benutzerordner *~/Library*:
   OS X 10.6: Klicken Sie in Ihrem Dock auf das **Finder**-Symbol. Ihr Home-Ordner wird ausgewählt (meistens der Name Ihres Mac-Benutzerkontos). Klicken Sie an der rechten Seite des Fensters auf den Bibliotheksordner, um diesen zu öffnen.
   OS X 10.7 und höher: Klicken Sie in Ihrem Dock auf das **Finder**-Symbol. Klicken Sie in der Menüleiste auf das Menü Go, halten Sie die Taste `option` oder `alt` gedrückt und wählen Sie Bibliothek. Ein Fenster mit Ihrem Bibliotheksordner öffnet sich.
2. Klicken Sie auf den Ordner *Application Support* und wählen Sie *Firefox*.
3. Löschen Sie die Datei *profiles.ini* (oder benennen Sie sie z. B. in *profiles.iniALT* um).

Hinweis: Statt die Datei *profiles.ini* zu löschen, können Sie auch den Ordner löschen, der diese Datei enthält (oder ihn umbenennen). Zum Umbenennen führen Sie z. B. einen Rechtsklick auf den Ordner *Firefox* aus und geben ihm den Namen **FirefoxALT**.



nd wählen Sie *Firefox*.

Sie sie z. B. in *profiles.iniALT* um).

nnen Sie auch den Ordner löschen,
mbenennen führen Sie z. B. einen
ihm den Namen **FirefoxALT**.

I know Bob is watching, or whatever role he had in that incident. Maybe to tell me that **I "can do it",** *I'm not dependent on anyone* … I only must step back and look at the matter again, and then make the right decisions …

Okay. Will try.

Found a **stone** on the ground again, … with words and numbers, obviously some **game** … just fun, that stones are on my path everywhere, now … that I miss "my Stone" so much …

# STANA £
TOUR
9113

# STANA £
TOUR
9113

<u>June 1, 2020</u> – **Horse Apple in the Sky**

Longing for Bob. So much. Doubting everything, including myself. Makes me so sad to see poor puppy Marshall be by himself so much, all day … no cuddling, no attention … I have to bring him back to his garden and leave him when we’re back from walking … and I can’t take him everywhere … Not sure what to do.

I’m so very frustrated. It keeps coming up in my mind all the time that nobody of my family would ever care about me … never would my mother or father call me just to see how I am. But then, they never did, why start now? They never were parents like parents are. They had grave problems with each other and themselves, they never knew how to be parents. I took care of them all the time …

Still, when I walk the **fields** … like the **treehouse field today** (makes me wince with bitterness when I think to myself “treehouse at the end of the road”, as that was what Bob’s documentary project was about that killed him pretty much) I can’t help but think that I simply don’t exist for them, but in my mind there is always the urge to check how they are doing.

Amazingly **strange clouds** were there today … as if they wanted me to “understand” them …

I’ve been thinking of **Kimba** a lot recently … poor guy, I abandoned him in his last weeks … shame on me, I totally deserve suffering … Kimba was my best friend and I mistreated him because of a man (Jan) who was a psycho … and then Kimba was dead … too late.

I realize that the last thing Kimba and I did and when we felt really close was take a **hike** with Jan **up some hill** … I think to the top of the **waterfall** on whose foot Kimba was buried just days later … and we encountered **sheep** who came to us … and Kimba was so scared and pressed himself closely to me … and I was very touched. Only to be pissed off again right afterwards, because Kimba would walk so closely behind me on a narrow path, that my heels would keep kicking his chin … but he’d still keep sticking to me ... I kicked his back in those days, once, because I was so mad at him that he was so obnoxiously close to me all the time … oh, I wish I could turn back time.

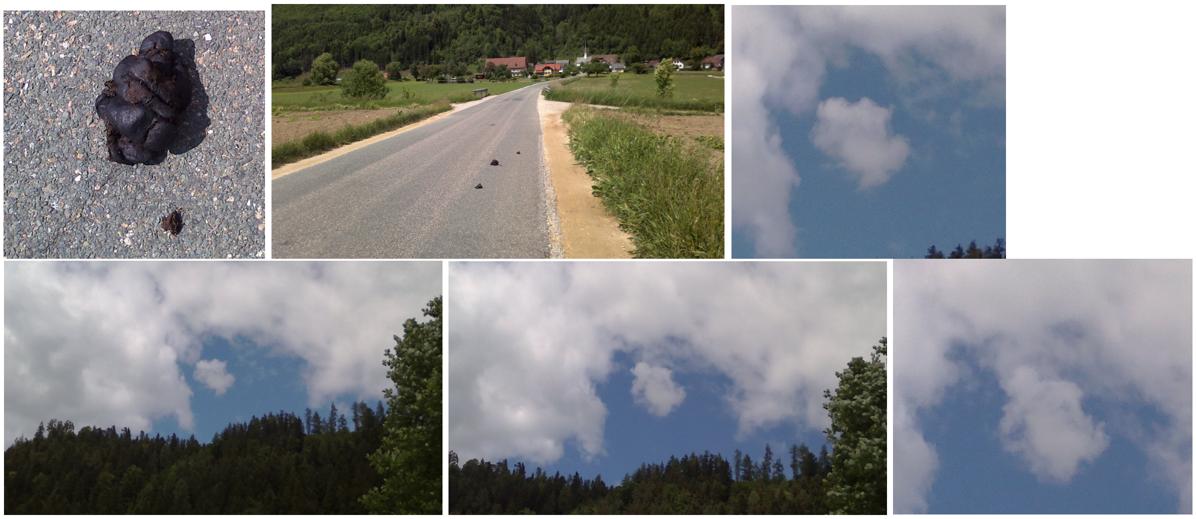
Isn’t it strange that **two sheep live right under my window now?** And that I have to **walk up the hill every day with two dogs** now … who pretty much are my life’s purpose?

Also … I've been realizing the **"Stones in the Grass"** all around Griffen, again. Many many homes have huge stones in the grass … and the meaning of that for me is, that it's the original title of a fictional love story with biographical elements that I called **"Steine im Gras"** (Stones in the Grass), and it's about a love story between to people who feel attracted to each other but live in different worlds, as the man is autistic … and he dies when he tries to intervene in a fight … and his love letter to the woman is mistaken for a song text and becomes a worldwide hit …

it's all so strange …

So strange. Living in a place where there are huge stones all over the place …

Walking the field and along the road I encountered **horse shit**. "Great", I said, "horse shit on my way, *you see that, horsie?"* Bob was a horse in Chinese astrology (I'm a dragon) … and sure enough, the **sky said "yes, I see".**



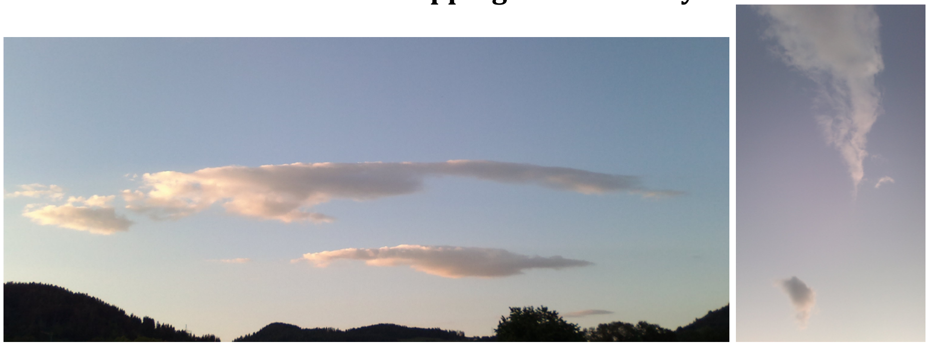
And another **horse shit cloud** …

Later … "**eyes on trees**" said that, too, "I see" … And a "**shark** on a tree" was there, too.

Also … there was a **tiny "island" in the field** …

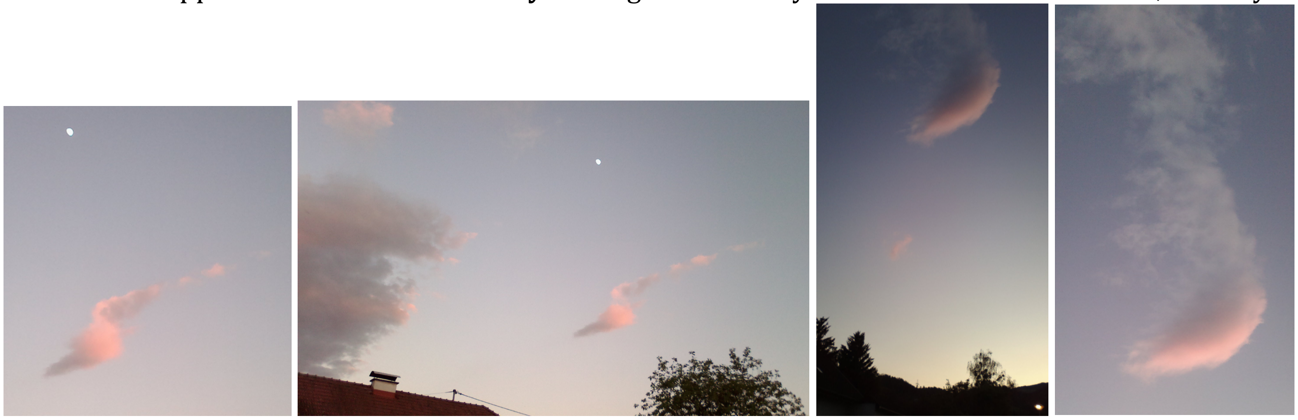
And at night: I was in the middle of watching the last episodes before the serial killer "**Red John**" would be caught on "The Mentalist" … so I thought it wasn't "coincidence" that there were a **single red cloud** along with a huge **red "J"** cloud …

A **cloud** looked like it was **dropping out of the beyond** …



Also … **clouds** seemed to show me how **individuals can connect, overlap, cross paths, become one and … separate and disappear.**

A clouds appeared … like **cotton candy** leaking from the beyond … and it made me smile, actually.



June 2, 2020 – **The Cricket, the Thanking**

Is it strange, that a **cricket** sat on the street right next to me today … when yesterday I had stood watching trying to see a cricket? And I had been thinking about the strange name of that actress in “The Mentalist”, “Emmanuelle Criqui”?

There is a scene where “the mentalist” says goodbye to his love interest “Teresa” knowing that he may not be able to make it through the upcoming ordeal … and when he says **“Thank you for everything …”**

… that was like Bob saying it to me, on the phone, sometime in October 2018 … right before he lost his ability to speak like he used to … oh shit. My life is so full of this all. It will never be without this pain and this loss … my very mortal mind can’t still “wrap itself around” the facts …

They are standing there, embracing, in that TV-episode … Bob and I never got to say good-bye … because when I left, I was so sure I’d see him again soon, and he was lying in his bed, barely sitting up, and I just kissed him on the forehead and held his hand for a moment. And he called after me “But you’re coming back, right?” – “Of course I’m coming back,” I said, “I’m right back, actually.” And then it happened: Bob didn't hear exactly what I had said last, and he called out *"What was that?"* But I only called over my shoulder "I'll be back in a minute!", and I left the house, closed the door and stepped out into the dark night into the pouring rain …

That moment is ingrained in me … it's a black hole …

Also, "the mentalist" flees to a **tropical island**, where he keeps meeting and **elderly man** at a beach bar … who is in an almost catatonic state, always just sitting there, not talking, just staring … it reminds me so much of Bob.

Also … just to mention it … a **tiger** showed up so many times in my dreams … and in "The Mentalist" the phrase "**Tiger, tiger**" is some code for a criminal organization.

I think Bob was "caught" in a state of failing mind for a long time … I saw the signs, but I didn't know how to interpret them. Instead I thought that it was some kind of chain of character flaws that he had and that he should "just get a grip" or "just work on stuff" … but maybe he simply couldn't. Maybe many mortals are that way, caught in a body with failing mental features … and maybe it's their role to "challenge" and to "teach" the other mortals who function sharply and "normally" and who get into relationships with the "odd" ones … getting stuck themselves in vortexes of despair and frustration …

We sure must learn from each other.

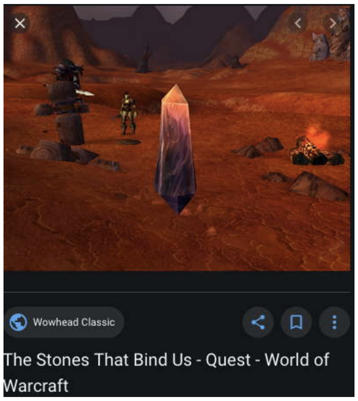
I think I fucked up with Bob, big time. I simply had no clue about what I was seeing watching him. He needed a different kind of help than I thought I was giving him. I pretended he was "okay" and that it was me who was judgmental and thought he didn't do right by himself, I always gave him the benefit of the doubt and wanted to trust that he could handle everything and that I wasn't supposed to criticize and challenge and doubt him, to not hurt him. Turned out he felt criticized and doubted anyway … not matter how I held back or what I did. So I should have been entirely outspoken ….

Should … should. Bob is dead. And I'm here, on this f*cking planet, the breeding and play ground of our energetic essence. But hell could it be better! It could be so much better if the right people would rule in the right way.

I wrote an entire Sci-Fi franchise about that story, about how "the right people" did get to rule! "Regents of Clouds"! Including Bob's and my story. Including Bob's demise. Yes, I wrote all of that so many years ago … oh shit, I wish I was influential.

Evening walk: Passed by a **car** with the license plate number " SV**222 BS**". Huh.

Every day I walk by the "**glowing stone**" in that artist's garden … it still glows at night …



UV torches to reveal glo...
dailymail.co.uk

… really reflecting the glowing stone and also the crystal ball I found a while ago …

June 3, 2020 – **Bob walked right towards me!**

I keep taking walks with Marshall and Jacqui … and everytime my heart breaks for the little guy when I have to leave him alone in that garden, nobody there for hours, and in the night he is out alone, too, because I hear him barking way late, around midnight … unbelievable. Sometimes I can’t even look at him when I have to drive shopping or take Jacqui for the evening walk … I can’t take Marshall everytime. It’s stressful for Jacqui. And I don’t want Jacqui to feel like Marshall is “more important” than him … but well, they have a good time together, sniffing, playing … but Marshall always makes his way in front of Jacqui … who patiently bears it … but when he and I go alone, Jacqui does sniff and “read” eagerly, which he barely does when Marshall is with us. I can’t talk to the owners, because then I’d risk that they don’t allow me to take Marshall for walks anymore, and that would make things worse for him. Geez.

This afternoon, the most extraordinary thing happened … and as I’m writing it down, quickly and feverishly, just a few hours later, I still don’t know how to feel about it …

I left rather late, around 4.30 pm, but it was very sunny and warm, still …and I took Jacqui to **Lake Pirkdorfer** close to the Petzen mountain (that I look at every day). On the way I saw a car license plate number “VK 58 IO”, and everytime I see something that resembles my age and a Hawaiian term like “IO” (which is the ultimate force of all forces and at the same time the word for a bird of prey) I have to think about my own death and if that is a signal …

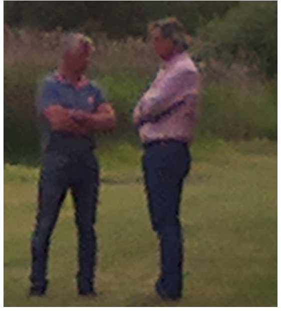
Just this morning (and last night and the day before) I had thought about how hard it is for me to recall Bob at times … but that I want to, it makes me sad to not be able to access my full memory of him … but somehow his “images” kept slipping away, recently …

This came with a feeling of desolation and abandonment …

I had read that it's a nice **bathing lake**, closeby. Well … it's a murky soup, and it's in the middle of a camping site, just about 20 minutes to walk around, dogs are not allowed to swim. The drive was awful, long stretches of dangerous country roads with huge trucks racing … curves, just not my kind of drive.

Well, that's that, I thought, but I did take a **swim**, so that I didn't take the drive in vain. Jacqui somehow didn't enjoy walking around the little lake (more a pond) at all … So I swam,

and as I was out again and dried myself off – I looked to my right **AND THERE WAS BOB!** Talking with some guy!



I immediately sank in some kind of speechless numbness and didn't even know what to think and how to feel. Emptiness spread, as ***I looked at "Bob" – his posture, his way of gesturing, his way of folding his arms and putting his hands into his pants' pockets, his little belly, his height, his long legs in jeans, his beautiful graying hair, his sideburns –his face, so similar and: his voice!***

Jesus. It was Bob's twin. Thank goodness there was the mountain panorama in the background, so I could totally photograph him! Too bad the pictures aren't that great … but the man had long sideburns! Like Bob! I loved Bob's sideburns! And the man had the same slightly awkward posture and comportment … being so tall … and that hair! His face was at the same time serious and jovial … just like Bob's …

Geez! That man even touched his **nose** – just like Bob used to do!

My heart wanted to pound, but instead it kind of froze. I walked towards the two men on my way around the lake, and both greeted me … “Bob’s” voice wasn’t like the real Bob’s voice, but nice enough, … he talked about some “project”, saying something like “… and if this should come about, then …” and he gave the other guy his conditions of that project, as it seemed. That was interesting that I got to hear that.

So then Jacqui and I walked around the lake …

As I walked around a small **reeds island** in that lake, a sticker on a trailer read “**bridgestone**”. That struck me like some smirk by Bob …

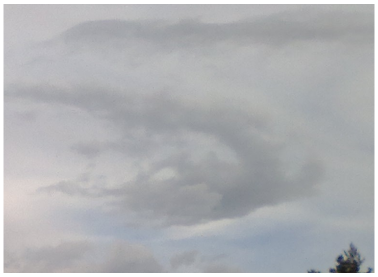
CHECK-TRAILERS.AT
BRIDGESTONE

And there it was: An image of “as above so below” meaning “as in the mortal realm so in the beyond” … and the message came in the form of my favorite flowers of all times (besides Peonies, that are blooming right now and that I get to sniff at every day), the **Plumeria**! Bob and I loved them … and I’ve shares stores of them before! And there it was, this picture! ON A DOOR!

Look at it! **Plumeria flowers on stones!**

So I walked on … baffled … but Jacqui seemed to not feel well, which was strange. As he sat in the car, he pulled the corners of his mouth way up high - so that it looked like he was grinning! That was strange, my dog making a face at me like that! (Yes, I did consider that he was "made" to do that, like some "mild" possession? Dumb, I know … but I had just met Bob!)

And the strangest **cloud thing** formed … a circle! I've never seen something like this before! "Are you blown away?" this seems to ask. I am, Bob, I am.



Driving back I tried to understand what that's supposed to mean, to "see Bob" like that. Yes, I've been in an all-time low. I miss Bob terribly. I've been having a hard time to "recall" him … While driving the thought occurred to me that maybe it's necessary to keep up the memory images of dead people to be able to communicate with them?

It felt clear and true, suddenly, that ***"seeing Bob"*** like that has a very special significance … including the way that experience came about … me driving to the lake, on a whim … I had planned it yet, but I didn't think I'd really do it today. Just before I left I had actually decided to not go … only to start packing my bag right afterwards.

Well … I needed to go, because *that man who looks like Bob was on his way too, and our meeting was impending.*

Yesterday I watched videos of near death experiences to feel a little better … one of the descriptions reminded me of my own experiences of being "sucked out" of my body, nearly while knowing that if I'd allow that sucking to succeed, I'd "cease to exist as me" … it was strange to find that video … the guy talked about stuff that could be from the Whites … I've been reading up in "Our Unseen Guest" recently, before bed, and I'm always again amazed by the wisdom of this book … and it's not by the Whites, but it includes them …

Is this "meeting Bob" supposed to remind me that Bob is always there? Or am I supposed to understand that he wasn't the only Bob out there? Or is it like my first thought "told" me, that it's important for me to keep Bob's image on my mind if I want him to "stick with me"? Is that it?

On the drive back to Griffen I stopped once to take Jacqui for a pee, I thought, but he didn't need to … He seemed worried or scared in that forest path … well, yesterday we saw a fox (!) during our evening walk, really scared Jacqui … who went all stiff for the remainder of the walk.

Driving on, I met a car with "**VK 222 AB**" and then "**VK 222 AW**"! That was strange, I thought.

And: As I turned into "Rakounigstreet", a big SUV drove in front of me and also turned into "my" street. And: A sticker of a shark was on it! Of a **shark**! A ***sticker***! Here in Austria! I've seen them in Hawaii all the time … but not here!

So this trip today to Lake Pirkdorfer …

wow … it feels like I'm back into communicating full throttle!

(Later)

Not being able to watch movies today, I started reading movie reviews …

ending up at "Mr. Robot" (whose first few episodes I saw a while back) … and somehow reading triggered a thought in me:

All the stories we read in books, remain parts of our subconscious, of our memories. This means, we can access these stories as – in some way – "our personal reality" in the beyond. So … it does matter whether one is interested in reading or also in watching TV or movies, because "sucking up" those storylines, invented and manifested as shared visions by some people, creates more experience in our soul's "quantity".

*Now – are we connected to the **inventors** of those stories too, by watching or reading them?*

Just remembering that this morning I thought about how I'll probably never make the films that I certainly would have made with Bob … like "Kaweli", a story about a woman who disappeared mysteriously and then returns from the dead to explain herself to her meanwhile grown son who manages to "call" her from the beyond. Strange, right, that I wrote this movie? It's the last thing Bob read in his life. J. found the screenplay next to his bed. And I know he has read it before, online, but he did read the paper printout that I gave him before I left in 2018.

Hard to believe that it's almost two years after I left for Hawaii to see Bob for the last time.

Makes me nauseous and very sad.

The stories that he and I were about to tell … so they won't be told now?

Or is the "Bob" I met today meant to tell me that "there is another Bob out there" for me for my remaining lifetime?!

At the parking lot, "**dragons**" greeted me … I am a dragon in Chinese astrology.

DRACHENBOOT
RENNEN

I notice now, several hours after swimming, that I have a hell of a pain in my back and in my abdomen at the same time. Must be from swimming …

How strange, the thing I used to love most in the world, swimming hurts me now … many times have I in the last months recalled my wondrous swim in Paia … in fact, just yesterday I talked to Bob about it, out loud, how wonderful it was to swim in the crystal clear high and heaving waves … I didn't wear my glasses or lenses, so I was very much "with me", out there, in the beautiful water in the sunshine off Paia beach, looking upcountry knowing that Bob was there, waiting for me … I had just walked from

Hali'imaile down to Paia, 2.5 hours in the scorching heat … but I cut my swim short, because I had to catch the bus. Riding the bus on Maui – Bob and I had made the first ever commercial for the Maui Bus many years ago – is a strenuous matter, because one needs to ride a full circle to arrive at a certain spot and that from a central bus terminal at Kahului at Ka'ahumanu Center … can't believe I'm writing this … it used to be my home.

In the last week I've been "home" all the time … so heartbroken … is that why Bob "appeared" today? Was it an intervention?

Because:

This morning, walking with the two dogs I had a strange thought. I thought that I might as well just not give a damn anymore whether or not Bob is with me or can be with me or even wants to, because it does take a special effort from a discarnate to actually "stick around" the mortal realm. I had asked Bob just yesterday and today again if he is at all around, because I have really no way of fully knowing. And then, if he is, what for? What's my job here? I'm growing old, I have a hard time feeling "me" anymore, I feel like a stranger to myself, an "old woman" … and I don't know what to do with all I thought I had to do.

Do I? Or shall I just drop all the thinking and wanting and just live like an ameba without much conscious thinking?

And today "Bob" showed up talking about a project and beginning to negotiate that project's terms … that's what I picked up in walking by …

So … ***is that an answer to my question?*** A hint to my despair? Am I not supposed to give up? Am I supposed to put out there my conditions and that way insist on what I want? Am I not supposed to give in, not supposed to make compromises?

That's the most likely meaning that "rings" inside of me, right now …

… after reading movie reviews … realizing how close Bob and I were to being able to create wonderful things.

Yesterday, when I was very down, I also talked to Bob how I see it now that his strange awkwardness that I noticed immediately when I met him for the first time, was at the same time endearing and also scary … I didn't know what was coming when I decided to overcome the strange feeling of "wariness" when I watched Bob deal with my laptop … I actually don't really remember what he did … my laptop had ended up in water, somehow, when the washing machine at the place where I had lived with Hadas in Kihei (on Konale Place) broke … but how did it end up in the water … but somehow I think that Bob was dealing with a CD, but that's strange … I can't remember!

But I remember Bob sitting there in front of me, in his "office", where I would see him so often in the future and where I'd be so often …

And in August 2018, when I arrived at "housie" again, the curtains I had attached to the window in that office in 2014 were hanging as remainders in torn stripes in front of the window … the house was in horrible shape, and so was Bob … and all that seems to have been encapsulated in those moments in 2002, when I stood behind Bob, the stranger, looking at his neck and his hair and his strangely long fingernails … and I wanted to touch him …

And **seeing "him in the flesh" today** somehow brought the entire "Bob-feeling" back into me … so intensely … so clearly … so strongly …

as if Bob had really come back from the dead … or …

Driving away from the lake I actually said out loud … "Maybe it's all just a fucking dream, and you're still alive …"

Reading those film reviews I resorted to check out episode descriptions, too … and "Mr. Robot" ends revealing that there was a "real Elliott" and a "fake Elliott" … so strange, that I would come across his that today, of all days.

June 4, 2020 – **Gathering of Stones!**

Took a walk with Jacqui and Marshall, again, and I met a **gray haired woman** … we walked together. She said she’d be 80 in a few months and kind of chuckled, “I wonder if I’ll live to see it … but I think I will.” She told me that her husband had died 12 years ago, and for her it was like yesterday … she does have children, though and probably grand-children … I have nothing …

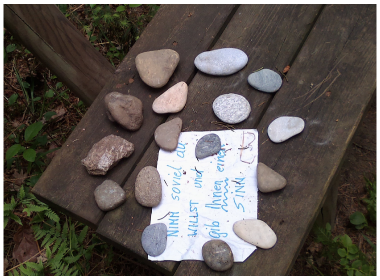
And I thought to myself, “Jesus Christ, I wouldn’t bear 12 years …” and again I had to think of **Mercy Whitney**, the pioneer missionary from New England who appears in my documentary film about old Hawaii, “Native of Owhyhee”, and how her beloved Samuel died just months after they had arrived in the islands … and she live more than 60 years without him, mourning him and missing him. It was told of her that “she went crazy” … on hell’s shit, I don’t blame her. 60 years stuck in this body without the love of her life … she had one daughter with him, and then she dedicated her life to the islanders and to teach them … her fate has always struck me and touched me … what a shitload of suffering …

Drove for a visit with my mother … she seems fine, looks healthy, even pretty, but she really only talks about very few things, and she keeps repeating them … I left with a strange feeling that whatever I told her or chatted about, didn’t “reach” her, really. She did something that she – truth be told – has done already 15 years ago: She started talking about something in the middle of me telling her something about myself.

Well, at least she speaks entirely coherently, doesn’t fumble her nose anymore and doesn’t bite her fingernails. She said she feels fine and not lonely … I worry, though, because she really refuses to even take any kind of walk, but she said she doesn’t want to, all by herself. I keep telling her that I meet many single women or men of her age when I walk in the area, and she could meet people if she wanted to. She admits that, but then says no, she doesn’t need anyone.

I noticed, when she looked at me, that cold dark expression of rejection that she has given me so often throughout my life …

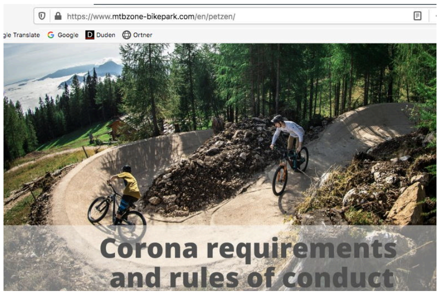
So I took Jacqui for a walk in the forest nearby – and there was something amazing, on a bench: a **gathering of stones** …



… and a writing that says *“Take as many as you like – and give them meaning”. Seriously.*

Later I went for a swim in the ice-cold Wörthersee, and I notice right away, that as soon as I swim, my entire body changes back to “youthful”.

I had some jobs from the agency later at night … and promptly I received a text that mentions the exact **place** I had been at yesterday, at **Lake Pirkdorfer**!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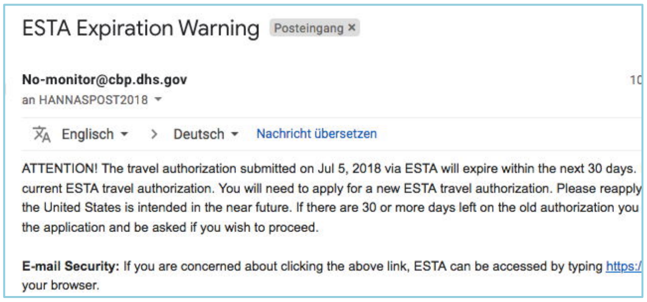
June 5, 2020 – **My Body**

Raining today.

After yesterday's swim, my body really feels very firmer and more youthful, it's like my body remembers "me" and how I used to be … and promptly I encountered the perfect expression of that … **images of a female body** just like mine and been and just like it's now.

Somehow this showed up too … ***in some TV-series*** … really like the **stripes** that I keep seeing in my bedroom and that were reflected in the sky, too … and now as a TV-show scene …

My **ESTA-permission** expires in a month, I was told today … I obtained it two years ago to visit Bob … lately I've been flashing back to the attempts I did all through early 2018 to find a dog sitter for Jacqui, but it simply didn't work out. When it finally did, Bob told me that he'd travel to the mainland, and I had to postpone again … anyway. It's all so present suddenly. The ESTA-expiration feels like a painful reminder how "Maui" really has come to an end. My Hawaii driver's license has expired in February. I remember so well when I obtained it, did the driving classes and the exams in Kahului … oh those where the days. So sad.



ESTA Expiration Warning

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an HANNASPOST2018

ATTENTION! The travel authorization submitted on Jul 5, 2018 via ESTA will expire within the next 30 days.
current ESTA travel authorization. You will need to apply for a new ESTA travel authorization. Please reapply
the United States is intended in the near future. If there are 30 or more days left on the old authorization you
the application and be asked if you wish to proceed.

E-mail Security: If you are concerned about clicking the above link, ESTA can be accessed by typing https:/
your browser.

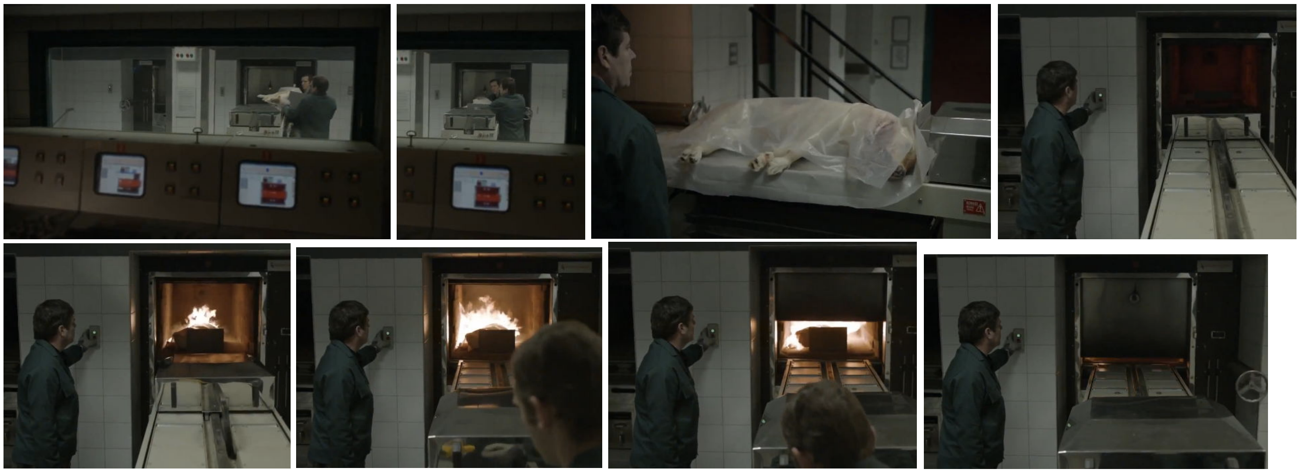
I had an amazingly weird **dream** tonight, about a **very rich influential man**, kind of short and pudgy, who resembled someone I know or knew in real life, like my mother's dead boyfriend Sebastian mixed with some former boss of mine and someone else … or *several someone else's* … and there was some kind of erotic connection between us, and a very intense strange story relating to some event or party or some gathering of many people who all were at the man's mercy or tried to impress him. I realized that he was interested in me, and I thought that we could try to make it work, but he then ***betrayed*** me (I think he lied about something and gave something that was due to me to someone else), and ***I left him, to his surprise*** … lots of other people around who I know in real life, but their identity wasn’t clear to me in the dream …

My back hurt like crazy at first, when I went to bed last night, I thought from the swimming, but I woke up pretty painless.

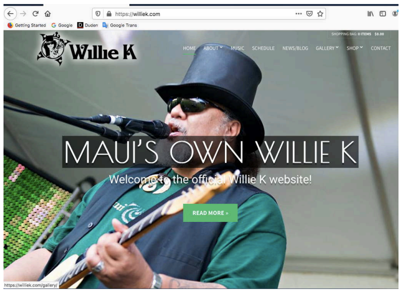
I stole a **Peony** bud from a neighbor’s garden and dug out a **few trampled down mais plants** from a field path … not sure why I feel so compelled all the time to make stuff grow. The Peony scent, of course, is my favorite scent in the world …

June 5, 2020 – **Cremation**

Wow, I just happened upon the British TV-series “**Luther**” – and there is a scene of a **cremation**! Of a dog, but a cremation no less! It reminded me … no, it catapulted me back to late 2018 when I was greedy to “follow” Bob’s last path …



Also … this **body** …


Willie K
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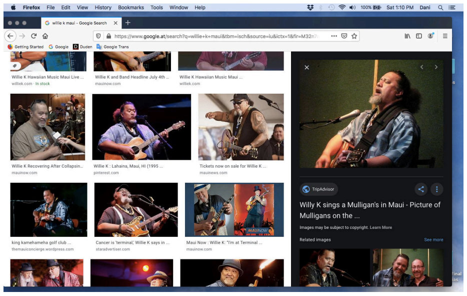

Willy K sings a Mulligan's in Maui - Picture of Mulligans on the ...

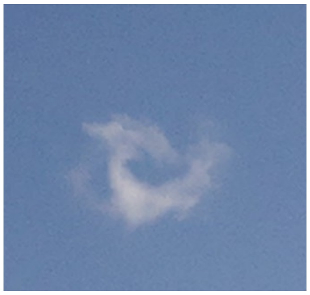
… is now gone forever, too, in the mortal realm. I'll always love, in a special way, William Awihilima Kahai'ali'i the way he was "in the flesh".

The words of that guy **Jim** who reported about his very metaphysical near death experience keep coming to my mind … I even said them when I looked around this evening, walking with Jacqui, picking stinging nettles: **"*This* is the illusion …"** *Meaning "this world" is the actual "not-real" realm. Totally getting it. At times.*

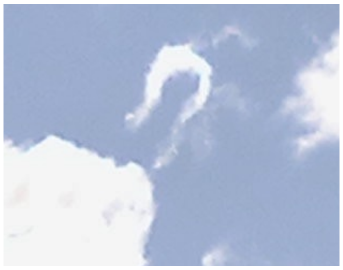
Just earlier on the **treehouse field** I talked to Bob intensely that he ***must*** communicate with me … I feel very lost and helpless … the situation with little dog Marshall drives me crazy … all alone all the time … today I took him for a walk in a break between rain showers, took him into my car to dry him off a bit, and he was so happy and lied still and sighed … and then I had to put him back alone into his empty garden … unbearable … how can those people be so reckless and brutal … I just heard Marshall in the middle of the night last night … he is forced to spend the night alone, too, in his ridiculous hut!

The **clouds** … while I was picking **stinging nettle** … so telling … nozzling … doing the "**yin yang**" pattern … and a **"cloud man"** watching me … two people walking "hand in hand" …

Yes, and a **dark penis cloud** showed up too …



A strange “**hook**” and a “**curl**” showed up …



And, as I sat down on a **bench** and asked Bob if he was here … it seemed like the two clouds moved closer, and I thought … *“Wow, you are sitting right here with me …”* I truly wish.

(My laptop crashed on June 11, and I don’t remember if I had entries between June 5 and that day.)

June 11, 2020 **– The Laptop Situation: in Bob’s Shoes**

Horrible **dream** ... horrible horrible.

My brother, my mother and my father went to an ***ocean resort*** and checked into a hotel ... And I lost sight of all of them. My mother and my father went ahead to their room ... and later I realized that I didn't know the room number ... while my brother – ***Peter*** was about in his early thirties, actually older than he was when he did at 27 in 1993 – and I were heading towards a staircase. The ocean was within view, past a very long sand beach, but there was danger, but I don't know what it was ... relating to a person, I think.

So I was about to follow my brother up the stairs inside the hotel lobby (feels like I've been there in a previous dream, actually), when I felt some kind of thumping sensation at my right boob. And as I turned around, there was a *dark haired man* in some kind of red shirt, and he tried to get me to go with him to have sex, he kept saying something like "How about it? Let's go now!" I was so upset because he didn't let me go, and I kept saying no and that he should leave me alone ... it was so baffling to me that he even had come on to me like that ... and when I turned around, my brother was gone!

And as hard as I tried, there was no way to find him or our room in that hotel ... I had no idea where he was and where my parents were, and I tried to communicate with hotel personnel, but I couldn't express myself. It was a feeling of cold horror and loss and abandonment, because: Somehow ***it was all about Bob***! And I knew that because I had lost the connection to Peter, my mother and my father, I had no way of finding Bob either ... at least that's my recollection right now.

I was so devastated and frantic and ran all over the place ... in the sand, around the hotel, in the hotel ... and I was so very disappointed too, because I kept thinking why my family wouldn't come look for me?

And yes ... now I remember, I had my phone and **my brother's phone number**, but when I called, there simply was ***no signal!*** The phone kind of told me that it was ringing, but nobody ever answered!

My morning walk with Jacqui was like in a haze of all the distress of my dream ... and then:

At breakfast I wanted to start my **laptop** – ***and it wouldn't start up anymore.*** *It was just like with my phone in my dream: It would start and boot* – but suddenly went black. Done. Nothing more. Motherfucking shit! How can that be?

Last night I watched a few videos of near death experiences ... I just had to, in order to motivate myself and comfort me ... with the result of horrible dream and the horrible situation that my life-line is now "dead", and I can only hope that for a while I'll be able to work for the agency (which is my only income) using OpenOffice instead of Word ...

Interestingly, just a few days ago I thought about how happy I was that Bob had installed the Word on my laptop so that I didn't have to use OpenOffice anymore ... geez!

What's that all supposed to mean?

Good thing I got a number of a Mac-guy in Völkermarkt from the young guy who got me a new battery for my old cell-phone. Today is a holiday, Thursday. Which is great. It means that I won't have too much work this week. Will try what I can on Friday to get my laptop repaired.

Thank God I have my older laptop, the one Bob replaced with the newer one that's now broken ... and thank God there is OpenOffice and Safari on it ...

I took Jacqui to lake **Turnersee** today, even though it was raining, I was so upset about the laptop, I needed something nice ... and first we took a little tour through the forest, then I simply entered one of the private lake grounds to take a swim ... I can't see how that's justified that private people can access the lake and have their own property there so that nobody else can access that natural water there? That's just not right. It's just forest and reeds, and Jacqui and I ventured out into the wilderness and found huts and abandoned houses …

Later I went to the *bathing spot* that I had meant to check out last time we were there, but there were other cars, and I didn't dare to go there, because it's also a private beach with dogs not permitted ... but nobody was there ... and Jacqui and I had the most perfect swims, very paradisical, a lovely beach with lotos flowers and reeds just for us. Me in the nude ... totally empty place, drizzling rain, warm water, fresh air … I so wished Bob was there … I said "*Play me*" while swimming ... and later, even the large meadows and fields were just ours.

Reminds me ... this morning (working on my old laptop) I found an email from Andreas G. in my spam-filter! I had written to him in May, he has a production and distribution company ... and I had made the contact between him and Bob and John W. back in the day ... *He didn't know that Bob was dead.* Geez, fuck you, John. Bob's "partner" who ruined his life didn't even share with their distributor that Bob was dead.

So Andreas was nice enough to write that he'd look into my projects ... and I wrote back quickly apologizing for the late reply. (*Note*: Nothing came out of it, anyway. Everyone has their own projects, and it's Covid-time.)

Also ...

I did today what I've seen Bob do so many times ... **troubleshoot *by reading Apple support websites***. I tried literally everything in terms of key-combinations and even restarting OSX from the internal recovery source.

I feel like "being Bob". So many **many times that I saw him do what I did today**, and I'd never have expected for myself to be in his shoes. *I can totally relate what is work was all about … and his frustration … better than ever.* I'd have never ever thought that I'd be in the position, all alone, having to figure out stuff regarding computers. Well, that I do, maybe it comes from all the "Play me!"

Now that I wrote that, some kind of recollection flashed through my mind, as if there was some aspect of tonight's dream that relates to all of this ...?

It also drives me nuts to hear little dog Marshall bark hysterically outside, in the middle of the night.

Today, the holiday, the family came out into the garden, and the little girl chased Marshall around for a while, screaming at him all the time ... and now, everyone is at dinner and cozy in the home, only Marshall is alone outside. Fuck, I could vomit thinking about these ignorant lazy dumb fuckers.

I'm so angry. I read a little bit in "***Our Unseen Guest***", and "Stephen" talks about how we must ***help*** the lowly qualities of consciousness to rise, because the path of all of us is – to reach supremacy. We're, as it seems, supposed to turn into the "God" some of us worships? Makes sense, to worship, when it secretly is mankind's energetic purpose to become a supreme energetic super organism ... but I couldn't help but think about how I hate my neighbor, the owner of Marshall, for neglecting and disappointing and hurting the little dog that much by excluding him and just "pulling him out for playing" when they are in the mood. I don't wish them well. I can't. I wish for them to suffer, I do. It's pure sadism to not let the little dog join Jacqui and me for walks anymore. Nobody else walks him! My landlady, Andrea, sometimes, when she is up for it, once or twice a week. This little guy needs to go out all the time! It's summer! People do stuff with their dogs. Not these fuckers.

I hope they all get lessons so that they'll feel what it means to be excluded and alone and waiting and waiting ...

Oh, wait. Sounds like I'm talking about my life's story.

Hahaha, very funny. Hilarious … like the odd **cloud** during my evening walk.

June 12, 2020 **– Cancer On My Path**

Terrible: I tried to get back into my Gmail on my older laptop (that also Bob gave me many years ago) – and whilst last night it had worked fine, the Safari browser ***refused*** to let me enter my own email-account. (Oh my god, how often did Bob have similar troubles! And I really didn’t commiserate with him properly!)

So I drove to the store with the Apple expert, Robert Z., right away in the morning, was there at 9 o'clock, brought my other laptop in again, that doesn't start at all ... whatever I tried, based on reading Apple support suggestions on my older laptop, and at first Robert (store owner and tech guy) said he couldn't do anything right away due to time pressure. Then he agreed that I'd leave the old laptop with him too, and he'd try to install a newer browser.

Which he did. I was so grateful! How nice of him to take that effort to enable me to work. Because otherwise I’d be really screwed. But so I can at least work with Open Office (instead of Word), and the internet connection works for basic emailing. It's quite baffling how "nothing" seems to work all of a sudden ... and again: How often have I seen Bob desperate like this, and he’d say “I think the Universe is fucking with me”. (*Note:* Looking back, all the mishaps and events in our life together were so unexpected and in a way odd in their sudden appearance, that, in hindsight, they feel like constructed, like being part of some “movie”, some “game”, some “plan”.)

Shit happened a lot to Bob, relating to the technology he had to work with, and all the stress took its toll on our relationship and on the decisions Bob made, workwise, in particular. Which drove him further into his misery. And there was nobody for him to ask, after Mike K., a videographer and tech guy who I had known well, too (even did a shoot with him alone, once, on the island of Molokai) had died. And here I am now, I can’t ask Bob for help anymore. Well … that’s not true, really. I am asking him, in a way. In all the years that we were apart and when he was so reluctant to communicate with me, as soon as I had put “Tech Question” in my email’s headline, he’d respond right away.

I spontaneously drove on to **Forestlake** after picking up my old laptop again, and I took Jacqui on a nice walk around the lake, and we both swam.

Then I visited my mother ... who seemed quite fine, but it's nearly impossible to talk with her about anything. I talk, she listens, sometimes, when I insist and ask a question, she answers, and she does remember quite a few things ... she sounds utterly normal, except when she suddenly says one of her always the same sentences ... proving that she hasn't listened to me, really. Her eyes are weirdly "soft" and "kind", and she sometimes says something in the middle of me telling her something ... And she keeps insisting that she has no interest in going for a walk or driving to a lake or anything at all. She drives shopping, then cleans, washes her stuff, her home is very tidy, too tidy, in a way, then watches TV.

It was sad.

I took Jacqui for a short walk along the fields and through the forest close to where my mother lives, and **we met a man**, **E.,** who had been ***a fellow-pupil of my brother Peter*** (who died of cancer in 1993), and that man and I had never talked before. We had only greeted each other, as he and his family live in the same house my mother, but that was it. He was walking his dog ... and suddenly, meeting me at a crossroads between the meadows and gardens, he poured his heart out about his ***color cancer***, 9 times chemo, radiation and five surgeries ... now he has an artificial colon opening in his belly for the rest of his life. He is 54. He said that if he didn't have children and a wife, he'd refuse to go through all this ...

It really got me thinking ... what a life he has. And this may have been the ***lesson***. This guy would like to die, but he can’t, because of his family. He shared how that is when you have that artificial colon exit with a pouch attached, that suddenly, without you being able to control it, it fills ... that would be the time that naturally one would feel the need to take a shit, but one can hold back, normally. Not in his case. Pour man. I felt so sorry for him. I saw his nice brown warm eyes ... and the dread in his face. He had a melanoma, that's how they discovered the cancerous lymph nodes under his arms. Then the colon cancer.

Geez. No way I’d go through any kind of treatment like this.

I kept thinking, lately, too, that ***Bob got to have been the toughest guy who ever lived.*** Going through a full blown cancer ordeal without any help, any treatment, no pain killers, nothing. But his sickness had begun long ago when he hadn’t been able to handle his many frustrations anymore. I had gotten to know him like this, caught up in many situations that he couldn’t solve, because he couldn’t stand up for himself. I tried to help. But he refused to let me.

I took a swim in the cold Wörthersee lake, too, and I kept thinking about how that really is similar to swimming in the ocean on Maui ... if I only close my eyes ... the water was choppy today ... oh how often have Bob and I swam in the choppy Pacific ...

I kept thinking about the sight and smell and feel of Bob’s tumor, don’t know why it was so present. Not many people ever get to handle a tumor directly ... I mean, watching it, touching it, dealing with it as if it was a body part. Bob and I did. How fucked up is that. (Oh, if I could only include pictures of that tumor … just imagine a pink-brown-yellowish tropical fruit that’s strangely heavy of the size of a child’s fist that oozes stinking liquid and is constantly dripping …)

Robert Z. told me that he is also into video production. Yup. Maybe he can be an associate one day … but why am I even thinking about filmmaking?

Amazing **car license plate numbers** today ...

RS 1, STST 1 (which gave me the feeling that I must "get" something here, in the double Stoneman), and the others I can't recall, but several 222, several JO and BS in stunning combinations.

June 13, 2020 **– Bioenergetic Types**

Amazing, what kind of things have been happening since my laptops broke down. First, I had to resort to using my old laptop – and doing that I found an **article** about the "***bioenergetic types***" that Wilhelm Reich and Alexander Lowe described ... and: Just the day before yesterday I read an email by “C.” in which she told me s***he was dealing with exactly that subject now!*** I on my part have been reading that paper, the summaries of all the types, that is ... and just this morning, when I sat down to my coffee … I had some major insights. It's like someone had known Bob and me and written about us! So this means that yes, we were typical “mortals” with all our trials … but what a fucked up evolution to bring forth creatures like us who are so … dysfunctional! Yes, one might say “everything happens for a reason”, right, but then … as the Whites have emphasized … it all is relative when you think about the one factor that determines everyone’s “fate”: free will.

Mankind’s existence is a tightly knit network of the effects of free will.

Geez.

Also ... my **dream** tonight, at the same time very horrible and sad, but also very erotic and sensual ... I was walking around a city at night, because the street lights were on, and the city was in some kind of buzz, not an upheaval, but somehow busy and too awake for the hour, and I was looking for a place, I think, was about on my own ... maybe I carried something with me? A ***young man*** that I've never seen before, slender, my height, youthful, a little bit a "young Spiderman type", crossed my path, and he was dressed in some ***carnival outfit,*** with a bright white wide shirt, tied in the middle with a girdle from which three bird of prey feathers dangled like from a "dream catcher", and some colorful pants. He dragged me along ... and I kind of knew his name was "**Martin**" ... and he brought me to some event that was taking place around a stage where people were supposed to present some kind of revolutionary way of dealing with current day politics, something sarcastic, like a theater play, but it had to do with food ... and that food was horrible yuckie, I knew that, even though I only smelled it. So that *Martin tried to get me on stage,* and I went, and I saw all the people below on the streets, and somehow I realized that I was being **abused** and that this wasn't what I was supposed to do.

So I left. "Martin" in his ridiculous outfit called after me and ridiculed and verbally abused me, but I was only happy to run off. Towards where, I wasn't sure, and in my dream, even, I wasn't sure where I was supposed to go ... but I was in a hurry.

So sure enough, after a few blocks, that "Martin" came toward me again, but it was the "real" Martin now, and I realized that ***there were two similar guys.*** I looked back to the stage, and the other "Martin" was still there, but he did look different.

I realized that I had been deceived ...

(Right now it reminds me of what I had said to my mother yesterday, that the computer-guy "Robert Z." is a mix of Bob and Sigi ... and he really is.)

So that ***new "Martin"*** was attractive and wanted to get me to follow him, but I think really he followed me ... and then, suddenly, there was some kind of apocalyptic scenario, where he and I had to enter some kind of ***boat or submarine*** ... and there was a storm and high waves ...

We suddenly worked together to hide something in that water vehicle, and I knew that it couldn't get wet, or it would be destroyed, that stuff that we were to hide ... and for some strange reason, Martin himself needed to hide.

He and I were suddenly enemies, though, I kept telling him how much I hated him, and vice versa, still, we had to work together ...

And the time was running out. So what we had to hide consisted of ***flowers*** and some kind of food like ***ice cream or cake*** ... and somehow, I ended up away from that water on a big meadow, and there were people I knew, I think including my family ... but I had to get away from them ... they all looked at me, and somehow I knew I had to hide that "stuff" from them, too, but the "stuff" suddenly was a matter of life and death for me ...

Then I was back on the boat, and I found some kind of ***storage room*** where I put that package ... it was a "package", yes, because I remember now that I said that word in my dream, several times ... and Martin was there too, and I think I had to hide him, too.

And then the weirdest thing happened ... actually, several things happened, but at the same time ...

I looked into that storage room, barely made it to look inside, it was so narrow, and I looked to the left around some kind of barrier, and I saw that the storage place was being flooded by water ... and that the vanilla and strawberry ice cream type of stuff between the flowers was melting ...

Again, I was outside of the boat, on dry land, and there was a man that was pursuing me, and I had to flee from him, but at the same time it was very alluring to be there, and I felt drawn to that dry land situation ...

Only to end up back on the boat, and this time I knew, that Martin was in danger. The boat was rocking, and he had lied down an stretched out on some kind of ship bed or "koje", there wasn't much space, and I had to lie down squeezed to his left side, on one hand to hide, too, and on the other hand to hide him and to save him ... So as I was lying there next to him, the feeling that we were enemies disappeared, and we felt so close, and a sensual-erotic-emotional surge filled me up so strongly ... and him too, and we held hands, and I touched his very pale young man's belly, and we tried to kiss, but I couldn't reach his face ...

And then I woke up, and I totally kept being "stuck" in that dream and with Martin, and it was so nice and intense and I didn't want to lose Martin .... *that I fell asleep again!*

I still was there with him ... but then I had to do something to save him and me and the "stuff" and the boat ... and I left him behind and somehow while still being on the boat, I looked over to the shore, and a ***woman*** was there, blond, pretty, in her late thirties, and I knew she was a ***doctor***.

She had a long ***needle*** ... and I said to her "Don't do anything that will hurt me" ... And from her distance she stuck a needle right into the middle of my chest! That was so strange, but I couldn't keep her from doing it ... and I knew that Martin was behind me, and I was only happy that he was safe for now.

And then: (yikes!) The doctor suddenly stuck a ***thin black tube*** into that needle, and through that needle, she began to frantically shove that thin black tube (like a very thin water garden hose or some hollow wire) into that needle! And even though I didn't feel it, I knew that the black long wire was supposed to go inside of me and through me ...

And while I was watching this, how frantically that doctor kept shoving and shoving, grinning at me, while I just stood there ... and I was actually on the boat, and she was on shore, so she didn't even touch me or my chest, and yet she shoved the long black wire into the long needle that I knew was in my chest!

And in a way *I was only glad that Martin was safe ...*

and then I woke up.

And I had a **sharp pain in the right side of my chest** ... like I've been having several times. And I had to cough too. The dream needle hadn't been there where my chest pain actually was, in real life, though.

So, wow ... that was strange. My mind didn't linger on the needle-wire-experience, though, but on that ***lovely sweet feeling*** *of having "found" Martin* and having been in love with him.

It spontaneously reminds me of yesterday, at Forestlake, where I saw two men whose view kind of touched me, one walked ahead of me, with a bare tanned chest, a blond man in his forties, backpack and all, and one looked very similar, but I encountered him an hour later, walking into the opposite direction, towards me, and he stopped and ***asked*** me *how long it would take to walk around the entire lake.*

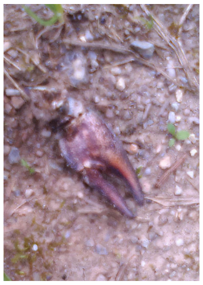
I brought **"Forget-me-not"-flowers** that I had picked right there to my mother yesterday. She liked them a lot.

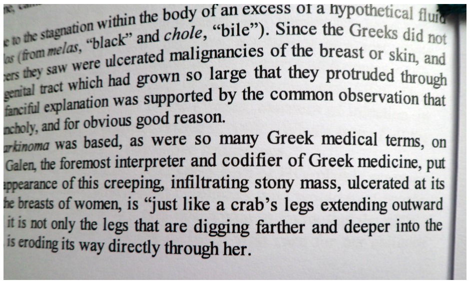
Anyway ... I took Jacqui for a walk, but then felt so tired and lied down again, awake ...

Again I noticed the **stripes patterns** on the ceiling of my bedroom … due to the blinds, and I just had to photograph them, they seem significant.

June 14, 2020 – Sunday, Father's Day, **the Crab's Claw & the Marshall Disaster**

On the path today, taking a walk with poor guy Marshall and Jacqui, I found a single **crab's claw or leg**. And why is that significant?





e to the stagnation within the body of an excess of a hypothetical fluid
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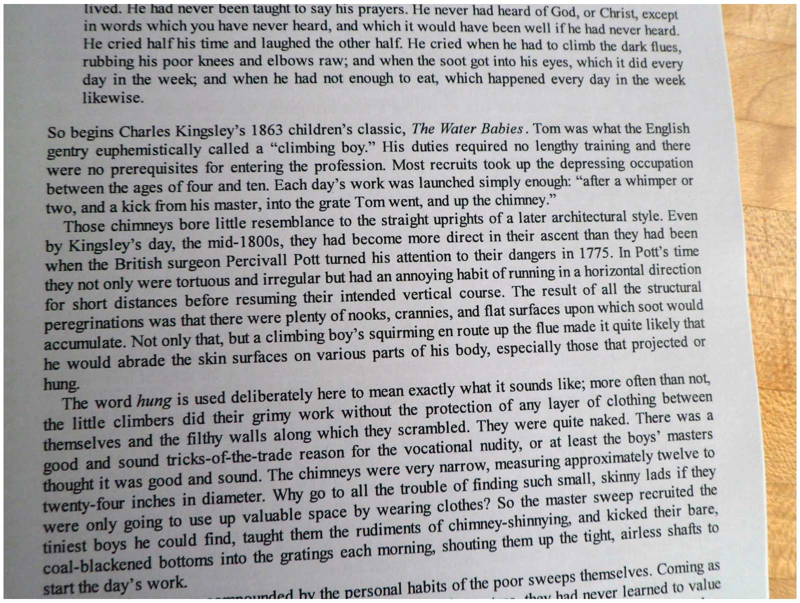
it is not only the legs that are digging farther and deeper into the
is eroding its way directly through her.

Because yesterday, last night, I felt compelled to google "***krebs***" which means "***cancer***", and a dialogue came to my mind, *"Why is that stuff called cancer, at all?"* And I recalled what I had read from Dr. Sherwin B. Nuland, in "**How We Die**" about cancer …

"… ulcerated malignancies … which had grown so large that they protruded … **just like a crab's legs extending outward …"**



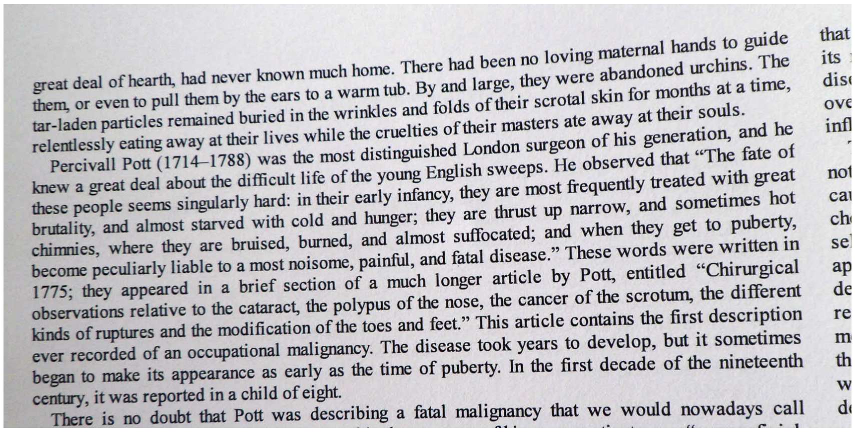
> lived. He had never been taught to say his prayers. He never had heard of God, or Christ, except in words which you have never heard, and which it would have been well if he had never heard. He cried half his time and laughed the other half. He cried when he had to climb the dark flues, rubbing his poor knees and elbows raw; and when the soot got into his eyes, which it did every day in the week; and when he had not enough to eat, which happened every day in the week likewise.

So begins Charles Kingsley's 1863 children's classic, *The Water Babies*. Tom was what the English gentry euphemistically called a "climbing boy." His duties required no lengthy training and there were no prerequisites for entering the profession. Most recruits took up the depressing occupation between the ages of four and ten. Each day's work was launched simply enough: "after a whimper or two, and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney."

Those chimneys bore little resemblance to the straight uprights of a later architectural style. Even by Kingsley's day, the mid-1800s, they had become more direct in their ascent than they had been when the British surgeon Percivall Pott turned his attention to their dangers in 1775. In Pott's time they not only were tortuous and irregular but had an annoying habit of running in a horizontal direction for short distances before resuming their intended vertical course. The result of all the structural peregrinations was that there were plenty of nooks, crannies, and flat surfaces upon which soot would accumulate. Not only that, but a climbing boy's squirming en route up the flue made it quite likely that he would abrade the skin surfaces on various parts of his body, especially those that projected or hung.

The word *hung* is used deliberately here to mean exactly what it sounds like; more often than not, the little climbers did their grimy work without the protection of any layer of clothing between themselves and the filthy walls along which they scrambled. They were quite naked. There was a good and sound tricks-of-the-trade reason for the vocational nudity, or at least the boys' masters thought it was good and sound. The chimneys were very narrow, measuring approximately twelve to twenty-four inches in diameter. Why go to all the trouble of finding such small, skinny lads if they were only going to use up valuable space by wearing clothes? So the master sweep recruited the tiniest boys he could find, taught them the rudiments of chimney-shinnying, and kicked their bare, coal-blackened bottoms into the gratings each morning, shouting them up the tight, airless shafts to start the day's work.

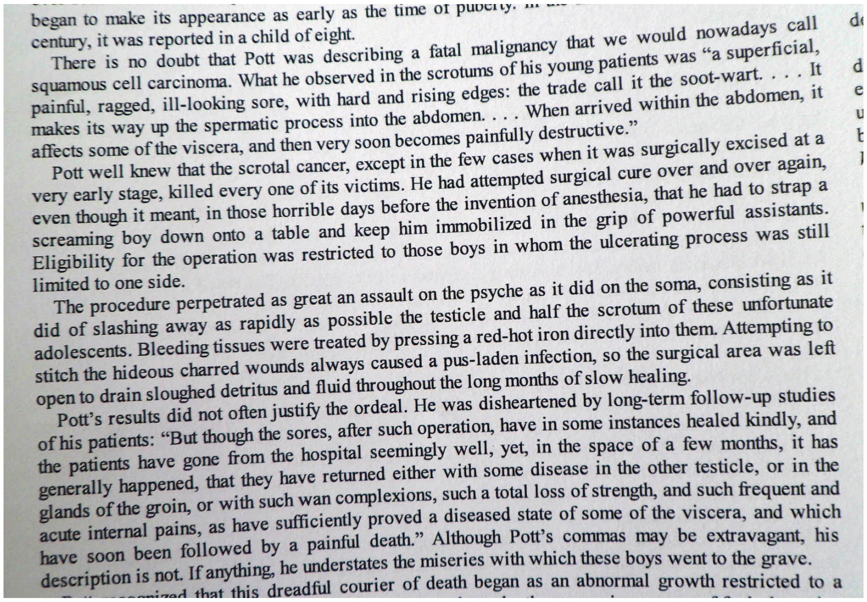
ompounded by the personal habits of the poor sweeps themselves. Coming as
they had never learned to value



great deal of hearth, had never known much home. There had been no loving maternal hands to guide them, or even to pull them by the ears to a warm tub. By and large, they were abandoned urchins. The tar-laden particles remained buried in the wrinkles and folds of their scrotal skin for months at a time, relentlessly eating away at their lives while the cruelties of their masters ate away at their souls.

Percivall Pott (1714–1788) was the most distinguished London surgeon of his generation, and he knew a great deal about the difficult life of the young English sweeps. He observed that "The fate of these people seems singularly hard: in their early infancy, they are most frequently treated with great brutality, and almost starved with cold and hunger; they are thrust up narrow, and sometimes hot chimnies, where they are bruised, burned, and almost suffocated; and when they get to puberty, become peculiarly liable to a most noisome, painful, and fatal disease." These words were written in 1775; they appeared in a brief section of a much longer article by Pott, entitled "Chirurgical observations relative to the cataract, the polypus of the nose, the cancer of the scrotum, the different kinds of ruptures and the modification of the toes and feet." This article contains the first description ever recorded of an occupational malignancy. The disease took years to develop, but it sometimes began to make its appearance as early as the time of puberty. In the first decade of the nineteenth century, it was reported in a child of eight.

There is no doubt that Pott was describing a fatal malignancy that we would nowadays call



began to make its appearance as early as the time of puberty. century, it was reported in a child of eight.

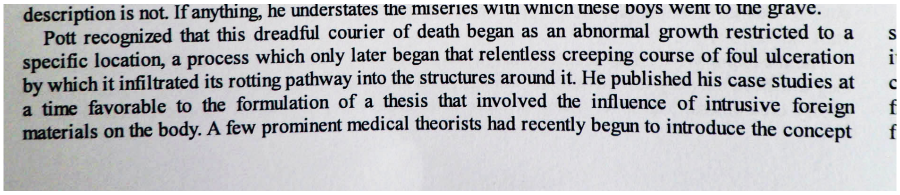
There is no doubt that Pott was describing a fatal malignancy that we would nowadays call squamous cell carcinoma. What he observed in the scrotums of his young patients was "a superficial, painful, ragged, ill-looking sore, with hard and rising edges: the trade call it the soot-wart. . . . It makes its way up the spermatic process into the abdomen. . . . When arrived within the abdomen, it affects some of the viscera, and then very soon becomes painfully destructive."

Pott well knew that the scrotal cancer, except in the few cases when it was surgically excised at a very early stage, killed every one of its victims. He had attempted surgical cure over and over again, even though it meant, in those horrible days before the invention of anesthesia, that he had to strap a screaming boy down onto a table and keep him immobilized in the grip of powerful assistants. Eligibility for the operation was restricted to those boys in whom the ulcerating process was still limited to one side.

The procedure perpetrated as great an assault on the psyche as it did on the soma, consisting as it did of slashing away as rapidly as possible the testicle and half the scrotum of these unfortunate adolescents. Bleeding tissues were treated by pressing a red-hot iron directly into them. Attempting to stitch the hideous charred wounds always caused a pus-laden infection, so the surgical area was left open to drain sloughed detritus and fluid throughout the long months of slow healing.

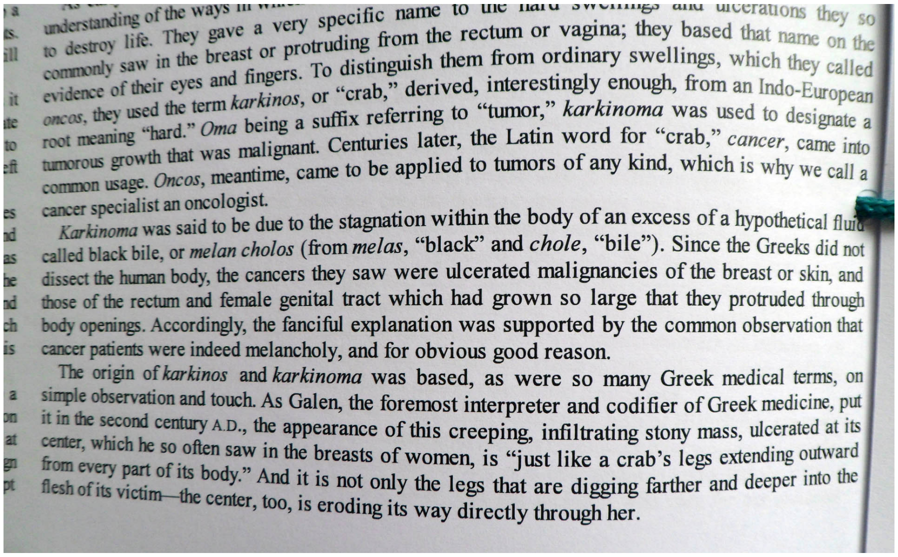
Pott's results did not often justify the ordeal. He was disheartened by long-term follow-up studies of his patients: "But though the sores, after such operation, have in some instances healed kindly, and the patients have gone from the hospital seemingly well, yet, in the space of a few months, it has generally happened, that they have returned either with some disease in the other testicle, or in the glands of the groin, or with such wan complexions, such a total loss of strength, and such frequent and acute internal pains, as have sufficiently proved a diseased state of some of the viscera, and which have soon been followed by a painful death." Although Pott's commas may be extravagant, his description is not. If anything, he understates the miseries with which these boys went to the grave.

that this dreadful courier of death began as an abnormal growth restricted to a



description is not. If anything, he understates the miseries with which these boys went to the grave.

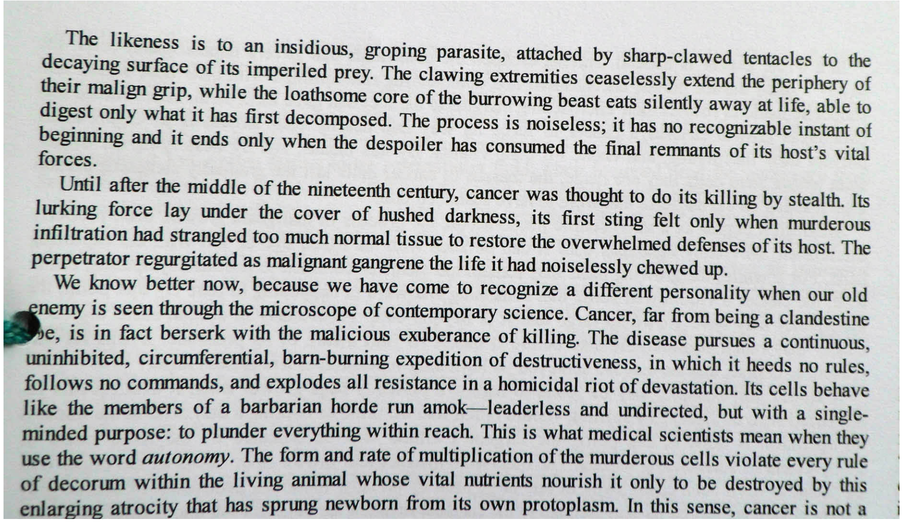
Pott recognized that this dreadful courier of death began as an abnormal growth restricted to a specific location, a process which only later began that relentless creeping course of foul ulceration by which it infiltrated its rotting pathway into the structures around it. He published his case studies at a time favorable to the formulation of a thesis that involved the influence of intrusive foreign materials on the body. A few prominent medical theorists had recently begun to introduce the concept



understanding of the ways in name to the hard swellings and ulcerations they so to destroy life. They gave a very specific commonly saw in the breast or protruding from the rectum or vagina; they based that name on the evidence of their eyes and fingers. To distinguish them from ordinary swellings, which they called *oncos*, they used the term *karkinos*, or "crab," derived, interestingly enough, from an Indo-European root meaning "hard." *Oma* being a suffix referring to "tumor," *karkinoma* was used to designate a tumorous growth that was malignant. Centuries later, the Latin word for "crab," *cancer*, came into common usage. *Oncos*, meantime, came to be applied to tumors of any kind, which is why we call a cancer specialist an oncologist.

Karkinoma was said to be due to the stagnation within the body of an excess of a hypothetical fluid called black bile, or *melan cholos* (from *melas*, "black" and *chole*, "bile"). Since the Greeks did not dissect the human body, the cancers they saw were ulcerated malignancies of the breast or skin, and those of the rectum and female genital tract which had grown so large that they protruded through body openings. Accordingly, the fanciful explanation was supported by the common observation that cancer patients were indeed melancholy, and for obvious good reason.

The origin of *karkinos* and *karkinoma* was based, as were so many Greek medical terms, on simple observation and touch. As Galen, the foremost interpreter and codifier of Greek medicine, put it in the second century A.D., the appearance of this creeping, infiltrating stony mass, ulcerated at its center, which he so often saw in the breasts of women, is "just like a crab's legs extending outward from every part of its body." And it is not only the legs that are digging farther and deeper into the flesh of its victim—the center, too, is eroding its way directly through her.



The likeness is to an insidious, groping parasite, attached by sharp-clawed tentacles to the decaying surface of its imperiled prey. The clawing extremities ceaselessly extend the periphery of their malign grip, while the loathsome core of the burrowing beast eats silently away at life, able to digest only what it has first decomposed. The process is noiseless; it has no recognizable instant of beginning and it ends only when the despoiler has consumed the final remnants of its host's vital forces.

Until after the middle of the nineteenth century, cancer was thought to do its killing by stealth. Its lurking force lay under the cover of hushed darkness, its first sting felt only when murderous infiltration had strangled too much normal tissue to restore the overwhelmed defenses of its host. The perpetrator regurgitated as malignant gangrene the life it had noiselessly chewed up.

We know better now, because we have come to recognize a different personality when our old enemy is seen through the microscope of contemporary science. Cancer, far from being a clandestine [illegible]e, is in fact berserk with the malicious exuberance of killing. The disease pursues a continuous, uninhibited, circumferential, barn-burning expedition of destructiveness, in which it heeds no rules, follows no commands, and explodes all resistance in a homicidal riot of devastation. Its cells behave like the members of a barbarian horde run amok—leaderless and undirected, but with a single-minded purpose: to plunder everything within reach. This is what medical scientists mean when they use the word *autonomy*. The form and rate of multiplication of the murderous cells violate every rule of decorum within the living animal whose vital nutrients nourish it only to be destroyed by this enlarging atrocity that has sprung newborn from its own protoplasm. In this sense, cancer is not a

And today I found amidst the fields and forests ***a crab's claw***! *No ocean or lake anywhere close! A crab’s claw!* How often does anyone find a crab’s claw … after having read the night before about how the name “cancer” came about (from the crab’s claw-like cancerous growths!)

So that I call a message. Before that: A piece of **pineapple** was floating in the creek where Marshall and Jacqui always go drink water.

I was very impressed by the beauty and ingenious design of the **grains** on our path … And most interestingly: Among the “crowd” there are extra long single grains that look like … I don’t know, aliens or elite grains …

Poor Marshall ... this dog is psychotic and not having been walked for days, he was out of his mind with excitement. Several times he snuggled up to me and sighed, and when we got back and I opened my car, he jumped in and curled up between the seats looking at me saying *"Please, let me stay, don't make me go home and be on my own again".*

Then I sent a text message to his owners, that he has extreme diarrhea and suggested different food and that he shouldn't sleep alone outside stating that he feels that is punishment ... and I offered my help in getting him proper food.

(Later) Horrible!
***The following** feels like a huge, huge challenge in my already f*cking hard f*cking life:*

What followed to me texting Marshall's owner about his diarrhea was Jürgen and Margarita both showing up at my door, and giving me shit about how I involve myself in their private life (!) and that they know that I'd rather have Marshall with me – which I never ever said, ever! To anyone! I have no idea who spreads shit like that! - and that he wants his dog to watch over the house, and that he has no diarrhea because he sees his shit in the garden. That guy is even more fucked up than my feeling has been telling me ... he is a dumb, fat, reckless psychopath ... then he went off how his dog has a garden while mine has to live in a 40 square meters apartment with me ... and I couldn't believe the shit he was saying ... so first I tried to defend myself, but then I calmed down and asked him how he dare talk to me like he did, and then I banged the door close. I didn't know it would make such a big noise ... but it was really loud.

I felt like vomiting. *(**Note**: It was the end of Jacqui and Marshall and I walking together, from that day on, the poor guy's owners have been neglecting him; it's Nov. 16, now, and the situation is heartbreaking.)*

But this was a while coming. I have felt his negative mind, and I won't ever forget seeing the tiny puppy between his feet, being afraid, shivering, and he said "What a coward." No bending down and patting the puppy or helping him to feel better, no, they went inside the house and left the puppy in the wet snow mush in front of the doorstep. Now the hostility is out in the open ... That guy way overstepped my boundaries and was outright hostile, and what he said could be complained about in a court of law on many accounts. So I was totally upset, but then I texted them again and made my points about how unfair he was and that I felt insulted and threatened and my reputation endangered.

Of course I'm now afraid that I'm not allowed to go with Marshall anymore (*Note: Turned out I was right about this.*) ... but then if he should keep being alone for 20 hours a day, I will involve the humanitarian society. Now the poor dog's owner, the fucker has made me his official enemy. He should apologize profusely.

Just before that, though, I met my landlady and landlord who just had come from the guy and his wife from the "Father's Day" meal. I didn't realize it was father's day today ... and when I thought about how my father probably is upset about not hearing from me, I really felt so nauseous thinking about how he never was a father to me, and how fucked up he is, really.

So I told my landlady about Marshall's diarrhea and that I was going to text that to Margarita, her daughter, so that she knows, but A. said no, I should tell that M. in person, because J. "is a little sensitive about these things". Okay ... and I think I texted what I did just because of that. And promptly – "he was sensitive". He is such an asshole, I only have to think back when they first got Marshall, and he was so tiny and screamed with fear, and J. called him a "coward". And then the electrical collar. And leaving the dog outside alone for over 20 hours a day. And the shit food. And no water several times when M. was at the hospital because of the baby. (*Note*: A few weeks later Marshall had to be brought to the vet because he had so bad diarrhea and was so thin, and the vet told the asshole owner exactly what I had told them, that M. was allergic against his cheap as shit dog food.)

And ... and ... and ... And then he gives ***me*** shit? He'll regret it. (*Note*: Easier said than done with people who won’t have any ability of insights whatsoever.)

June 16, 2020 – **Plumeria Flower & “Hihi’a”**

Took a walk with Jacqui, trying to focus on **nature** and the surroundings …

And yes, the **clouds** “spoke” to me with a very clear “**shark**” … and the **entangled plants** shouted “***hihia***” which is Hawaiian for “*emotional entanglement*” … and spotted feathers said “Remember Maui and the bird Jeremy who was there just for you?”

Yes, I remember “Jeremy”, a Myna bird with a hurt leg who showed up in 2013 and 2014 when I was with Bob … and he said that he hadn’t seen the bird between my visit. I remember in 2018 one special Myna bird being there every day, even waking me up by pecking on the glass table on the lana’i … but I can’t remember it that was Jeremy, too. The weeks with dying Bob may contain things I won’t ever remember, because of the way my heart and soul were in horror and trying to fight it and be positive.

A beautiful **flower** showed up, and amazing **grains** again … the human food for centuries, the means to maintain the physical body …

… and yes, “**stone clover**”, which I brought to Bob for tea for his veins … the scent so sweet and bringing back memories … close to the **rabbits’ ears** … I know I should focus on my “kuleana” and my mortality to make the most of my remaining physical life-time …

But … I’m just so full of frustration and anger and sorrow about the Marshall situation that I have a very hard time focusing on anything else.

I asked Marshall’s owner, Jürgen, for a talk ... horrible experience having to face someone and stay calm who has such an utterly stupid and reckless and false and outright wrong view of things ... I played him, totally, checked him out, I know now that there is no way to get any sense into him or expect any sense. He is a primitive person who considers animals as his property and won’t admit that they have distinct needs. He is entirely uninformed about dogs … and he is aggressive in so many ways, that I got almost scared of him. What he accused me of ... just no reason at all. I had asked his wife if they needed a blanket for Marshall, weeks ago, and she had said yes, they’d gladly take the one I offered … but Jürgen said that this had been a getting involved in his family life! Jesus, the more he talked the more I realized how fucked up that person is. Horrible problems with his self-worth and self-image and all … Stuff only in his head, and that's dangerous.

Later I asked my landlady to come for a talk ... very similar narrow-minded thinking ... but she confirmed all that I had thought about Jürgen, and she shared the family secrets of the huge conflicts in Jürgen’s family, especially between him and his father. What the fuck … why in the world did I end up here of all places?

I just can't stand this. Not sure what to do. I learned that the dog was unwanted and a token in a power struggle between his owner and the owner’s father. Literally: unwanted. Nobody gives a shit about Marshall, and his owner wanted an entirely different dog, really. But his parents dog, who I had even known for a few weeks, a very old Cocker Spaniel mix, had disappeared at New Year’s Eve … Jürgen had told me that the dog got 17 years old … Andrea told me that the dog was all his life in danger of being run over by cars on the street, as the property has no fence … and every night the dog would roam the entire village of Griffen, that’s how he got his needs satisfied. Marshall, though, seems to be doomed to be locked into that garden …

I can’t stand the way he looks at Jacqui and me …

I was so upset ... and when I went to the bathroom I grabbed a catalogue from the little stack of readables that I’ve there just to scan through it before I toss them ... and there it was: a **Plumeria flower**. Whoever made me grab that thing and find that flower, gave me my Maui token. I didn't want to write "token", but it stood right there in front of my mind's eye. As if someone else had placed it there. Plumeria flowers ... so important to me. All those years.

I've been flashing back so intensely, often, to the Maui house. Home. I want to be there. With Bob. I can't believe that I have to go through all this shit without him.

I guess I should try automatic writing. I just had the image of an apple's pip come to my mind, kind of brown, but it felt like a symbol for a word that I was supposed to "see" instead ...

Reminds me of the numbers thing ... I keep wanting to see the numbers in sequence that have to do with my car's license plate number: 422. The next would be 533, then 644, then 755, 866, 977, 1088, 1199, and previously 311. Just around the field where I walk in the mornings, stood a **755**. Cool I thought.

Finally I photographed that **“bird of prey” statue** that is on the path to St. Kollmann, belonging to the property where they poor wild pig is held.

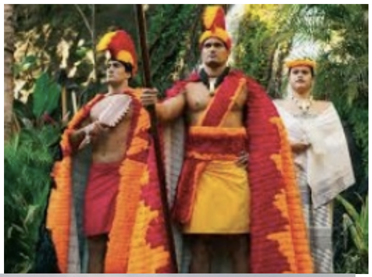
June 17, 2020 – **Ali’i Colors & Cloud Face**

My laptop is still not repaired, haven't heard from Robert, I’m struggling to stay patient. Oh, I remember how often Bob was so so so upset about people who simply wouldn’t get back to him.

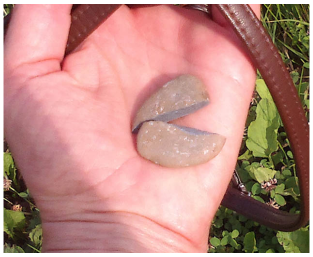
I took Jacqui for a walk to treehouse field ... and there I got the most amazing surprise: The **ali'i colors yellow and red** and **the kahuna color white**!

I felt so greeted, by Willie K and all others. To me, with that long intense Hawaiian history, it was very touching to be greeted by those huge stretches of the yellow and red, along with the white … those are the colors of old Hawaii, I dealt with them a lot in my documentary … and there they were! So beautiful. I felt greeted, I did. I have never seen that color combination in fields. In ancient Hawaii, the “ali’i”, the chiefs, had, in some places and eras, capes and helmets and other outfit from yellow and red feathers.

In the other direction:



(Plus a broken stone)



And **grains** again, pointing in all directions … they came to my attention and got to mean something. I just feel overwhelmed by that pain of the situation with little dog Marshall … it’s so unfair to him! And to Jacqui! They are friends, they loved to be together so much. And this fucker Jürgen simply took that away from them. And me. I just can't take this lightly.

Later in the evening ... amazing **thunderstorm clouds** ... I photographed those that seemed so strangely significant ... like the one with the rising "**wing**" and the "**penis**" ... now the **Tarot card** that I just discovered in my email inbox, says: Nothing can go wrong, I'm the queen of the world. Yeah, right.

And then ... those **pillars of heaven clouds** ... and the penis ... and: The **eyes**! I really felt watched by that "**face**" that looks like a **cat's face**! I don't always feel attracted to walking the big fields ... but when I do, there is always a big cloud spectacle.

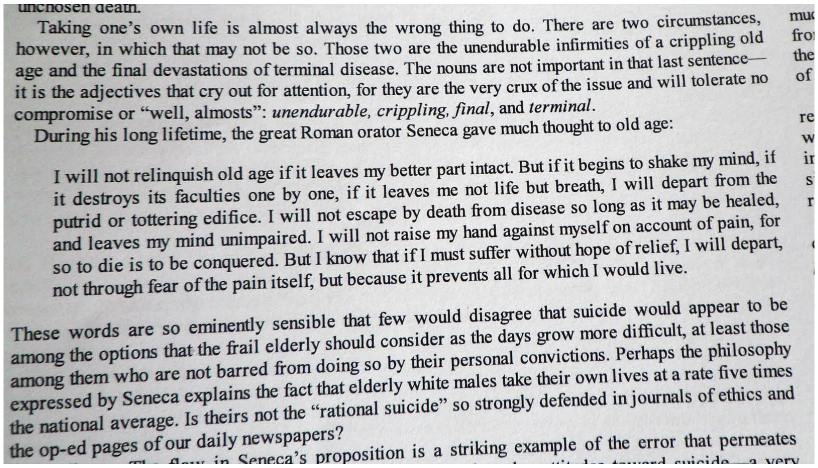
Jacqui is just always so sweet and patient, and as I've been babbling all the time while walking about my frustrations and with Bob and “them”, my dog must have been somewhat distressed by it, as it must sound aggressive and what not ... and does he know that it's not about him? I do hope so.

But the situation with Marshall makes me sick.

(Later)

I had to lie down, so exhausted after that field walk ... and I realized that my chest is really congested, and my heart really hurts a lot, and I have to cough ...

I've been reading Sherwin B. Nuland's “**How We Die**” again, and it's about how the organs age ... and the heart fails and the lungs fill with fluid, one doesn't have to have any cancer to get those heart and lung problems ... my brain, at least, seems to be fine, I'm entirely clear, not forgetful, efficient, never confused or dizzy ... so that means I've got stuff to do.



unchosen death.

Taking one's own life is almost always the wrong thing to do. There are two circumstances, however, in which that may not be so. Those two are the unendurable infirmities of a crippling old age and the final devastations of terminal disease. The nouns are not important in that last sentence—it is the adjectives that cry out for attention, for they are the very crux of the issue and will tolerate no compromise or “well, almosts”: *unendurable, crippling, final*, and *terminal*.

During his long lifetime, the great Roman orator Seneca gave much thought to old age:

> I will not relinquish old age if it leaves my better part intact. But if it begins to shake my mind, if it destroys its faculties one by one, if it leaves me not life but breath, I will depart from the putrid or tottering edifice. I will not escape by death from disease so long as it may be healed, and leaves my mind unimpaired. I will not raise my hand against myself on account of pain, for so to die is to be conquered. But I know that if I must suffer without hope of relief, I will depart, not through fear of the pain itself, but because it prevents all for which I would live.

These words are so eminently sensible that few would disagree that suicide would appear to be among the options that the frail elderly should consider as the days grow more difficult, at least those among them who are not barred from doing so by their personal convictions. Perhaps the philosophy expressed by Seneca explains the fact that elderly white males take their own lives at a rate five times the national average. Is theirs not the “rational suicide” so strongly defended in journals of ethics and the op-ed pages of our daily newspapers?

The flaw in Seneca's proposition is a striking example of the error that permeates

I had moments of extreme closeness with Bob, and I stumbled over an *article online* about **a famous cat named “Bob”** had died ... and the owner said that "*The light went out in my life*". Yes. Exactly. That happened to my life. A certain light has gone out. Bob was very cat-like, too. Just days before I left to never see him again, on September 11, 2018, I took a photo of him in his bed, rolling like a cat, smiling from ear to ear, looking actually happy. And then … the cloud that I saw today … a cat’s face?

A Street Cat Named Bob
JAMES BOWEN
Street Cat Named Bob died after being ...
dailymail.co.uk
made famous by A Street Cat Named Bob ...
mirror.co.uk

*(**Note**: As I’m editing this for picture sizes it’s November 16, and just two days ago I watched the movie about Bob the street cat! I had forgotten that I had mentioned it already … and now I’ve discovered all the dialogues that totally relate to Bob and me in the movie ... wait for it!)*

The cat Bob was hit by a car and killed. Now, that’s what happened to Marshall’s owner’s cat too, a few months ago, and it happened to their previous dog. And instead of walking the dog and giving him the experiences of being out and about, they keep him locked up and way under-walked so that all he thinks about is how to get out, probably. He is like glued to the fence, all the time, and right behind it is the street with racing cars … because very reckless folks live up the hill.

Father's day? Yeah, sure. Not for me. Just today I've thought again about how my father ***not once*** in my life has on his part contacted me to see how or what I was doing. Never. I never had a father … in the sense of a strong male mortal to care for me, to protect and encourage of even love me. Not my father. And Edith … well, we tried to be friends, but she has to be loyal to her husband who is so rude and often cruel to her. I like her. *(**Note**: At that time I didn’t know that Edith’s days were already counting down …)*

I saw Marshall sitting at the fence, watching Jacqui and me and expecting us to come get him for our walk ... and he looked so heartbroken ... and I felt heartbroken too, and Jacqui was whining. I wish for his owners to feel like this, too. At least the little girl was out in the garden too, but she does her thing, and that doesn't involve the little dog. Yesterday, landlady A. had taken Marshall for a short walk ... it's nothing for him! He is so eager to run. But: He has been allowed to sleep indoors for the last two days! I'm so so so happy for him. I love that little guy, but I can’t “reach” him. Why in the world do I “need” this lesson, too?

June 18, 2020

Horrible **dream** ... I was crying and crying ... while watching a ***screening*** *of my own film "Native Of Owhyhee"*, and strangely, ***Willie K*** was there, too! He was very obese, sitting to my right, and moaning ... We were in some kind of structure like a **boat** or a house-boat or some hut, with water in our back, as it seemed, with other Hawaiian people, especially a very big woman, I think, next to me, and it feels like I was wrapped in some kind of light white blanket-like-stuff, but it felt suffocating in a way ... and I was thinking while crying and sobbing that nobody will ever know the effort of making the documentary film series about old Hawaii ***"Native of Owhyhee"*** and the sadness and tragedy of the entire story of Bob and me ... and I couldn't make myself heard in the dream ... nobody seemed to care. But they were watching the film ... and I was all alone with my memories and my yearning and suffering.

Very suiting. I feel like that all the time.

Major **storm clouds** today … and I appreciate them. I love storms, rain, bad weather … and "doing the field" with Bob in all of it.

June 19, 2020 – **Crack in the Clouds**

Horrible **dream** ... I was at a hospital, and maybe I had cancer, but there was some kind of ***school*** class around me and a ***teacher***, and we all had to read or speak an ***essay*** ... and when it was my turn, it was like I was kind of talking from a hospital bed, and I could barely think along with what I was saying, I experienced the situation from my POV, in a way, from inside my head, but at the same time I could watch myself ... and I spoke freely, because I hadn't prepared anything ... and it was about somebody else who has cancer, a man I know in real life, Robert H., a contractor during the renovation phase of the house where I have lived in Vienna. And in my dream, it was said that he had 17 (!) kinds of cancer and was dying.

Somehow there was the situation that there was a wall facing some street, but belonging to a house that was high above that street, and for some reason, the bricks were raw and loose, so that I could see through them down to the street and into the country. But there was danger that the house would break down, because of the loose bricks, due to some construction work that was done from the outside ...

And that's how I somehow thought about R. H., or I tried to connect with him? This is garbled. But I "found" R. H. then, in a hospital bed, and he remembered me, and there was an erotic spark. He had always had a very bald looking head, maybe shaved, and he had it now. And in my dream I remembered that R. H. had always had some kind of bad breath, and he had in my dream.

Strangely, it played out like this: My teacher, to whom I had to hold that essay, told me that R. H. had visited my bedside, but I hadn't noticed, because I had slept being dead sick ...

I did hold that ***essay***, in front of my peers and the teachers, and they all liked it. ***But I didn't get to say the last sentence!*** One short sentence I couldn't say! The lesson or time was over, and everyone was ready to leave, and there was Karl K.! A young man from the days of my Hauptschule attendance (between 10 and 14 years), and he was a big redhead, much in love with me, but he had always been rude and cruel to me, but I knew that the reason was that his friends had made him be like that, constantly challenging him ... and I, in the last year of our school time together, actually was in love with him, too, but I never told him.

In my dream he was there, shy and red haired with light lashes and blue eyes like before, and I said to him "Karli, do you remember when we were at school together ..." And he quickly said "No!" indicating that the memory would be painful for him and that he didn't want to think about it.

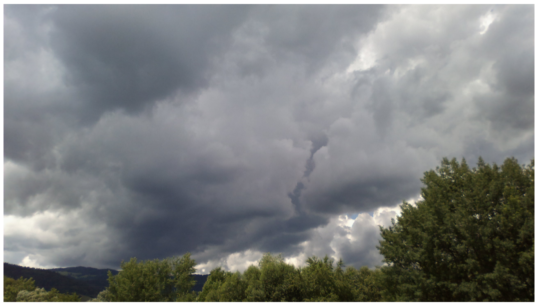
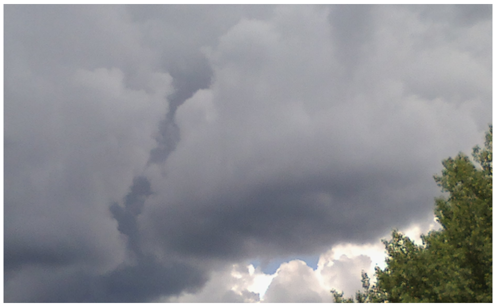
I told the teacher, who kept praising me about the essay, that I hadn't finished it completely, there was one last sentence left, and I just said it, but I can't recall right now! It was something of about just five words, a real conclusion ... but when I heard myself say it in my dream, it didn't sound as effective as I had imagined ...

I woke up ... and I realized that I had been reading about cancer in "**How We Die**" last night ... I feel very unhappy about not having my computer to read and write and watch movies ... I don't know what to do, and the only thing that I was able to do and focus on, was that book that I have as a paper printout. The word "**(to) marshal**" showed up several times ...

This morning I was very aware and very sad that this isn't my home after all and that I simply don't know what to do about Marshall. I wrote to the humane society, though, asking if I should tell them about the situation, and the woman in charge wrote back that I should call her. Maybe.

During our walk, a **butterfly** showed up and stuck around ... kind of comforting.

And a **crack** in the **clouds** looked like it wanted to tell me something.

Almost like *"See how close those clouds are? Almost kissing. That's how close I am to you, all the time, Dani"* ...

June 20, 2020 – "Happy House", the Stone Circle & the Quilt Connection

I was on my way to visit my mother and spontaneously went to Krumpendorf after I had seen an ad online for an apartment, on a first floor with balcony, dogs allowed. Since I'm forced to work on my old laptop, I can open the online ads sites, but I can't connect with anyone via the contact forms. So it's so frustrating! Thank God I can get the documents for my work and send them back ... still! It's so strange to feel like someone had pushed the brakes on me and my life ... and forcing me to do things so entirely different than I was used to ...

I keep taking pictures of events that feel so relevant ... but I didn't write them down ...

So in **Krumpendorf** I found that apartment on the first floor available, as I knocked on a door and one of the house's inhabitants talked to me. But: The house is close to the Wörthersee lake, but also exactly next to the railway! Just a few meters away! I don't think I could live there. So I was kind of surprised, why I was "dragged" there so urgently ... I walked around the house and I saw that there was another apartment obviously empty, on the ground floor with a terrace and a small garden! I was excited. The guy who lived in that house gave me a note with phone numbers, and I sent a text message to a woman who supposedly was the house’s owner ...

As I walked the area, I was very excited to find a free access to the lake, perfect for swimming, and really nice parks and meadows right in the area! I thought, wow, if I can handle the sound of the trains rushing by, this would be a nice place. Yet, my only view from the apartment wound be against the train-track barrier and some brush, but still ...

And then I saw a house on the other side of the track crossing, and it reads “**Happy House**”. Seriously! Second line: “Das fröhliche Urlaubs-Zuhause”, “the happy holiday home”.

HAPPY
HOUSE
Das fröhliche Urlaubs-Zuhause

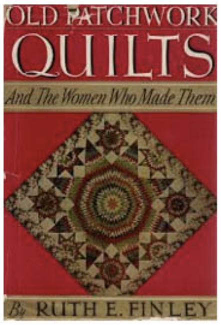
It made me think so deeply of “the house of laughter” that Bob and I had called our home.

I walked down to the lake, and there were several people with dogs that I saw, and I found that so nice. At the lake, an **elderly woman** sat on a bench. Nobody else was around at that point, and I asked her if she was a local and knew if this was a place where one could let the dogs swim ... she said, no, she was a guest to – attending a **workshop** close by, for “**Quilting**”!

I haven't heard of quilting since I've made my Hawaii documentary and dealt with ***the quilting art of the missionary wives*** and how they taught them to the local Hawaiian women! Wow! Quilting! The one person I talked to was a quilting expert! Just now I'm thinking about how often I had talked to Mercy Whitney and to Sibyl Bingham and I had even thought about Lucy Thurston, all missionary wives – who had done quilting! Was that a message from them? Me, meeting that elderly woman at the lake? She also has a dog by the name of "Cindy", she told me, back home in the northern part of Carinthia.

(Note: The big insight was to come only a few days later, about what “quilting” really meant, but I put it in here, too:)

And: The most significant **quilting expert** of all – was **Ruth Finley**, aka “Joan”, the medium who talked with “Stephen”, as described in “Our Unseen Guest”! The woman who had worked with Betty and Stewart White and for so many years on “the bridge”!



Ruth Finley
quiltershalloffame.net

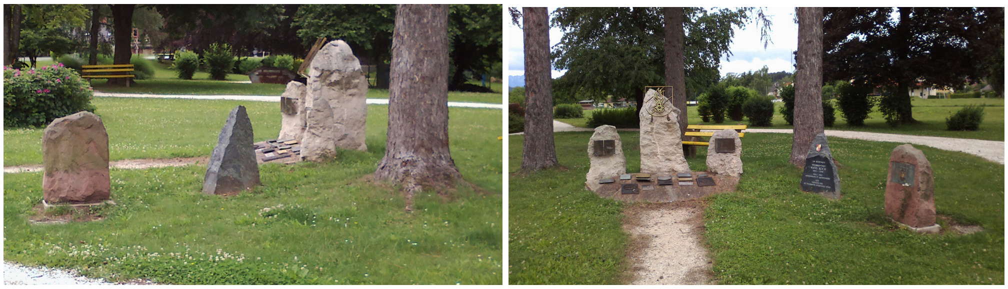
Ruth Ebright Finley, 1884-1...
blogs.uakron.edu

Ruth Finley
quiltershalloffame.net

Wow! Unbelievable. Just … breathtaking.

It’s not like “quilting” is a topic in my country, at all. In fact, I never before got in contact with quilting at all … except in Hawaii and recently, when I found out who “Joan” really was, Ruth, a famous quilter! And then I’m “dragged” to Krumpendorf (note: to an apartment I certainly wouldn’t rent), only to meet an elderly woman at the lake side to tells me she is a ***quilter*** and on a quilting convention at a hotel a block away!

Later, as I got back to the car and crossed a park ... I suddenly stood facing **five stones**! In the park! One is a memorial for a fireman ... "firestone" I kept thinking ... those five stones so much reminded me of Hawaii and the Wizard Stones of Kuhio beach in Honolulu! Those stones were right where I had parked my car, but I hadn't seen them at first!



I just now, as I'm writing this, realize the strong scent of the *stone clover* that I've put up for drying here in my bedroom, as I'm sitting on the floor to write (having the best internet access here) ... that's a herb for the veins, and I had prepared stone clover tea for Bob back in 2018.

Later, I walked through the forest with Jacqui after visiting my mother – who had just come from the hair dresser's and was happy, but it makes me sad hearing her literally say the same things all the time ... and I have to kind of force her by asking directly to focus on what I say and answer me, and I realized how important some kind of group-treatment would be for her, but there is no way to get her to want to be with other people ... s

So in the forest I ate a lot of blueberries, then the owner of the apartment at Krumpendorf (who I had texted) called back, and I got to make an appointment with the ***caretaker***, who later called me, for a viewing of the apartment tomorrow.

I have such an urge to move away from Griffen ... but where?

June 21, 2020, Sunday **– How We Die & Live: the Reinhard-Incident**

Along the street, where I live, grow **wild roses**. Three of them seemed to “reach” for me this morning …

So I drove to Krumpendorf and met the house's caretaker, **Reinhard** I., a very friendly man ... and as I entered the apartment, a part of me already knew that I wouldn't be able to rent it: The whole place smells of cold smoke. Reinhard said that a smoker and alcoholic had lived in the place. The old smoke soaked curtains were still in the kitchen! The place was nice enough, but way too small for me and way too stinky. And right next to the railway. So … no way. (*Note*: Later I talked with the owner, and she asked for a ridiculously high rental price for that stink hole.)

So before we parted, Reinhard started talking about his life and baffling health-issues! He had a big scar across his throat, because his ***carotid arteries*** had been ***blocked***. Then he had suffered a ***heart attack***. Then he had suffered a ***stroke***. Then he had suffered from Prostate and lymph node ***cancer***! And he felt fine and had survived it all! But … he was worried.

I told him about Bob, and Reinhard said that he had been dead scared in the hospitals of the hospital bacteria that kill so many people. *It was the last place I had expected to talk about all these things ...* And I immediately shared with him what I know about the ginger and the pygeum phytosterol medicines against cancer. He was very happy to get the information. I wish him the very best. Was this the ***reason*** why I had to get to that place? ***Were the quilting lady and the stone circle proof of it?*** Of what? That I’m on the right path and am following my intuition properly?

As I walked away from that house, Kochgasse 22 is the address (Cook Alley 22, a name and number which had drawn me, in a way), I saw the "Happy House" again, and then I found a **bracelet** lying in front of me with a small "**soccer ball**" on a rubber "chain". I photographed it and put it back there, I thought maybe the child who lost it will come back looking for it. *(It would hit me a few hours later what it “said”, that little soccer ball …)*

Yes, there was a **snail**, too. And looking at it and it’s painfully slow pace made me think of what “time” really is … only an effect of material existence.

I went to **Forestlake** to take a swim and walk and think … and I realized something else, which made me laugh: I had already thought that the number 22 was kind of cool, as we had lived on "222" Haulani Street, and "Haulani" means "Happy heaven". So when I thought about "Koch" from "Koch street", I realized that "Cook" means "Koch", and I thought about Captain Cook. But then I saw the word "differently", and I felt that the "oo" in Cook signifies "2", in a way, so there I had the "222", remains "CK" – which I had been aware of a lot, lately, on car license plates. Later, driving on the highway I said to Bob: "If you send me a "***222 CK***" I'll know that I'm supposed to move into that strange place.

Shortly before I arrived at Griffen, it was raining hard, a car drove by me with "**222 GL**". And I read spontaneously "Go Look!", later I thought it could also mean "Good Luck"! And so I knew ... not moving in. Another (foreign) car drove by with a number that really took my breath away: "**40008**". Remember the 48000-challenge, and *48000 meaning the sound frequency* in video production?

Since I don't have my laptop anymore, I have, again, a big problem even checking my emails, because if anyone would want a script from me now, I couldn't do anything with it, like reading through it one more time, because I don't have the program on this old laptop. I feel very stuck. But this license plate number kind of "*said*" "you have a voice" or "there is a voice" ... “there is communication”. It was very intense.

Back in the house I met Andrea, the landlady, who involved me in a talk about me moving out, and she made it very clear that she not only wouldn’t mind but that in a way she wanted me to. These people pin their problems on me! It’s my “fault” that there is tension, when I had been nothing but nice, but Marshall’s owner had attacked me for no reason? And now it’s me who must leave? And then what? Oh no, not with me. I do have a sense of fairness. Something will happen, I just know it, and things will be put right.

Andrea also told me that I shouldn't worry about the dog because they had just taken a three hour walk with him, letting Marshall mostly off his leash! Jesus, are these people dumb! What if the dog gets spooked? He hasn't been without a leash at all with me! If another dog comes, he'll attack, if he sees a fox, he'll flee ... "not to worry" ...

(Later)

At some point during the evening … "**Play me!**" rang in my mind, and suddenly it hit me: The **little soccer ball on the "chain"** hat said that! “Play me!” That was it! That was the ***message***!

Later at night I realized, that whatever I had been reading about in detail in the last days, because I didn't have my computer, I schlepped the print-out of "**How we die**" by Sherwin B. Nuland everywhere, and I had read about heart disease and attack, stroke and cancer ... **Reinhard** had *personified* that for me! ***Heart attack, stroke, cancer!*** I had read about exactly that in the days before I met R.! What are the odds?

The most amazing **sky shark** appeared right in front of my window ... just when I felt like getting up from my writing spot on the floor in the bedroom and go to the kitchen ...

June 22, 2020 **– The Eye & the Smoke**

I tried to stay calm today, because Robert Z. didn't call me because of the laptop ... isn't it ironic how it's all coming back? Back in the day, my Robert "Bob" would only call me if I had a tech question. Now one of the few people I have contact with at all, is named Robert – and I'm waiting and waiting again for him to fulfil his promise. I'm pissed, because he promised that he'd call today noon the latest. It's evening now. Nothing.

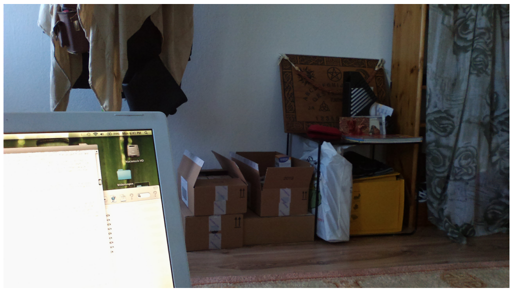
I just entered this room - and my heart did a jump: *I **smelled** the exact smell of Bob's **tumor**!* I'll never forget that smell, so raw and bloody and kind of rotten ... Wow! I stepped back and stepped in, and there it was again. I think it comes from my dog who just ate a big raw bone, and it was still on his breath.

Reminds me of last night: After coming home from Velden and Krumpendorf, the smell of cold smoke in wood like in the apartment I had just visited was suddenly there in the kitchen! I smelled **cigarette smoke** on a certain spot very close to where I always sit, but I hadn't smelled it at all ever! I thought that it was just an olfactory memory of what I had just experienced, in Krumpendorf, but it was only in that one spot! It was so strange. I then thought it was a spot of the table itself, because that table had been used at a pub, before I had gotten it from the landlady. But it doesn't smell of smoke at all …

The smell of stale old smoke reminded me of something, yes … but the smell of fresh cigarette smoke: That has to do with my dead brother Peter. My sister in law and my mother kept telling me what I had also experienced: After my brother's death, suddenly the smell of cigarette smoke would be around, without anyone smoking anywhere nearby at all. And we all had the impression of my brother at those occasions … he had been dead-sick of cancer, and the metastases were everywhere, but what he did, was smoke cigarettes. It was his passion. He kept saying that it was all that was left for him to enjoy. And I smelled that kind of cigarette smoke last night. It went away like it had come … mysteriously, and it didn't return.

And just as I had sat down to write, just now ... I realized something:

I suddenly ***know where I've smelled that old stale smoke in wood before***, and the realization came just after I had said out loud, smelling the "tumor" stench a few minutes ago, to Bob, "Yes, I remember, I smell it ... you don't, because you aren't here anymore, I don't know where you are, because nobody tells me anyone." And just as I was saying this out loud, my eye fell onto another eye: The **eye of the sun on the Ouija-board** that is right in my line of view, from where I'm usually sitting on the floor, working on my old laptop (because only there is a useable WLAN-connection with the house-airport). Suddenly I remembered *that the Ouija board and the planchette had been in a smoker's household before I bought them*, and that the smell had bothered me some, but I had cleaned them and gotten rid most of it.

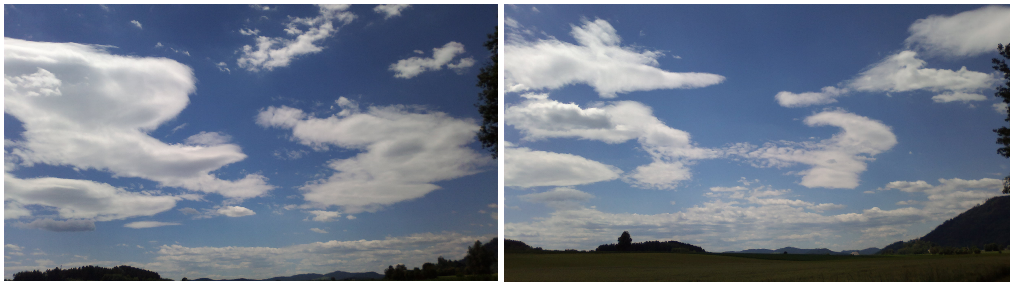


Now I'm thinking that the whole episode of going to look at the apartment and then not taking it had to do with Bob and with my learning. And that my computer had broken down so that I had been forced to do things I wouldn't have done otherwise and do things in ways I wouldn't have done them in if my laptop had been working ...

(Wow, after writing this, I went so sniff at the ***Ouija board – full cold smoke smell,*** intensely. So was the experience meant to inspire me to try the Ouija board!? The thought had occurred to me several times in the past week, when I hadn't been able to drown myself into TV-series anymore ... that I might want to try the Ouija board ... and then the cold smoke smell that was so significant when I bought the Ouija board that I thought, that was still back in my Vienna apartment, of course, that I simply can't bear it. And just earlier, when I smelled the tumor stench, I was actually facing the Ouija board!

Also, I found a **marble** today … doesn’t this very much resemble an “eye”?

Today I took Jacqui for a quick treehouse field walk ... and there were **amazing clouds** of the **"interlocking" kind** ... and I said to Bob that I kind of understand that it all is part of my job here ... and I suddenly had such a strong impression of him close by, that I started talking to him. I even had the feeling we held hands ... and I repeated that I realize that all that I'm going through has to do, likely, with my own plan. As Bob and I will be united and are probably united when my body sleeps. But because my mortal subconscious must deal with so much emotional trouble of my mortal existence, it can't provide me with clear images of my visits in the beyond. And of course we can’t be really completely “there”, in the beyond, just because we’re “stuck” in mortal circumstances … but our subconscious is able to reach out, to get a glimpse, to be approached and given impressions by the discarnates … and it mortals have the proper attitude and status of development in terms of quantity of consciousness, they can understand their own subconscious’ messages. That just came out of me as I was first walking and then sitting there on the path between the fields ...



Two **clouds, pointing** at each other … and two other clouds looking like a **handwriting** …

Just the other day I had realized that **the beautiful alii color fields**, the red and the yellow, *were gone* the next day I visited there! ***Mowed down!***

Instead, there was a **backlit field** that reminded me of my own times of filmmaking … I love backlit scenarios. Bob was very aware of it and mentioned it often.

And today it felt like an "insight" day ...

And I recalled what *those people* (that secretive “cult”) had told me in my twenties ... that I had always been their leader and their teacher, and that my job was to ***"gather the patterns"*** ... and just today, for the first time, I realized that what I had read about our mortal life being used to grow and enhance and amass the "quantity" of consciousness relating to the "quality of consciousness", *that it exactly expresses "gathering the patterns"* ... although those people back then had meant it in a different way. And it was a real experience, back then. It’s all coming back full circle – but not the way they had predicted. I’ve done and accomplish something they didn’t deem possible … I wish I could share this, but I can’t (and I also don’t want to).

And as I had realized what the bracelet meant that I had found in Krumpendorf ... "Play me!" I did say it again, today, after a long time.

The situation with Marshall and the escalation had taken up all my attention and the sudden need to find a new place to live. Again.

On the treehouse field I had reminisced the wind on the beaches of Maui and Bob and me ... and how I could break out crying in an instant about all of this gone and lost ... and I long so much for it. I saw two **blue beetles** … watched them for a while, as they went into hiding together …

Just earlier, something amazing happened, too.

I sat after lunch at the kitchen table, hearing the little girl Isabel scream at Marshall, and I thought that now way I would get the fuckhead of her father get away with the abuse he had imposed on his dog and me ... and I thought what a devil he was and how I ended up with those fuckers ...

And I reminisced again, and I suddenly said out loud *"And then came the devil ... John W. was the devil, Bob, he was."* And suddenly the word "Wertheimstein Park" came to my mind. And that's very strange, as it suddenly gave me some kind of idea of what "karma" means and that somehow synchronicities announce events or somehow mark our path ... because back in the day, when I lived in Vienna, in about 1985, with Sigi (who had pretty much just come with me without having been invited to join me in Vienna, but I didn’t have the heart to tell him off) in an apartment in the 19th district, and the closest park, where I always went walking, mostly alone, because Sigi was in his drug stupor, was called "***Wertheimstein Park***". Now, "Wertheim" and "Wehrheim" (John W.) is very similar, isn't it? And the "stein" in the park’s name means "stone", which is Bob's last name. And "Wertheim" itself means "home of value" or something like "precious home". So "Wertheimstein Park" means "Park of the stone of the precious home".

Now think about it ... I lost my precious home with my Stoneman because of John W. ruined our lives with his toxic arrogant ways and ignorance towards Bob’s needs. It was my most important relationship of all my life, the one with Bob Stone. And guess what happened at ***Wertheimstein Park***, so many years agon, when I was in my mid-twenties? One morning, I did some jumping exercise, with Sigi next to me, trying to incite him to move, too, do some gymnastics, very similar like I had tried to get Bob to move so many times on Maui. And then I did a jump and landed in the wrong way - and my ***right knee cracked***, and the pain was incredible. It felt like I could now bend my knee upward ... and I had to keep it stiff all the time ... I went to the doctor, after a few days, and he said that a ligament was almost torn, and that I needed an operation. He pulled out a long needle and was about to stick it into my knee to pull out some liquid ... but I jumped up, said "no thank you" and I left. ***I never had that operation, but I did have to be very careful with that right knee all my life.*** When I did Karate training later I couldn't ever use that leg properly.

And in terms of the body and its parts symbolizing spiritual and energetic aspects of a human life, ***the right knee stands for the major relationships in life with anything or anyone "male"*** ... including one's own male and active side, but also one's relationship with the men in one's life, including father and brother and one's partner.

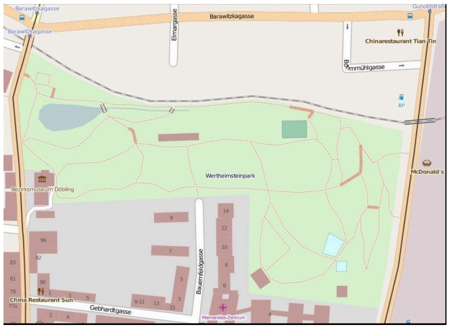
That just came to my awareness, just now.

I have noticed, swimming in lake Turnersee a few days ago, after Father's Day, when the blow up with the fuckhead Jürgen happened, Marshall's owner, that my left (!) knee was painful and that I couldn't swim in a certain way, had to swim consciously with strokes that wouldn't hurt my knee.

Yesterday, swimming in the Forestlake, it was all good.

Left knee … major connections with female aspects of my life, like myself and my mother.

I saw a very **strange square “puka”** in the sky, like the base of a house … like our beloved housie in Pukalani, and of course “puka lani” means “hole in the sky”. It’s not exactly the shape of Wertheimsteinpark, but I did look at the map, and the sky certainly reflects a square kind of area. Like a park. And it may mean “square thinking”.



It feels like that all the events after my laptop breakdown were kind of meant to facilitates relationships - like with Reinhard, learnings – I felt it was the right place to rent but also not at all, with the computer guy Robert, who is not at all as effective as I had thought (I still haven't heard back about my laptop, and it's 6 pm Monday today, ten days after I gave it to him for repair), Bob does communicate with me, still ... I'm still tied into some network. So what’s the goal?

June 23, 2020 – **The Stone Connection**

Amazing evidentials, I'd like to call the events of today.

Last night I began to google for Apple Mac-Specialist, and the one I picked, lives in "***Steindorf***", which is "**Stone Village**". I sent him an email late at night, describing the problem, but in the morning I also called him. Steindorf is quite far from here, but visiting my mother I could easily go there, I thought to bring the laptop for the expert to diagnose.

Turned out he had a *job close to Griffen today,* and we met here, at the highway restaurant! Before that, I picked up my laptop from Robert, who said good bye friendly, couldn’t do anything for the laptop, declared it “broken for good”, and I gave him 50 Euro for his efforts.

Then I went to the biz at the unemployment office to use the computers there, which I was allowed right away by a man who behaved so "gay" that he was like a caricature. He was so incredibly rude and judgmental to people, that I was nearly in shock ... but he left me alone, so I contacted several people about the MacBooks they want to sell.

Driving back home I saw a license plate number that said "**SV 222 K**"! Now I read "**Stone Village 222 Klammer**", because "Rudolf Klammer" is the name of the apple-specialist I picked who lives in Stone Village! And 222 ... you know.

So I did meet with Rudolf, a rather nice guy, and from the minute I talked to him first, I knew that Robert Z. had not had any idea about what my laptop had, and now I'm a bit worried about them having tried and tried ... because Rudolf said right away that from the symptoms that means that the hard drive is wearing out. Geez. That simple, huh. So how come I trust people who claim to be specialists only because they have names I like, *“Robert”, who actually resembles Sigi?!*

Anyway ... nothing to be done now. So Rudolf took the MacBook and will let me know tomorrow! His license plate number is "**FE 27 MU**", which also feels very special. (But of course a lot of things do, these days.)

Also I received an email from **Manfred F., an actor** who asked what I was doing ... and for the first time I wrote (to him) and talked (with Rudolf) about filmmaking again today.

June 24, 2020

One of the **cats** on a close by farm building, where nobody lives, only people come to work stuff there, gave birth to about 5 to 6 kitten (note: later I learned there were 9!). So sweet! Jacqui is quite irritated when they come running to him, tiny tiny, and when they see him from close, some of those tiny critters try to *attack* him. He is not amused, and I have to hold him back. But I let him sniff a baby tiger nose to nose, so sweet. The mother cat looks starving, so I've bought cat food and brought it to her along with some chicken.

I must shut my mind off regarding Marshall. Breaks my heart seeing him so lonely all the time. I did talk to the animal protection services, and they said they can't do anything, because the minimal requirements for keeping a dog are kept, and those are food, shelter and twice 10 minutes (!) contact with humans. I thought I don't hear properly. My frustration is so great that I'm developing serious hatred against those animal abusers … if that makes me a bad person, fine. But I do want them to suffer just like Marshall does, being unwanted and trapped and lonely, desperate and confused.

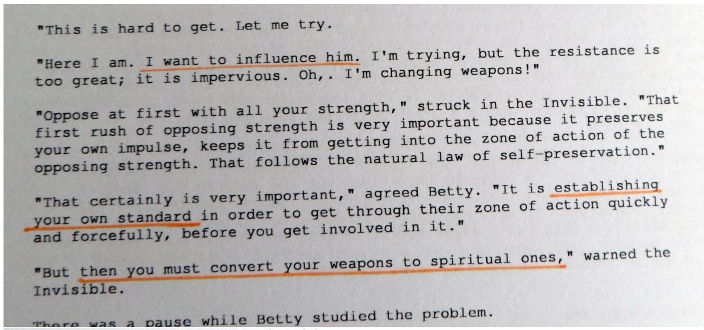
I saw amazing license plate numbers today, **"DL 910 DW", "BS 222", ".. 910 CK" …**

Bob's car's „910" and my initials.

June 25, 2020, Thursday

I had a very painful **dream** tonight …

Last night I opened "**The Betty Book**" … and I found spontaneously the perfect spot reflecting my situation with Marshall, about how to deal with **conflict** … I also came across the story of how Stewart and Betty first got into communicating with the invisibles again …



"This is hard to get. Let me try.

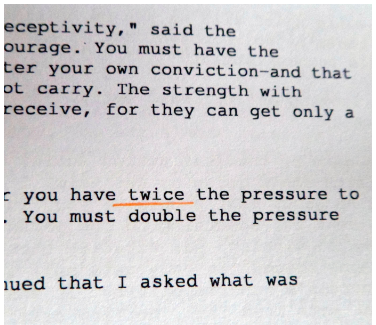
"Here I am. I want to influence him. I'm trying, but the resistance is too great; it is impervious. Oh,. I'm changing weapons!"

"Oppose at first with all your strength," struck in the Invisible. "That first rush of opposing strength is very important because it preserves your own impulse, keeps it from getting into the zone of action of the opposing strength. That follows the natural law of self-preservation."

"That certainly is very important," agreed Betty. "It is establishing your own standard in order to get through their zone of action quickly and forcefully, before you get involved in it."

"But then you must convert your weapons to spiritual ones," warned the Invisible.

There was a pause while Betty studied the problem.



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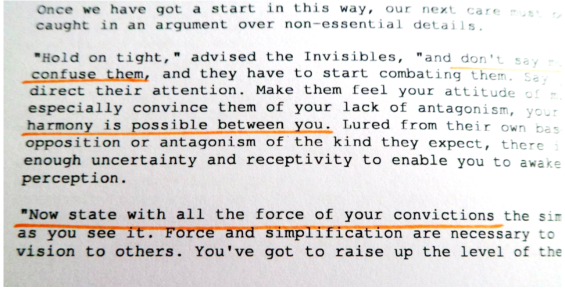

Once we have got a start in this way, our next care
caught in an argument over non-essential details.

"Hold on tight," advised the Invisibles, "and don't say
confuse them, and they have to start combating them. Say
direct their attention. Make them feel your attitude of
especially convince them of your lack of antagonism, your
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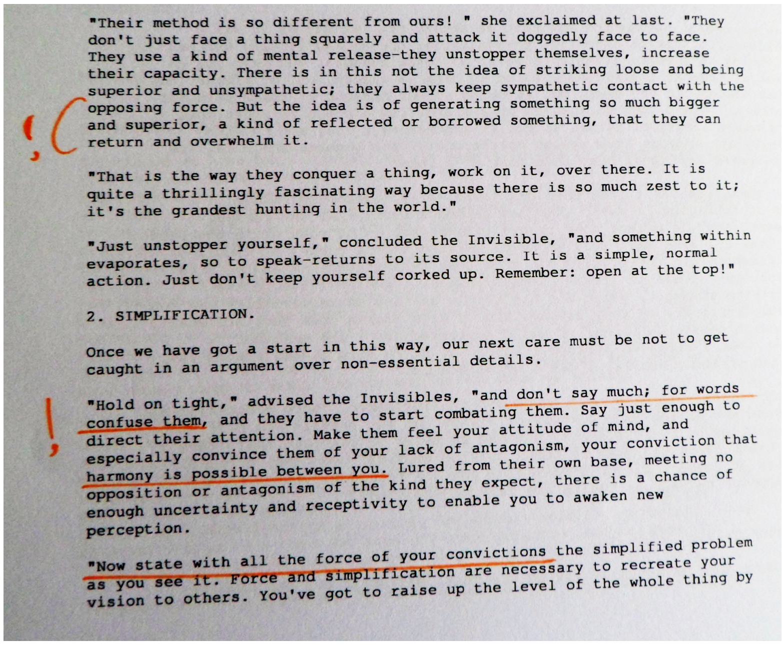

"Their method is so different from ours! " she exclaimed at last. "They don't just face a thing squarely and attack it doggedly face to face. They use a kind of mental release-they unstopper themselves, increase their capacity. There is in this not the idea of striking loose and being superior and unsympathetic; they always keep sympathetic contact with the opposing force. But the idea is of generating something so much bigger and superior, a kind of reflected or borrowed something, that they can return and overwhelm it.

"That is the way they conquer a thing, work on it, over there. It is quite a thrillingly fascinating way because there is so much zest to it; it's the grandest hunting in the world."

"Just unstopper yourself," concluded the Invisible, "and something within evaporates, so to speak-returns to its source. It is a simple, normal action. Just don't keep yourself corked up. Remember: open at the top!"

2. SIMPLIFICATION.

Once we have got a start in this way, our next care must be not to get caught in an argument over non-essential details.

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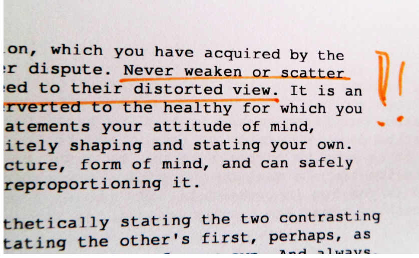
"Now state with all the force of your convictions the simplified problem as you see it. Force and simplification are necessary to recreate your vision to others. You've got to raise up the level of the whole thing by



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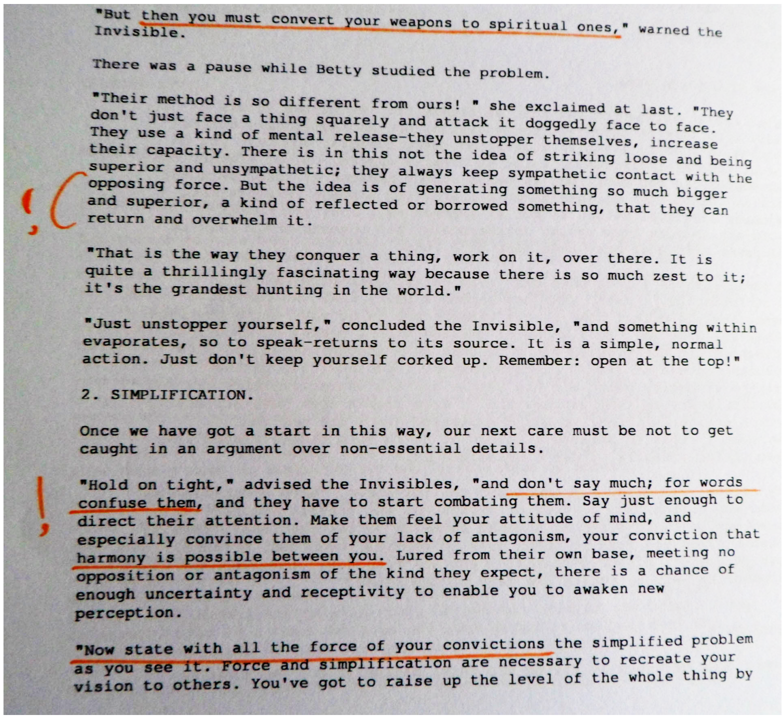

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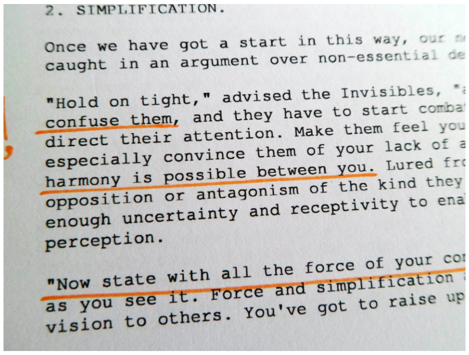

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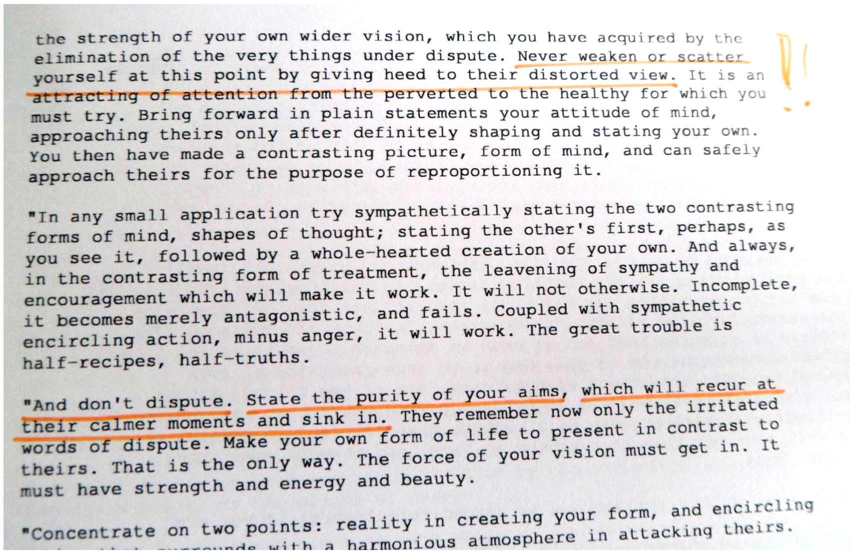
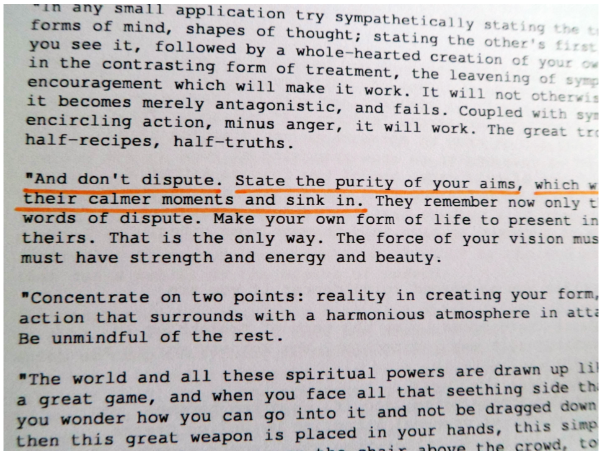


the strength of your own wider vision, which you have acquired by the elimination of the very things under dispute. Never weaken or scatter yourself at this point by giving heed to their distorted view. It is an attracting of attention from the perverted to the healthy for which you must try. Bring forward in plain statements your attitude of mind, approaching theirs only after definitely shaping and stating your own. You then have made a contrasting picture, form of mind, and can safely approach theirs for the purpose of reproportioning it. !!

"In any small application try sympathetically stating the two contrasting forms of mind, shapes of thought; stating the other's first, perhaps, as you see it, followed by a whole-hearted creation of your own. And always, in the contrasting form of treatment, the leavening of sympathy and encouragement which will make it work. It will not otherwise. Incomplete, it becomes merely antagonistic, and fails. Coupled with sympathetic encircling action, minus anger, it will work. The great trouble is half-recipes, half-truths.

"And don't dispute. State the purity of your aims, which will recur at their calmer moments and sink in. They remember now only the irritated words of dispute. Make your own form of life to present in contrast to theirs. That is the only way. The force of your vision must get in. It must have strength and energy and beauty.

"Concentrate on two points: reality in creating your form, and encircling action that surrounds with a harmonious atmosphere in attacking theirs.



"In any small application try sympathetically stating the t
forms of mind, shapes of thought; stating the other's first
you see it, followed by a whole-hearted creation of your ow
in the contrasting form of treatment, the leavening of symp
encouragement which will make it work. It will not otherwis
it becomes merely antagonistic, and fails. Coupled with sym
encircling action, minus anger, it will work. The great tr
half-recipes, half-truths.

"And don't dispute. State the purity of your aims, which w
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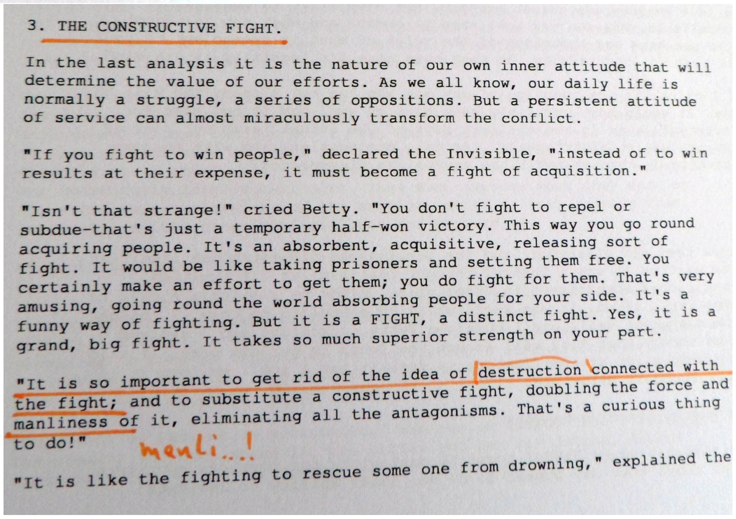
"Concentrate on two points: reality in creating your form,
action that surrounds with a harmonious atmosphere in atta
Be unmindful of the rest.

"The world and all these spiritual powers are drawn up li
a great game, and when you face all that seething side th
you wonder how you can go into it and not be dragged down
then this great weapon is placed in your hands, this simp
the chair above the crowd, to



3. THE CONSTRUCTIVE FIGHT.

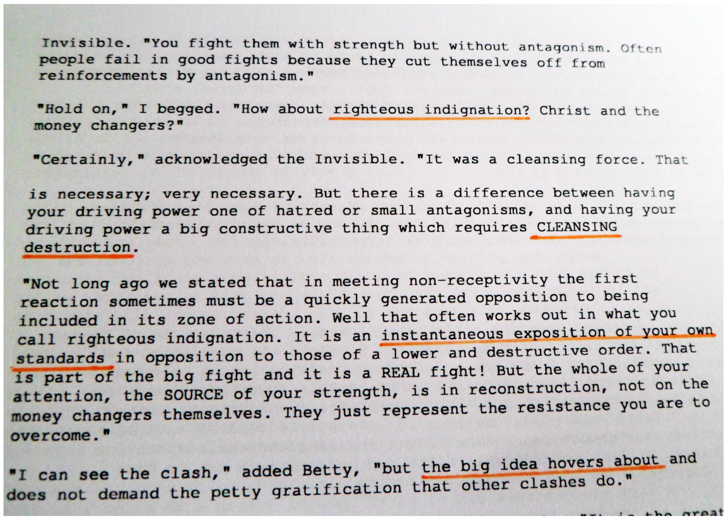
In the last analysis it is the nature of our own inner attitude that will determine the value of our efforts. As we all know, our daily life is normally a struggle, a series of oppositions. But a persistent attitude of service can almost miraculously transform the conflict.

"If you fight to win people," declared the Invisible, "instead of to win results at their expense, it must become a fight of acquisition."

"Isn't that strange!" cried Betty. "You don't fight to repel or subdue-that's just a temporary half-won victory. This way you go round acquiring people. It's an absorbent, acquisitive, releasing sort of fight. It would be like taking prisoners and setting them free. You certainly make an effort to get them; you do fight for them. That's very amusing, going round the world absorbing people for your side. It's a funny way of fighting. But it is a FIGHT, a distinct fight. Yes, it is a grand, big fight. It takes so much superior strength on your part.

"It is so important to get rid of the idea of destruction connected with the fight; and to substitute a constructive fight, doubling the force and manliness of it, eliminating all the antagonisms. That's a curious thing to do!" manli...!

"It is like the fighting to rescue some one from drowning," explained the



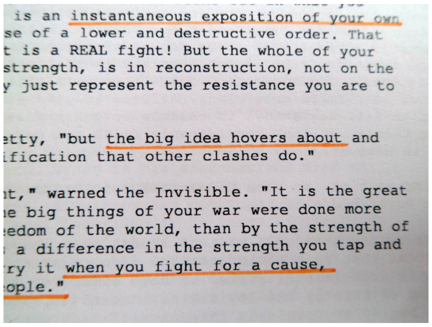
Invisible. "You fight them with strength but without antagonism. Often people fail in good fights because they cut themselves off from reinforcements by antagonism."

"Hold on," I begged. "How about righteous indignation? Christ and the money changers?"

"Certainly," acknowledged the Invisible. "It was a cleansing force. That is necessary; very necessary. But there is a difference between having your driving power one of hatred or small antagonisms, and having your driving power a big constructive thing which requires CLEANSING destruction.

"Not long ago we stated that in meeting non-receptivity the first reaction sometimes must be a quickly generated opposition to being included in its zone of action. Well that often works out in what you call righteous indignation. It is an instantaneous exposition of your own standards in opposition to those of a lower and destructive order. That is part of the big fight and it is a REAL fight! But the whole of your attention, the SOURCE of your strength, is in reconstruction, not on the money changers themselves. They just represent the resistance you are to overcome."

"I can see the clash," added Betty, "but the big idea hovers about and does not demand the petty gratification that other clashes do."



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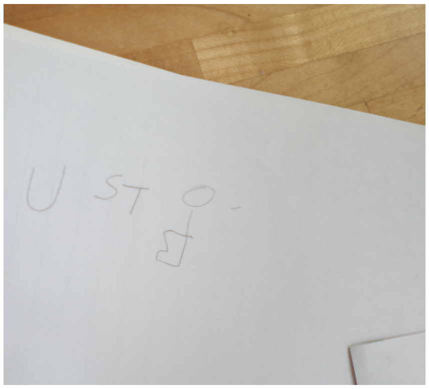

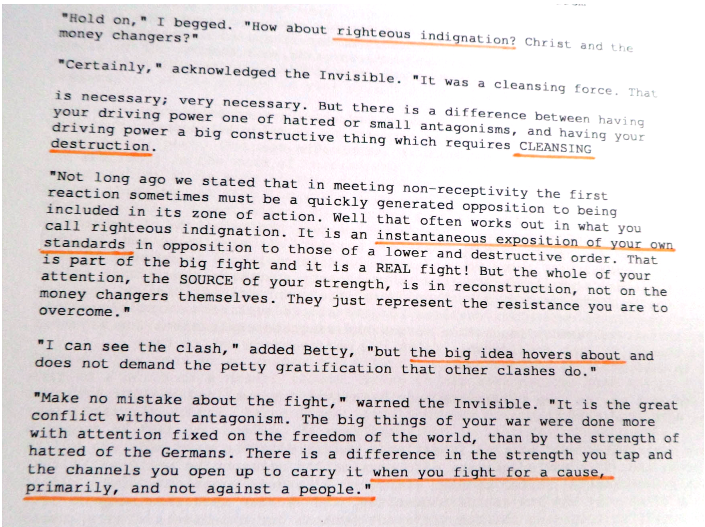

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"Make no mistake about the fight," warned the Invisible. "It is the great conflict without antagonism. The big things of your war were done more with attention fixed on the freedom of the world, than by the strength of hatred of the Germans. There is a difference in the strength you tap and the channels you open up to carry it when you fight for a cause, primarily, and not against a people."

And I remembered the Ouija board, but I was sitting over my spinach dinner, and I didn't want to do Ouija, and when I read about automatic writing, I grabbed a paper note pad and a pencil, and I put my hand on the paper with the pen while I kept reading TBB, which I found silly after a while ... so I sat back and thought I might as well "receive" images, like letters ... but the only letters that came and that I wrote or drew without looking were "**U**" and "**ST**", and then ... a **key**! An old fashioned key ... strange, I thought.

So ... Rudolf, the Mac-tech had asked me if I had a code for the **Final Draft installation** (screenwriting software), and I don't. So I was sitting with my old laptop, trying to find the funny Firefox picture ... and suddenly some folder named "FD" came to my attention, and in it I found a ***letter by Bob from November 2014*** ... when he had advised me how to install Final Draft, and there was a serial number! Not that this may be the code Rudolf was asking, for. But: I was NOT looking for that code or any number. ***I just found it among the thousands of files on my old laptop!*** And that after I had "automatic drawn" the key! I just now realize that since drawing always was my passion, I might really have to try "automatic drawing" instead of automatic writing!

Then ... the **dream**: It was a thunderstorm night, so maybe that's why my dream was kind of wild ...

I was on a **ferry boat**, and I was supposed to drive a vehicle up a ramp, but strangely it had stairs, and it was nearly impossible to do that. And Bob was there! I felt so sick, I think I was very sick, but Bob had no regard for me, he waved and expected me to drive and just get it done, but it was dangerous and difficult, and I was so sick. A woman showed up, and she resembled a woman and work colleague I had known once, "Jutta", slender, blond, long hair, and Bob and she were obviously into each other. I observed with much pain in my heart how nice Bob was to her, and I barely made it out of that vehicle, and I followed them to a very narrow stairs ... and there was some kind of dangerous situation about that entire ferry ... we were kind of below deck, but only one flight of stairs and we'd be on deck ...

So I saw how grumpily Bob looked at me and how he smiled at the woman and she at him ... and I was so sick, and Bob didn't care. So I went up to him and her and grabbed his arm and said that they didn't have to pretend, and that it was fine with me (that they were going to be together). I didn't mean it ... and this was actually a reflection of my real life experiences with Bob and his "loves" ... but the woman immediately smiled at Bob and leaned in to kiss him, while he was still a bit reluctant ...

I was so ***heartbroken in my dream** ... but I didn't let Bob see it ...*

And I woke up.

Realizing that in real life a lot of my time with Bob had really been so painful. I had been heartbroken so much, and I never told him.

Later in the day I reflected on how our free will is sure able to fuck up our purpose in life ... but then, we do have it ... and yet, it all depends on how our body is functioning. If we have some kind of genetic chemical imbalance in our body that can fuck up our brain functions, we can be good people all we want, we'll still fuck up.

But then ... this brings up the subject of "karma" or a "predestined" life ... what if we all have a distinct role, and that's why we end up sick or fucked up or criminal ... just because our physical personality does affect what our free will does with our choices ...

I also kept recalling how often Bob stood there, somehow desperate and said that he had had another "brain fart". And I think he was actually serious. He did have "brain farts", his brain wasn't functioning right for a while. It explains why I saw in his cabinets from the beginning all the kind of mental enhancement supplements, along with the cleansing ... Bob just never really said what was bothering him, and I think he didn't want to put it out in the open, not even for himself.

So who we are and what we do, can be determined by our free will, but that same free will as part of our mind is directly connected to our physical make-up, and that is not all our doing!

So some people ... whatever they do, they'll end up fucked up.

I also recalled that I had asked Bob clearly to tell me exactly what his physical problem was, already in early spring. He described some "leaking swelling", and when I came up with edema, he ***said yes, that was it***. But had he said "tumor" I could have helped him truly. So I helped him treat "edema" until I saw the tumor. He didn't say directly what he saw even when I asked him to straight-out. He must have been so desperate and torn, and he must have realized that his "brain farts" where multiplying. I think he did really literally "forget about me" in those years, and in those times, when I was so disappointed and sad that I'd never hear from him, not in months. I sad to friends in Vienna that I thought Bob had forgotten about me, he had moved on. He hadn't. I do remember that whenever I did "make him" call me or when I contacted him, we talked for hours and we were so close, and he said many times that he missed me. And then we'd talk about how I should come over, but first certain things needed to be prepared for our projects, because we mostly didn't have a lot of money, more barely any, and I couldn't just drop everything in Austria ... and we planned to get Jacqui in quarantine with Bob's parents ...

We did plan. But then ... Bob promised to do this and that, and never did. I do know now that he did have big problems with his mind.

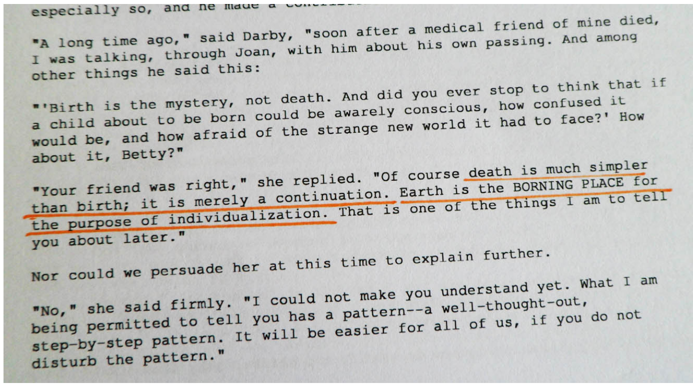
And this morning, after that dream,

I thought that his resentments against me that were mixed with that great love for me, may have been a result of mixed up chemistry.

During our morning walk, Jacqui and I came by a **snake that was eating a worm**, or rather it was a "Blindschleiche" (Slow Worm, Anguis fragilis), that's rather a reptile than a snake. It was an odd sight, entirely unexpected, never before seen.

Then I found a **cricket** on the street … all through my childhood and teenagehood I couldn’t imagine that it should be even possible to ever see a cricket.

I keep reading "***The Betty Book***", because I only read it once, and that was shortly after Bob's death. I'm reading it differently now. The term “*pattern*” keeps coming up … like I had been told that I was a major factor in “gathering the patterns” by those strange people decades ago …



especially so, and he made a

"A long time ago," said Darby, "soon after a medical friend of mine died, I was talking, through Joan, with him about his own passing. And among other things he said this:

"'Birth is the mystery, not death. And did you ever stop to think that if a child about to be born could be awarely conscious, how confused it would be, and how afraid of the strange new world it had to face?' How about it, Betty?"

"Your friend was right," she replied. "Of course death is much simpler than birth; it is merely a continuation. Earth is the BORNING PLACE for the purpose of individualization. That is one of the things I am to tell you about later."

Nor could we persuade her at this time to explain further.

"No," she said firmly. "I could not make you understand yet. What I am being permitted to tell you has a pattern--a well-thought-out, step-by-step pattern. It will be easier for all of us, if you do not disturb the pattern."

I don’t remember when that happened (and my photocamera doesn’t record dates anymore), but one day recently I was very stunned to see how one straight **ray of light** hit a **small red bead** on the bracelet that Bob gave me as a gift, many years ago, with a pendant with the inscription “*Serenity*”, and it’s now the basis of the crystal ball I once found, my “**moon**” …

I drove to Lake **Klopeinersee** for a swim for Jacqui and me … and I found a *path into the forest* above the lake, and I took Jacqui there. Being his usual timid self in the forest (he only relaxes in forests he knows already well and where there are no creeks or ponds with beavers), he barely dared to walk up there … but I found amazing green “***Belladonna***” plants, and the last time I saw them in a forest was in early fall 2016, at lake Ossiach … where I happened to end up close to the ruins of an old castle (Aichelburg, really Aichelberg) from the 16th century, that were the very first destination of **Sigi** (!) and me, back in the day, in 1987, when I had just met him.

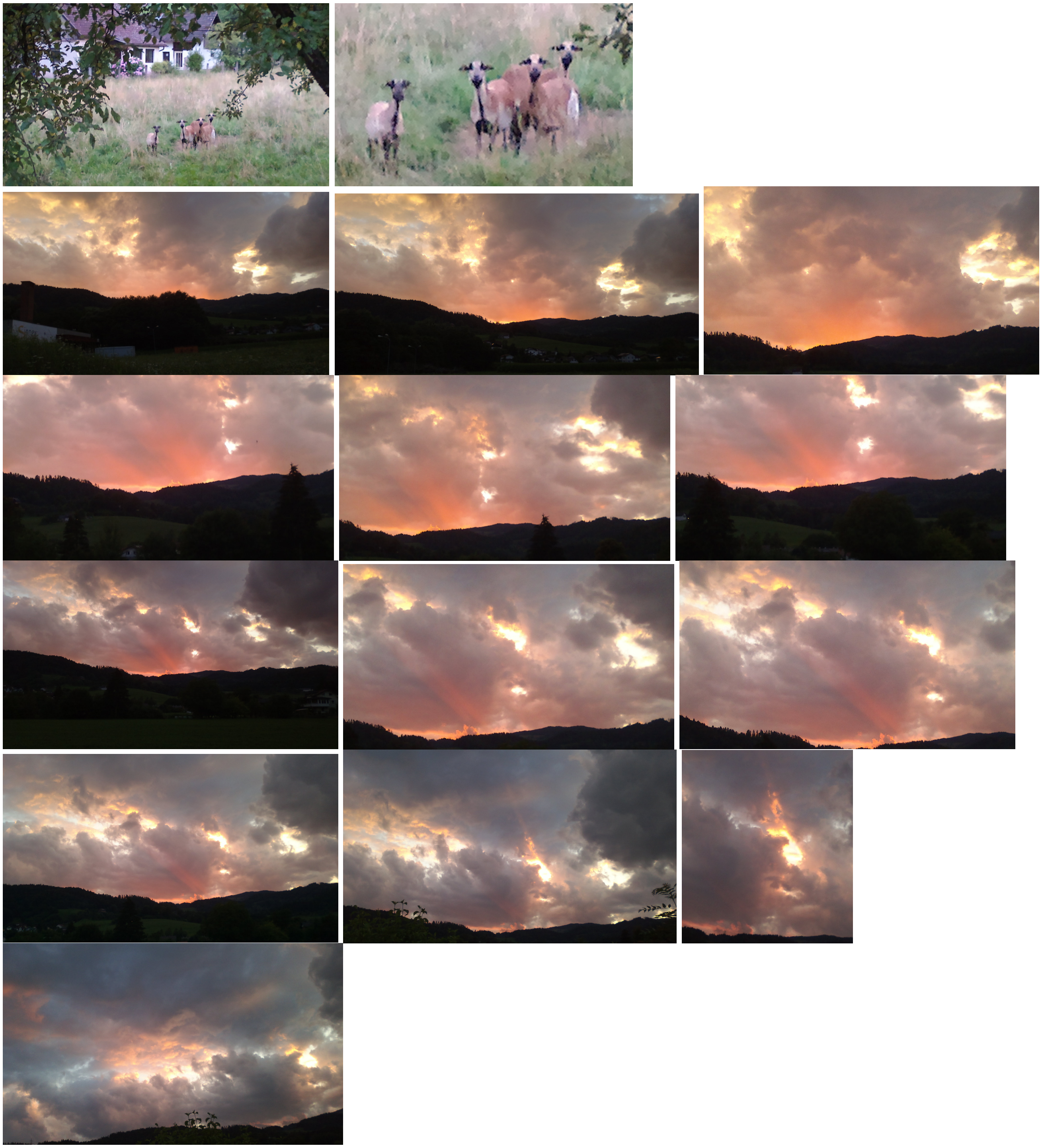
I had picked him up at home in Wernberg, and he took me into the forest, but from the other side of the mountain, and I remember very well how pale he was, and how weak, having spent years at home, in a room, after his heroin addiction … and he took my hand and told me that I shouldn't be afraid of him. I wasn't. Then he brought me to the "Eichelburg", the "castle of acorns" I thought, a very lovely place in the middle of a forest … *where I only went with Sigi*. And that one day in 2016, when I suddenly stood facing a sign to that very same castle ruin, close by. And there were the mushrooms and the Belladonna plants …

They reminded me of Sigi, very much so. Back in 2016 I had felt compelled to connect with Sigi, but I postponed it another month. When I googled him, I found out that he had died just two weeks after my Eichelburg incident.

Then, there was a **swimmer** in lake Klopein that totally reflected one of my favorite sequences of Bob's film "Taylor Camp", the woman who used to swim along the Napali coast d*ragging a plastic container along with her,* that contained some nuts, a sarong and a joint … (Immediately I hear the music along with that scenario … and I'll never forget watching it with Bob in August 2018, and I almost suffocated on my tears, but didn't dare to show them to Bob, who was so ill …. I remember asking him if he didn't get tired to watch the same film over and over, and he said no.)

I always wanted to do that myself, never got around to it. That shoot on Kauai was done without me … so much was done without me, and I had deserved so much to be involved. But Bob had decided, for no reason, really, except for having been emotionally wrecked, to exclude me from the whole project … with the result that it ruined him, in all respects, and that it didn't become the film it could have been if they had kept to my original promo and concept.

In the evening … Jacqui and I took the route by the garden with the four little **goats** (or sheep, too bad to think that they won't live to see the winter, like our two sheep who I see and hear every day) … and the **sunset spectacle** was breathtaking … how often have Bob and I seen the sunset together … not often enough, actually.



June 26, 2020 – **Isolde, the Doll**

This morning, I read some more in "**The Betty Book**", and a Scottish discarnate named "***Anne***" was cited ... I've read about her before.

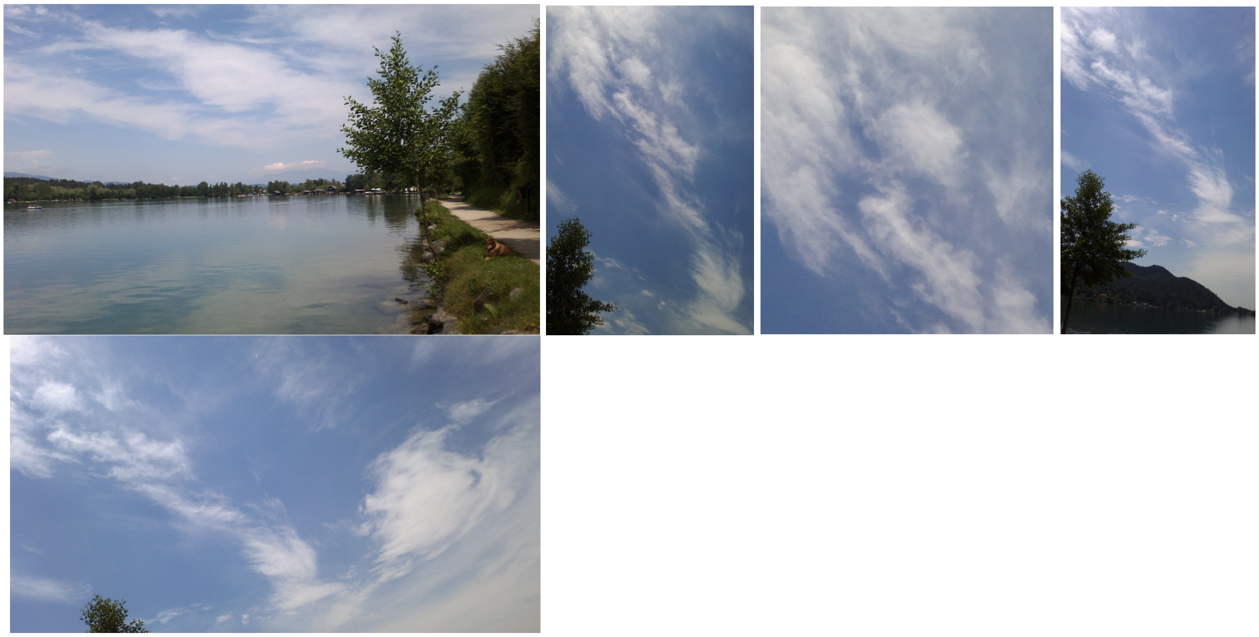
I took Jacqui to **Turner lake** and to **Klopeiner lake**, and we had great swims. I just couldn't stand seeing little Marshall all on his own again, in the garden. I threw some nice food into the garden to him, ... breaks my heart. Yesterday I had some hope, because his owner, Margarita and the little girl went for a walk with him, in the rain.

I told Bob today, walking through the forest and before, too, that he really must "talk to me" ... I'm getting so desperate.

So then ... at **Turner lake**, a car came by me, with the license plate number "... **XOB**", and I totally read it as "**Hug from Bob"**. It just flashed up in my mind. Interestingly - on the drive away from the lake, the same car came towards me again, "... XOB", so I said out loud "Okay, hugs from Bob", because he had written that under his emails to me so many times. The **clouds** seemed to move and try to signal something to me ...

And then a car drove by with "**ANNE 2**". So I read "*Anne is greeting me too*", the Scottish discarnate "**Anne**" from "**The Betty Book**" I was thinking! Maybe that's crazy, but that's what came to my mind.

And it went on:



As I was swimming in **Klopeiner lake**, ... the clouds turned "***Bob waving at me and swimming in circles with me***"! It was such a dense feeling that those clouds were indeed "made"! They sure looked like it! I hurried to swim back to shore to photograph them!

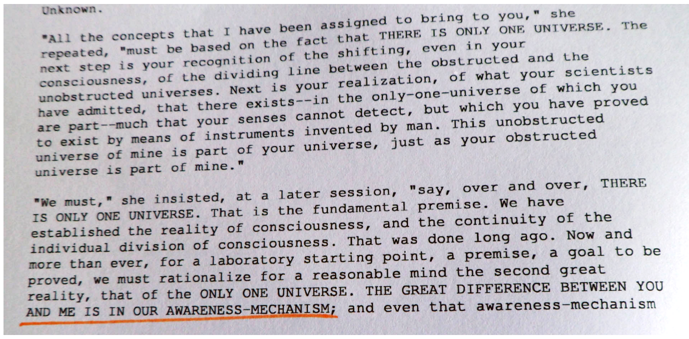
(Later)

Back home, I did some eating and editing and reading ... and I thought about names for the mother cat, who I really like, I've noticed her before, she looks different than other cats, and also the way she looks at me ... by the way: Last night, Jacqui was facing me intensely, and I felt such love for him, and I looked back at him and I winked my right eye. And he winked his right eye too! I know that dogs can do that. But also, I'm reading in "**The Betty Book**" just now about those experiments with the "Beta"-bodies of all involved ... and how they can be influenced by the discarnates ...

So I was sitting at the table ... and before and last night I had thought about how it feels when a thought just "floats" into one's mind, a thought that certainly doesn't come from one's own doing ... at least, that's how it feels, a thought "out of the blue", and those are the "messages" the "stations" or "mediums" are receiving ...

And I thought about names for the cat, like "Luise" or "Nina", but my thoughts just drifted off, I don't know where ... and I cut my nails ... and suddenly, the word "**Isolde**" was right there. Floated into my mind out of the blue. That's not a name I ever think about but: *It was the name of a beloved* ***doll*** *of mine when I was very young.* And I thought spontaneously "Peter?" My dead brother would know about it! My grandmothers, too, I think. But the way that name shoved itself into my awareness, just being there all of a sudden, had the quality of "someone was listening and gave me an idea of how to name the cat". It really totally feels like that! It's kind of exciting.

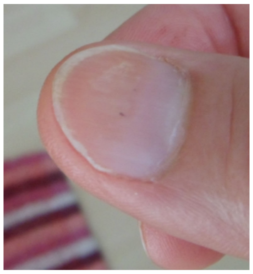
Just earlier I read in "**The Unobstructed Universe**" how consciousnesses are always present.



Unknown.

"All the concepts that I have been assigned to bring to you," she repeated, "must be based on the fact that THERE IS ONLY ONE UNIVERSE. The next step is your recognition of the shifting, even in your consciousness, of the dividing line between the obstructed and the unobstructed universes. Next is your realization, of what your scientists have admitted, that there exists--in the only-one-universe of which you are part--much that your senses cannot detect, but which you have proved to exist by means of instruments invented by man. This unobstructed universe of mine is part of your universe, just as your obstructed universe is part of mine."

"We must," she insisted, at a later session, "say, over and over, THERE IS ONLY ONE UNIVERSE. That is the fundamental premise. We have established the reality of consciousness, and the continuity of the individual division of consciousness. That was done long ago. Now and more than ever, for a laboratory starting point, a premise, a goal to be proved, we must rationalize for a reasonable mind the second great reality, that of the ONLY ONE UNIVERSE. THE GREAT DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND ME IS IN OUR AWARENESS-MECHANISM; and even that awareness-mechanism

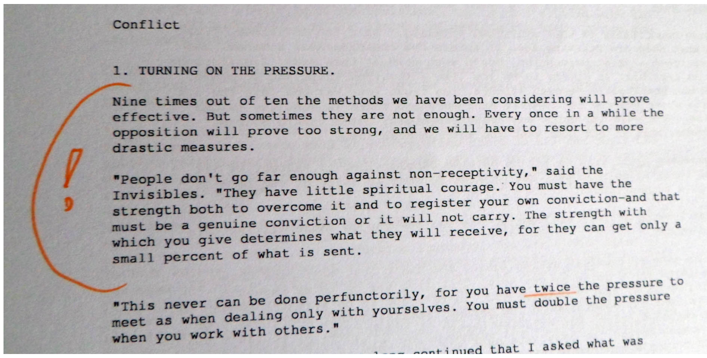


AND:

I noticed something else. Bob's **fingernails** had always been a bit strange ... not all of them, but most, a bit turned upward from the root, or not turned, just strange, and also with a slightly yellowish tinge ... and one of my nails is just like that, the **right thumb**! Even stranger: As I looked at that nail yesterday, I held my hand exactly the way Bob would have held his fingers, slightly crampy looking, weirdly stiff, that was never ever my way of holding my fingers, as my hands were and are very supple.

"Play me!" came to my mind right now ... and I knew that it has something to do with my connection with Bob.

I'm filled with thoughts of him in the last days. I described several incidents in detail, but what's the point?) "**Spiritual courage**" is a big topic in "The Betty Book".



Conflict

1. TURNING ON THE PRESSURE.

Nine times out of ten the methods we have been considering will prove effective. But sometimes they are not enough. Every once in a while the opposition will prove too strong, and we will have to resort to more drastic measures.

"People don't go far enough against non-receptivity," said the Invisibles. "They have little spiritual courage. You must have the strength both to overcome it and to register your own conviction-and that must be a genuine conviction or it will not carry. The strength with which you give determines what they will receive, for they can get only a small percent of what is sent.

"This never can be done perfunctorily, for you have twice the pressure to meet as when dealing only with yourselves. You must double the pressure when you work with others."

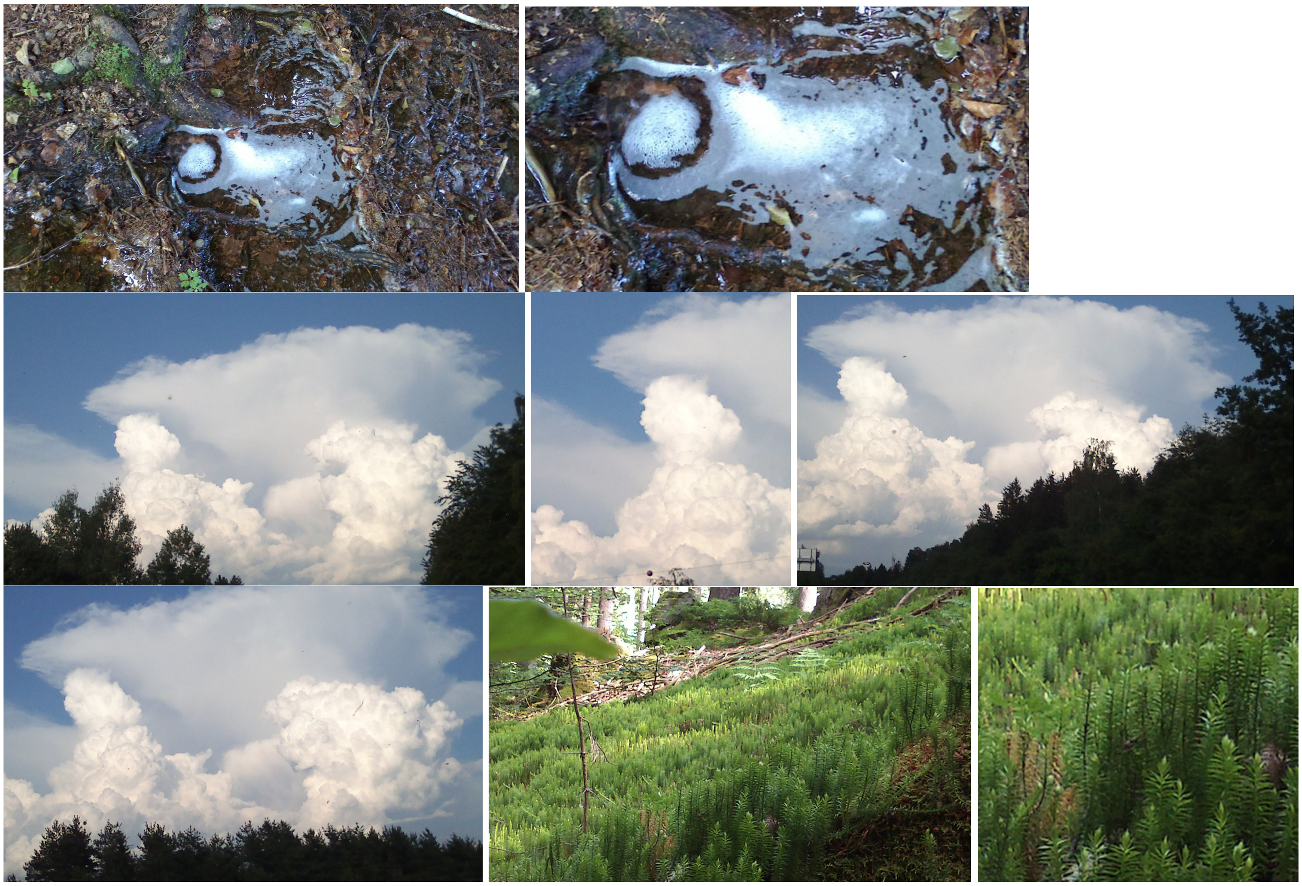
continued that I asked what was

Sometimes I'm so frustrated with the dumb ignorance of the people in my surroundings and their reckless being-dumb, seemingly entirely unreflected. I could so much use somebody who'd be a real friend, a smart, holistic thinking open-minded person … but instead I’m surrounded by lumps of dirt. (In the very first version of this part of this c. d.

June 28, 2020, Sunday – **Dripping Stone Cave & Turquoise Fabrics**

Another Sunday. A day like the one Bob died.

Yesterday I went swimming to **Forest lake** with Jacqui … There was a very strange **swirling** “**puddle**” in a creek … very fascinating to see that structure … I even shot a little video of it. And the **clouds** … baffling! Like real people emerging … and a *spaceship* like the one in “Regents of Clouds” …

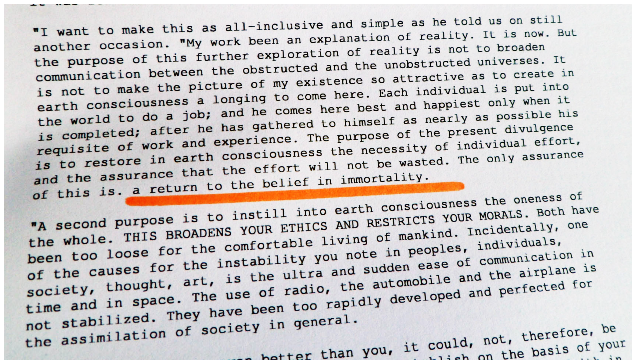


I found a whole carpet of the “**Bärlapp**” plant (Lycopodium, Clubmoss, Creeping Cedars), a plant that is tightly involved with my early childhood, when I had to spend my days at Kindergarten, and the “aunties” (spooky and rather rough ones) would take us into the nearby forest, and there I’d venture out alone and pull “Burlap” threads from the forest soil and wrap them around my head to be an “American Indian” or a “queen”.

I visited my mother. She is sweet, she looks sweet, except for the occasional dark resentful glance at me, but she keeps talking about the same few things that she always talks about. It doesn't matter what topic I bring up, she looks to the side after a few moments and starts talking about something that concerns her own life. Never has it been more clearly to me that her mind is very inhibited already. Luckily she can still take care of herself, but for how long still?

Back home, I saw little Marshall sit on his own all alone ... and this time A., the landlady did not come out to walk him ... yesterday I had seen her with Marshall in her garden (although she always said he was strictly forbidden there), throwing him a ball, which was nice, because his family had again left him sitting in the garden on his own while they were on the other side of the street eating, laughing and chatting. Breaks my heart ... something got to change …

Then I started to read ***"The Unobstructed Universe".*** I had read it very shortly after Bob's passing, and not in detail, so starting it over is exciting. I read things that so directly relate to my life in the last year, that it's breathtaking.



"I want to make this as all-inclusive and simple as he told us on still another occasion. "My work been an explanation of reality. It is now. But the purpose of this further exploration of reality is not to broaden communication between the obstructed and the unobstructed universes. It is not to make the picture of my existence so attractive as to create in earth consciousness a longing to come here. Each individual is put into the world to do a job; and he comes here best and happiest only when it is completed; after he has gathered to himself as nearly as possible his requisite of work and experience. The purpose of the present divulgence is to restore in earth consciousness the necessity of individual effort, and the assurance that the effort will not be wasted. The only assurance of this is. a return to the belief in immortality.

"A second purpose is to instill into earth consciousness the oneness of the whole. THIS BROADENS YOUR ETHICS AND RESTRICTS YOUR MORALS. Both have been too loose for the comfortable living of mankind. Incidentally, one of the causes for the instability you note in peoples, individuals, society, thought, art, is the ultra and sudden ease of communication in time and in space. The use of radio, the automobile and the airplane is not stabilized. They have been too rapidly developed and perfected for the assimilation of society in general.

better than you, it could, not, therefore, be

on the basis of your

And then the **dream**:

I was in New York to visit Bob. He was there, the old sweet tall and slender Bob, just a little more serious, handsome, and his appearance was clear, not like in other dreams. We both ***knew*** that this was an extraordinary situation, and that we had both been in Hawaii and that he had left there, and that I was mourning. He was a little distant (for some reason I just now have the impression that he had been **wearing a light-teal, like turquoise shirt**, which he didn't possess in real life, but which is the *color of the bedding and the pillow cases that I used in Hawaii*!), and he lived with his mother in an area in New York --- and strangely, *I knew that area from previous dreams*! I have noticed as much in previous entries. Again, this time, I was supposed to go from there to some other part of New York (and obviously it was not New York, just my mind tells me that upon recalling the dream) ... and in my dream I remembered, but without saying it out loud, that like at other times I'd be unable to find my path! Because in other dreams I didn't find my way around in that strange city and at times desperate tried to find a certain spot or area, but in other dreams, the city had more been like LA.

So walking and talking with Bob I showed him a postcard of Maui ... I used to send that kind of postcard to friends and family from Maui ... and there was some kind of brown-golden drawing or writing on the bottom of the Hawaii-theme, ocean and island ... and it showed also waves and an outline of the island, below the actual imagery, and somehow it was also some writing. And I showed it to Bob, who was next to me and **asked** *"Do you remember? Don't you want to be back there and be the one you used to be there?"* And Bob looked at it with a serious glance and said, ***"No"***, but I don't recall what he said literally, just I was very disappointed, because I had hoped that I could get him to go back to Hawaii with me ... In my dream it was kind of clear that he hadn't been there for a long time, and that I had been looking for him for a long time. And I was longing so much to be back there with him ... He said something along the lines of how *he wasn't able to be really who he was there* ... and strangely, as I ***was remembering my time with Bob in Hawaii, in my dream***, I actually remembered scenes and scenarios and landscape from OTHER DREAMS I've been having over the years, even from the time when Bob was still a mortal and alive as such, I didn't recall real life scenarios, but dream scenarios!

Then the part came where I was supposed to go pick up something from a place in that city, and in my dream I saw a kind of map like a GPS display, that Bob kind of laid out in front of my, saying that I'd easily find it. But I insisted I wouldn't. And in the dream I was genuinely worried to get lost. I knew I was supposed to come back to Bob, but I was so worried that he thought that the path was easier to find than it actually was for me.

Suddenly Bob's *mother* was there! But it wasn't Bob's real mother, it was only that I knew in the dream that she was supposed to be his mother. The mood was a little bit like it had been in real life when I had met his parents for the first time, nobody really talked with me, Bob didn't help, it was a muffled and kind of awkward thing ... (actually every time I was there for a visit).

At the same time I had some kind of problem with my teeth, but it was minor.

So his mother was there, short brown hair, in her mid 50s, and she was very heavy set and wore a **white kind of crocheted asymmetric long dress,** that kept shifting. For some reason she came with Bob and me as he and I were on the way to that spot where I was supposed to go ... and for some reason his mother was sitting down somewhere, which was between a train compartment or some middle eastern clay and brick house room, now and kind of reddish and with an underground feeling. I don't know why she sat down. She did talk with me, but I don't recall what we spoke, she was constantly busy adjusting her **white dress**.

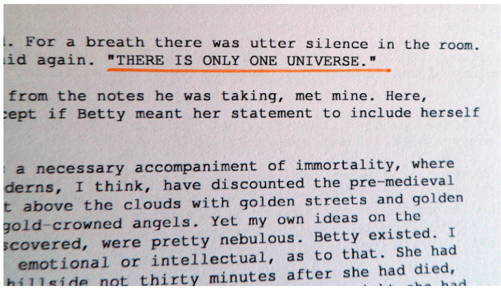
I seem to have asked Bob again how he was, and he suddenly showed me his ***left lower arm***, the outside part, and there was a ***hole***, like something had been cut out and a piece of skin was still hanging off ... and he said *"I have just had arterial thrombosis surgery"*. Which was so strange! Of course I have some kind of bulging blood vessel on my arm, but on the right lower arm, on top, three inches after the joint, and I did show that spot to Bob in my dream! The connotation was like "talk about thrombosis".

(The strange thing is that last night I had had a very intense pain on the side of my right ***knee***, so that I woke up and had to put soothing ointment on it ... I thought it was a Schleimbeutel inflammation (Bursitis, Housemaid's knee) ... but why? ***Note***: After this dream, I started rubbing and massaging the bulging blood vessel on my right arm with a veins ointment until the spot was flat again after several days.)

It was somehow clear that Bob was not all that well ... and that there was no way he'd go back to his old life with me on Maui ... but somehow, in my dream, I knew that there was a chance that I could stay with him!

And somehow the dream was over ... as I woke up, due to the noise my landlady made at 7.30 on a Sunday, switching on the dryer and shit.

Of course I see many aspects in that dream that relate to Betty White and to my reading "The Unobstructed Universe" and my strong feeling of Bob around and of Betty, too ... last night I shared some nice chicken-tomato-onion salad with them ...



. For a breath there was utter silence in the room.
id again. "THERE IS ONLY ONE UNIVERSE."

from the notes he was taking, met mine. Here,
ept if Betty meant her statement to include herself

a necessary accompaniment of immortality, where
derns, I think, have discounted the pre-medieval
t above the clouds with golden streets and golden
gold-crowned angels. Yet my own ideas on the
scovered, were pretty nebulous. Betty existed. I
emotional or intellectual, as to that. She had
hillside not thirty minutes after she had died,

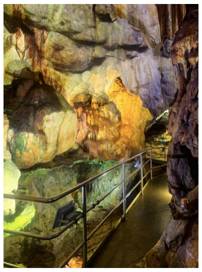
Also, while at the **Forestlake**, after swimming, I found a perfect spot to lie down under the fir trees, supported by two big stones ... and as I was lying there, naked and looked at my body, I found that body disturbingly youthful. And the thoughts came to my mind that I was to "use" that body for another while, and not just as being a mortal shell, but as it being a female (!) mortal shell. As I was supposed to take advantage of my feminine features. Still ... waking up this morning, barely making it out of bed (my body hurts everytime I do much swimming or hiking, I'm 56, after all) ... I thought of my impression of my "youthful physical me", and I had to smile, very bitterly.

In TUU I read last night that Betty was already sick in 1937 (she died on April 5, 1939, of cancer, as far as I could figure out) ... so this was the reverse fate of Bob and me that Stewart and Betty had. That can't be a coincidence. Betty having to die for Stewart and her to continue their work and bring it to the climax in writing "The Unobstructed Universe" and more! Again I feel so connected to it all. Too bad and sad that their work is pretty much unknown ... kind of inspires me to do everything I can to bring about "Regents of Clouds". I must. It does upset me, though, to watch those well-meaning people who deal with near-death-experiences and research about life after death, and they don't know Betty's and Stewart's work. I've contacted quite a few people so far and suggested they read that literature, and either they can't speak English, or they don't have time! You would think that all those super-spiritual folks who claim to be so sensitive after their near-death-experiences would have a sense of how it's significant that I contact them and suggest they read this and that … nope. Nothing. No reaction.

Writing this reminds me of yesterday morning, when I found a **small stone in my bedroom**. My dog must have somehow brought it in, maybe it was stuck between his toes ... but I had to laugh about "a stone is in my bedroom".

This morning I read in TUU about how a "conceiving station" functions, and I'm certainly one ... on the path of synchronicities ... and I'm sure that Betty and Stewart and Darby and Joan and Bob and I are closely related.

Also, coming home from Velden yesterday, I noticed, like always, the sign before Griffen, with the cave, and it says "**Tropfsteinhöhle**" ("stalactite cave") which literally mean – and I said it out loud without thinking - "**dripping stone cave**".



Tropfsteinhöhle Griffen

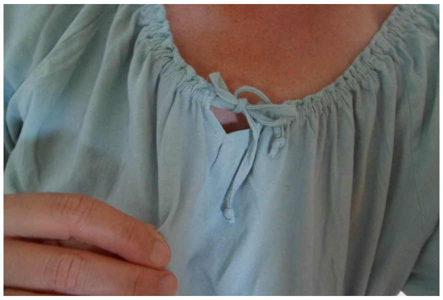
I had to laugh out loud, ... seriously? I had found a "home" right behind a ***dripping stone cave***, while coming from a horrible experience with my "Stone", who had been running around "dripping" because of his foul tumor for months, which I had witnessed for weeks, and who had withdrawn to his "cave" for years ...?

"Seriously?" I asked myself, ***"only now I see that?"***

Well, at least I did now.

It's all very interesting.

Also … I realized that in the last week I had been wearing a **light teal-turquoise T-shirt** … only at home though, maybe that’s why I didn’t “notice” right after the **dream**, in which *Bob wore a light teal-turquoise t-shirt!*



June 29, 2020 – **“Dany!”**

Today is my brother's birthday, it happened in 1966 that his soul got a body, or another body? Maybe my mother will be down and frustrated, but honestly, I don't feel strong enough to deal with her today. I'll send her a text later today.

I had a very stressful dream again, actually two **dreams**.

Maybe it has to do with me reading "The Unobstructed Universe"? Also, I had a horrible headache because of a thunderstorm that was brewing but never came, inspite of a lot of thunder growling.

Waking up I really wished to be on Maui ... or simply somewhere else nice where I can ... yes, what? Maybe unfold, for the time (maybe years) still ahead of me, to make sense? Maybe write an entire series of screenplays about Betty and Stewart and Joan and Darby and Stephen, Anne and all the others? They should be included in "Creators of Stone" and "Masters of Choices". I'd like to write, truly, just that I first need some serious experience of success … in terms of getting an agent, a manager, some partner, selling scripts, something, maybe relating to Marshall, too.

So tonight's **dream**:

I was in a kind of **gloomy city**, at evening time, it reminded me of Jerusalem (where I was many years ago, in my early twenties), with the clay walls and the narrow alleys and passages and stairways along the houses. And I knew I had to visit **Bob's family**. He had four sisters, and there was a mother ... no father, no brothers. I had to go see them. Somehow, though, I was distracted. I went somewhere else, feels like I went upstairs somewhere, outside on a building (it was evening/night, and the light was kind of red like from streetlights). But one of the sisters of Bobs was with me ... very strange. But she disappeared, stayed behind, maybe, and I knew that I had to hurry up to go see the other sisters.

At the same time I had some **job to do**, between writing something and making a kind of a video-file, a mix of both ... and I didn't know how to do it, but I had to give it to some **tall man** with blond tousled hair and a **mustache** (like the actor *Ted Levine* who had played a cop?), who was my teacher or boss or professor in some kind of school building or a publishing house?

But this was kind of "intermingled" with the other story, and I was back in that city, and suddenly, as I was already climbing up a stairwell, this time it was a metal stairs, like a ladder, and it was crowded, it had a railing, and it ran up steep along a building ... and a dark haired slender woman called me, and I knew that her name was "*Loretta*" (which is in real life the name of one of the daughters of my landlady Andrea, I think), and she cried and said that she had been looking for me, and that she needed me to help her and comfort her.

I felt strange, I didn't know what to say, because *I was the one who was sad*, because now, ***in the dream****, I remembered that Bob was dead!* And reluctantly I went with Loretta, who was also headed for the home of her mother and sisters. Somehow I knew that they were wondering where I was ... and at the same time I saw them waiting for us, like in a cave-type room, with dark red-black-brown carpets, as it seems, and the women were crowded together in it.

We arrived there ... and suddenly the dream shifted.

I was in some kind of **office**, and Bob was there! I approached him and asked if he could help me with that video-text-kind-of-job that I had and that I couldn't finish for some reason, and he said of course he'd help me. He sat at a computer, like his had been, in an edit room similar to his edit room in our Maui house, and he went to work right away.

He was a bit grumpy, and I was nervous, because I was in a great hurry, having to bring that work somewhere "down town", literally, in a way, down a hill to some office.

That ***man with the mustache*** was there, and there was some story about me being involved in some project, like teaching or something, but when I showed that man the work that Bob had fixed for me, it was all of a sudden double. At the same time it was like sheets of paper, but then also like images or short videos to be seen on a screen. And as I showed them to the mustache-man on a screen, they didn't work! They pixelated and didn't come up, and I knew it was the wrong format or resolution, and it was too "big" in terms of high-definition for the computer I was trying to look at it. Bob should have known it, but he didn't ... and he was there again!

The man with the mustache said something like "Oh, sure, all clear, your husband Thomas did that" or "You're with your husband Thomas" (or some other name), and I was very upset and said ***"Thomas? No, not at all, my man is Bob ... it's Robert!"*** And the mustache man was kind of doubtful about that. The "Thomas" guy was actually a *man I knew in my dream*, some blond pale man, as far as my impression goes, but he didn't play any part in my dream. He was only mentioned and I saw it in my mind's eye ... the person I was in the dream saw it in her mind's eye, actually!

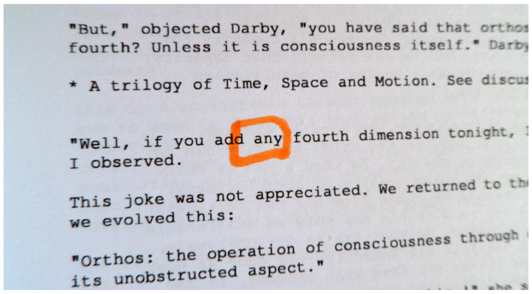
And then Bob was there, and I explained to him that it hadn't worked, and he was again, very serious, even grumpy, upset about himself that he hadn't managed to figure it out ... *and he said the reason was in some kind of numbers*, maybe ratios or frequencies or something, and he said **"77 and 95".**

That was strange to see those numbers so clearly.

I soon woke up ... as my dog kept coming to me. There was more to the dream, though, but I can't remember.

Last night, when I was very sad and really felt Bob close by, I wished to hear him, and I was very down, the printout of *“The Unobstructed Universe”* in front of me, and suddenly I heard his voice saying **"Dany!"** as if he was calling me to kind of jolt me out of my thoughts or mood. And suddenly I realized what *I was staring at on the page of the printout*, it was **"add any ..."** which reads "**d any**".

It was very clearly a revelation, my heart jolted a bit when I saw it. Of all the millions of things I could have stared at, I stared at "d any" just when the voice in my head, Bob's voice, called "**Dany**!".



"But," objected Darby, "you have said that orthos
fourth? Unless it is consciousness itself." Darby

* A trilogy of Time, Space and Motion. See discus

"Well, if you add any fourth dimension tonight,
I observed.

This joke was not appreciated. We returned to th
we evolved this:

"Orthos: the operation of consciousness through
its unobstructed aspect."

Before that, ***a female voice*** had suddenly appeared in my ear and said *something*. This happens very rarely, that it comes out of the blue, but what she said was part of a sentence and I didn't hear the rest. It was also like a question, of sorts, like ***"... aber das wirst du schon"***, meaning "*but you'll certainly do it (in that way) ...*" Not sure, but something like that. It was while I was reading TUU and really immersed in it.

Yesterday also another thought came to my mind: The woman I had met in Krumpendorf, who had been taking part in a Quilting workshop ... wasn't ***Ruth Finley a quilting expert***, who was known as "Joan" in Stewart White's writing and as the author of "Our Unseen Guest", together with her husband Emmet? Maybe it was a greeting from her? *(Note: Yes, I already mentioned this at the date of the event, but the realization actually came only on this date.)*

Just googled, yes – she was a **quilter**! She's in the "Quilters Hall of Fame"! It reads, on the website "She met her future husband, Emmet Finley, also a reporter, while she was doing her investigative writing. They were married August 24, 1910. Ruth Ebright Finley, https://blogs.uakron.edu/womenshistory/2013/09/06/ruth-ebright-finley-1884-1955/ Wow! I just found a picture of her ... that woman on the bench in Krumpendorf *looked like her*! The way she looked up at me sideways ... wow! So that meeting has a new meaning now! The whole thing of me going to Krumpendorf for an apartment I wouldn't rent! Very interesting that she had journalist's career, at first, like me, writing books, being very open minded ... really really fascinating.

Her husband died 5 years before her, and she lived from 1884 to 1955.

RUTH E. FINLEY
1884—1955

FinleyEL | Santa Rosa History
santarosahistory.com

FinleyEL | Santa Rosa History
santarosahistory.com

Even more interesting ... that ***woman "Loretta", from my dream, looks like Ruth Finley!*** I've never seen a photograph of Ruth Finely aka "Joan" of "Our Unseen Guest" before today. ***I didn't look***, somehow ... Also, the line of her mouth in the picture ... and there is a E. L. Finley, I strongly assume that's Emmet or "Darby".

<u>And</u>: Aa few days ago, on one of the moments when I was totally immersed in something, I think it was "The Betty Book", I saw ***the lower half of a face*** *just pop up in front of my inner eye* ... and I thought it was a man, but it was not Bob ... *very similar the mouth like* ***Ruth Finley's mouth-line*** *...*

<u>June 29, 2020</u> – **Spoon**

My brother Peter's birthday. Found a **spoon**, walking Jacqui. I wrote a job application to a company called **"Scoop & Spoon"** last week.

Today I got my laptop back – from that lovely genius Mac tech Rudi from Stone Village.

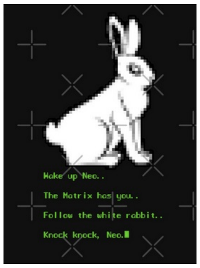
And in the first trailer I watched, "Irresistible", a comedy, Rose Byrne's character says "I do better with fear than you do with **shame**". Here it is again.

There. Just yesterday I said out loud "**shame**" like Bob had done it so many times (and me too, but not so often) … after we had interviewed (for a project) and elderly man who was in the early stages of dementia and had said "*Shame*" talking about his ordeal.

Something strange ... I saw the documentary about Michelle McNamarra, who was a writer obsessed with the "Golden State Killer" .. and today is June 29, 2020, and it reads in the Wikipedia file that a suspect who was apprehended in 2018 "On June 29, 2020, DeAngelo pleaded guilty to multiple counts of murder." That's today!

<u>June 29, 2020</u> **– Keanu & the Rabbit & Bob and the Rabbits**

Yey, found something fun called "**Pitch Meeting**" online, some "Ryan George" pitching famous film to his alter ego, a producer or exec ... it's only talking, and it's grand. Bob would have gotten such a kick out of it … or maybe he is getting …? I ended up seeing "The Matrix" – and ***Keanu Reeves has*** ... wait for it! ... a **rabbit tattoo**!



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Wake up Neo..
The Matrix has you..
Follow the white rabbit..
Knock knock, Neo.█
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Note: Working on picture editing I realized that **there is a whole thing with "Neo" (Keanu Reeves) and the rabbit!** I never watched "The Matrix" that closely, I simply didn't get it or like it that much. Wow, I didn't know that when I posed the "rabbit challenge" for Bob … and in the "Pitch Meeting" Neo *saw* a rabbit tattoo, I think, he didn't himself have one … still … the white rabbit theme is directly connected with Keanu Reeve's character! Wow, that gives Bob's and my rabbit-challenge another dimension!

*(**Note**: Of course the "Corona-crisis" has pretty much destroyed all my dreams of reaching Keanu and making "Hulihuli Moon" and "Regents of Clouds" and "Paradise" with him.)*

June 30, 2020 – **Peas in Pods**

So happy for Marshall that Andrea took a walk with him ... I went with Jacqui ... along the **field** with the very big rock in the middle …

… and I was fascinated with the **crops** … the **peas**, the **rye** … all that's growing for us mortals to use it as food for our bodies.

Our mortal phase is truly a time of gathering of experiences, and Earth provides everything for the body to thrive! But what are we doing? Using our (as a species) "free will" to destroy each other and our mother planet? *What went wrong in creation?* I start thinking that there is, in fact, a "***creator***", some mighty being, that imbued us with traits and abilities but who didn't tell us exactly how to handle them. Everything we become in our mortal phase, we keep being in the immortal phase, as our spiritual body or "beta" body is exactly like our mortal body plus everything else "energetic" like memories! Walking through nature is everytime a very intense experience to me, these days. I'm so aware of how mortal I am, but also more and more of how everything called "life on Earth" is an ingenious and complex system of processes that get us toward death!

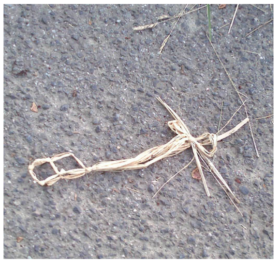
Death is not a punishment. It's a reward – literally an ascension into the next level of existence. Every pea I saw today made this more clear to me … (How fucking wrong to "punish" evildoers with killing them! They should have long lives and suffer!)

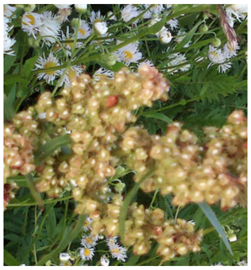
There was even a **ceramic pot** in a creek … and I asked Jacqui to bring it, and he did! I didn't want to step into the water, and he let go of it too early, so it drifted away. Which seemed a strange reminder that if someone already takes efforts, one shouldn't shy back from a bit of practical discomfort to complete the task so that the other person's effort isn't in vain.

And I got to nosh berries that I used to love in my childhood, "**Stachelbeeren**" (Gooseberries), "spike berries" or "stinger berries", literally … it was like "paradise". (Pun intended.)

… and raspberries.

Finally – a **string** showed up on my path, tied to a weird pattern …





… supposed to remind me how everything is intertwined and interconnected? Like the strange **seeds** on a plant, that I saw! Reminds me of the ancient Hawaiian idea to compare thoughts to "**grapes**" … or seeds like these, one after the other, tied together, growing on one common stalk, the mind.

And on the way back I saw a car whose license plate really struck me, it was ".. **66 II**". Now, at first I thought about John Papa Ii, the Hawaiian scholar I mention in my Hawaii documentary. But then I saw that if "II" is used as "11", it's 66 + 11, and that's **77**. **And that's one of the numbers Bob *said* in my dream two nights ago.**

*(__Note__: I don't know if that is of any relevance, but my father's wife Edith died on November 7, so on **11/7**, and **11/6** was a major day, too … but you'll get there.)*

Plus ... "Pitch Meetings", that satire on movie pitches done about real movies that were ridiculously dumb or otherwise bad, would be something Bob would have enjoyed so much, I can totally hear him speak like that genius Ryan guy ... and the **dragon fly** showed up! I found a dead one on the street the other day. And then in the "Pitch Meeting" for "Doolittle" the guy mentions a dragon fly.

<ins>July 1, 2020</ins>, Wednesday – **"Lei" & "Warrior Mask", the Tallest Stone & the Table**

July already. Shit. Again summer. **Clouds** … seem to mimic the landscape … and to talk to me. "Clouds are thoughts" … remember, Stoneman, how often I said that? My tomato plants are growing. I'm glad that Jacqui likes so much to be on the balcony, it's the first thing he wants to do in the morning, run out to check on … well, everything. Marshall, maybe. Including the two sheep, who'll be dead in fall.

I drove to Völkermarkt today to get an internet stick for my newly refurbished laptop ... got something called "Pocket WLAN". So I went to the store (the one where the nice young man, named Daniel I learned today) had gotten the akku for my old phone ... and the young woman was also kind of nice. There were two other customers coming in right after me, and as I realized that my session would take longer, I decided to leave again, go for a swim first in Klopeiner lake and return. I walked down the pavement, *by my car,* and I was about to cross the street, already asking myself where I was actually going (to a store at the other corner?) ... when a **car** came from the left, with an **older man** and **a woma**n inside, both ***white haired, both appeared in such a sweet and deep union***, as they looked at me and the dog ... and from the front mirror dangled **a Hawaiian "lei"**, a flower garland (from plastic) and **a Hawaiian warrior mask**.

Talk about a greeting! That's not a likely thing to see in Völkermarkt!

Right afterwards, I saw cars with their license plate numbers containing "**910**" and "**911**", in successions. A Hawaii greeting ... how special. How clear.

Last night I took Jacqui on an unusual evening route ... and there it was, too: A very old-fashioned arrangement of **two chairs at an old-fashioned or antique romantic table,** and behind that - **the tallest stone** of all Griffen. I had seen that stone before but never managed to photograph it, because either there were people at the house or I was with two dogs ... but last night it worked.

That old fashioned group of table and chairs with the lantern on top so reminded me of the pictures I had just found of Ruth Finley (aka "Joan") ... of her day and age, and the style there, and her relationship with Emmet (aka "Darby") who died five years before her at the age of 59. She was 71 when she died, so she was older than him. And she was a journalist ... the quilting lady was sure a greeting from her.

And the view of that stone and the two chairs at the table ... that just now reminds me of the scenario I saw ... in **Norway**, actually. Just an hour *before my beloved dog Kimba died.* That scene at the “artists’ house” on the Fjord, where I saw those ***two people sitting*** (who weren’t there) ... and Kimba came to me, sat down in front of my knees and looked straight at the spot where the two (invisible) people were next to me ...

Well, that kind of ***atmosphere*** was in that garden with the tall stone.

(Note, November 16: Well, only just now I realize that ***I actually did see dead people*** there, a tall blond man in his mid-thirties and a dark haired woman in a black fur coat in her early fifties. He was sitting on the balustrade, and she was sitting next to me, turned towards him, on a chair. I remember how baffled I was, but I also thought that I had simply imagined them. But then … Kimba looked at them too … and the same evening, he died.)

And I had the thought, last evening, walking by there, that it was really a hint that my big tall "Stone" was now with those people from previous centuries ...

Back on Maui ...

Last night, lying down to sleep, suddenly ***I was on Maui.*** I was in my Maui bed, and it was easy to totally "be there" because I heard a slight sound of my neighbor's TV, and that was enough to catapult me back to the Maui house, so much that I even smelled it. I saw myself in that house, on my beloved futon, the best bed ever, and how I was lying there, and outside was Pukalani and the garden and the view down to Kahului ... and I was home, and Bob was working in the edit room and I heard him and the music or his voice-over ... I had heard that a thousand times ... him doing some editing while I was already in bed. Then I'd hear the switching off of his fan under the table, the sounds of the closing doors ... he'd come in to get water from the dispenser ... then I'd hear his bedroom door close ... and many times I cried then ...

The sounds of living there and how everything feels ... was right with me. As if I was really there.

Waking up this morning, it was like waking up on Maui. I "felt" how it is to step out of the bed onto that old beige carpet floor, in the beginning heat, and how I'd open the glass door to the lanai to let the air in through the screen door, and I'd look down into the valley ... maybe go to the bathroom ... maybe Bob was already in the edit room, and I'd scratch at the door, open it slightly, and we'd say "Good Morning" ...

I wonder how many times he'd been very unhappy about my presence and not told me ... I just remember that every day I had the new hope that we'd be so close again like we were at the beginning ...

I've been having a million thoughts about Bob again these past days ...

And today, getting up and around in the morning, I felt so old and desperate ... I realized that maybe I should give everything up?

Not bother, not try?

Then, at some other hour, I thought that ***I have not yet tried everything*** in terms of communications. With Bob, that is.

And today, coming back from a wonderful swim in Lake Klopeinersee, it was crystal clear and deep turquoise ... I thought that someone is "out there" waiting for my story ... this contact diary and of course "Regents of Clouds" and the two sequels. If I should come back for another lifetime, I want to find my own work of this lifetime known in public … and I want to recognize it. I do think, sometimes, that I “am” Stewart or Betty or Ruth or Emmet … and that I’ve come back and have managed, this time, to recognize “our” work.

Sounds nuts … but it’s not as nuts as what happened to me in my twenties in terms of “past lives”.

Still ... it all feels heavy and sad. And difficult.

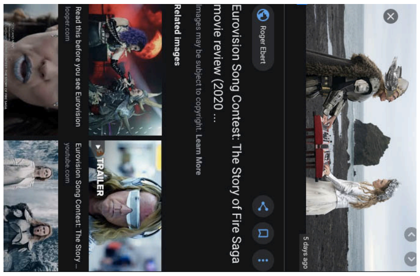
My mother? Was that it? That she'll never be my mother again, like she was? Likely. Why would it change? My father? Wants nothing to do with me. (*Note: A cruel and yet so helpless narcissist person with a huge disorder all his life*.) My little mother … never had a real partner …The question is only what will come next ... how much help from me and what kind she'll need soon ... how much time do I have ... for things to do? To live?

I speak to Bob often ... but it's much harder here with a medium than it's in Vienna. I do want to meet with Dr. Alice again ... but she was sick the last time I wrote to her ... maybe I should try again.

Many times I'm not sure what to focus on.

Last night, I tried out the movie watching functioning of my "new" old laptop ... and I watched a few more "Pitch" sessions ... where, again, there were distinct references to Bob and me ...

But I also watched the movie "**Fire Saga**" about that Islandic musicians couple, with Will Ferrell and Rachel McAdams ... so silly, so badly and primitively written ... kind of nice to watch.


5 days ago
Roger Ebert
Eurovision Song Contest: The Story of Fire Saga movie review (2020 ...
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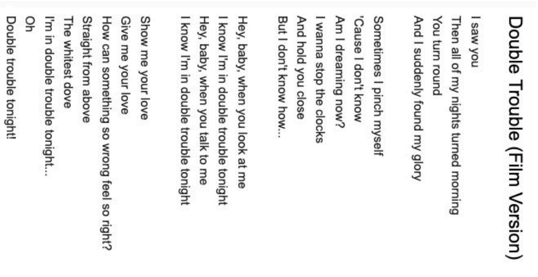


Double Trouble (Film Version)

I saw you
Then all of my nights turned morning
You turn round
And I suddenly found my glory

Sometimes I pinch myself
'Cause I don't know
Am I dreaming now?
I wanna stop the clocks
And hold you close
But I don't know how...

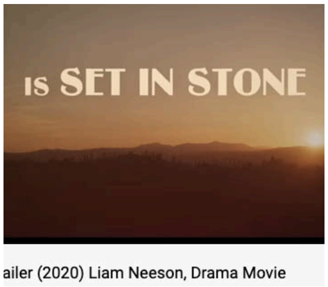
Hey, baby, when you look at me
I know I'm in double trouble tonight
Hey, baby, when you talk to me
I know I'm in double trouble tonight

Show me your love
Give me your love
How can something so wrong feel so right?
Straight from above
The whitest dove
I'm in double trouble tonight...
Oh
Double trouble tonight!

July 1, 2020 – Rodent, Set in Stone

Just watched a random trailer, "***Made in Italy***", and Liam Neeson makes the fun "**rodent**" impression Bob often did, with hands clawing and all ...

Play (k)
0:57 / 2:44
MADE IN ITALY Trailer (2020) Liam Neeson, Drama Movie


IS SET IN STONE
ailer (2020) Liam Neeson, Drama Movie

IS SET IN STONE
1:50

… and then a title card appears about stuff being "**set in stone**" ...

I miss being with Bob so much, I think I can't breathe.

I was skipping through **other movies**, too, trying to end up with something I actually want to watch … but all I got are strange snippets …

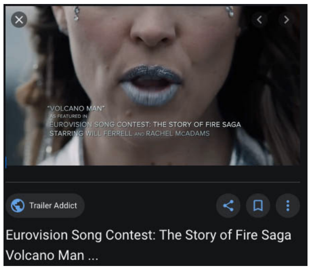
July 2, 2020 **– Fool Moon**

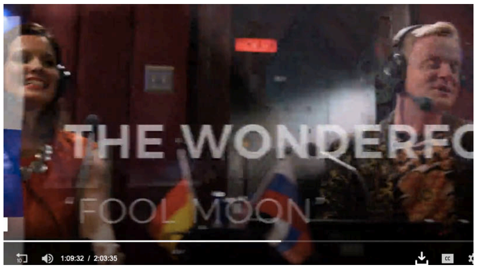
More sad than ever ... missing Bob, missing Marshall, missing my mother, my life, my brother, Maui, everything.

I looked into the sink today and suddenly read "Stewt", the name Betty White called her husband ... and I was catapulted back into what may be my "kuleana"?

I must communicate. But with whom?

Just found the lyrics of the song "Double Trouble" from the movie "**Fire Saga**" ... very suiting. There is even a song called "**Volcano Man**" ... Another song in the contest is "***Blame it on the Moon***". Yup. Blaming alright.


"VOLCANO MAN"
AS FEATURED IN
EUROVISION SONG CONTEST: THE STORY OF FIRE SAGA
STARRING WILL FERRELL AND RACHEL MCADAMS
Trailer Addict
Eurovision Song Contest: The Story of Fire Saga
Volcano Man ...


THE WONDERF
FOOL MOON
1:09:32 / 2:03:35

July 3, 2020

Good one, Stoneman!

I was driving to the store today, thinking about last night's conversation and my being immersed in the subject of moviemaking, and I said to Bob out loud "And I forgot about you ..." I was going to continue "being dead" ... and just that moment a car passed by my with the license plate number "**250 MS**"! 250! Bob's phone number and MS just like "SM", Bob's signature for "Stoneman"! And just before that, a car left a parking spot just before me with "808 BT", and right after that, a car left another parking spot just before me after shopping, with "888 BS"! So there, yes, I feel talked to.

Last night was a very kind of unsettling experience, but I think I managed it okay. Manfred F. called me ... and he pretty much talked non-stop and totally overstepped boundaries in terms of "How do you talk to a filmmaker" ... it would be impossible for me to work with him. I couldn't possibly go into detail about that, but sitting on that bench on Schlossberg mountain at nightfall, my dog at my feet, me looking down to Griffen, talking with that kind of weird man on the phone, I felt *Bob sitting next to me* ... in a way. In another way I was so immersed in the conversation, that I was pretty much "run over by a train", that's what it felt like after the two hours of ... mostly listening.

So then I realized that I had been thinking and listening as a producer / director, then I realized that I have no money to even think of making a movie, but I also realized how much "me" that storytelling thing still is.

And back home I had watch some trailers and some more "Pitch Meetings" ... and I realized that I have to do something about the movie thing, seriously.

But that I can't just grab the first best thing, but that I must be selective and outspoken and not do anyone a freaking favor!

This morning I told Manfred that it's not going to work out between us (his main interest seems to be catering, and he wants everything to be done and go his way ... geez!) ... and that felt good. So - check! That possibility is gone. I thought he was a decent guy to work with ... maybe he is, just not at this point in my life for me.

Also, I found out last night that I'm pretty much fucked in terms of editing with my beloved Media 100, because since the OS Catalina, the newest system I have installed now, ***Media 100 doesn't run anymore***. And Bob had said to me that he installed it on my laptop *"So that you can do real editing"* ... I do want to do real editing with my MacBook! I'm really sad about the Media 100 being a 32-bit app that's not supported by Catalina (only 64-bit apps ...) it feels really like some kind of further separation from Bob ...

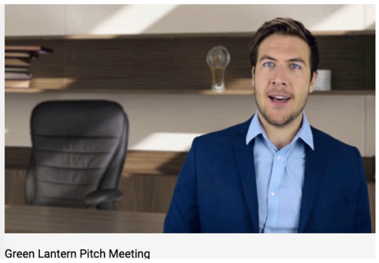
But then I saw "250 MS", and I literally broke out in a "Whoa, good one, Stoneman!" Because I saw the car seriously literally when I said "I almost forgot about you ..."

July 3, 2020 – **Rabbits and Clouds in the Pitch Meetings!**

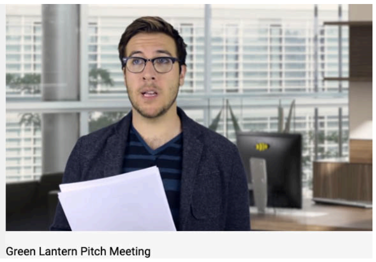
Oh wow!

The **"Pitch meeting"** character just said …

"One time I was looking up at the sky, and ***I saw a cloud shaped like a rabbit!"*** - "That's not natural ..." - "Sometimes clouds look like things!" - "That's scary as hell man!" - "Is it?" - "Yeah! Be shaped like a cloud, spooky cloud, don't be shaped like a rabbit!"

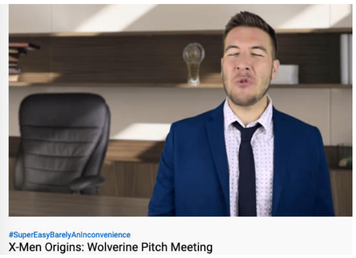


Green Lantern Pitch Meeting

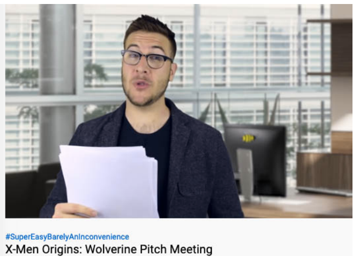


Green Lantern Pitch Meeting

WOW! Clouds and rabbits! My and Bob's theme! (The video about "***Green Lantern*** Pitch Meeting" is from May 2018.) And in another **“Pitch Meeting”** is about a lonely **moon** who has to roam the earth because he had a lover but was tricked by a trickster ...



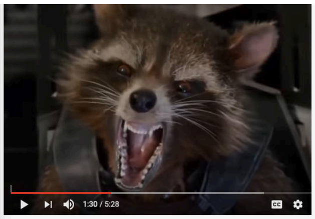
#SuperEasyBarelyAnInconvenience
X-Men Origins: Wolverine Pitch Meeting



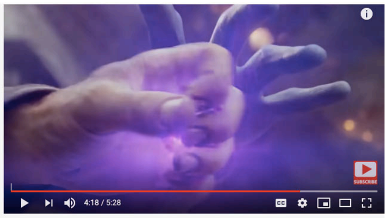
#SuperEasyBarelyAnInconvenience
X-Men Origins: Wolverine Pitch Meeting

More came up … like comments by “Pitch Meetings” audience …

Or a "**racoon**" in the "**Pitch Meeting**" for "**Guardians of the Galaxy**" … the weird **fingers**, and there is also an "**Infinity Stone**"! It's not like I watched the whole videos, I only skipped though them and ended up at such "hints" …



Guardians of the Galaxy Pitch Meeting



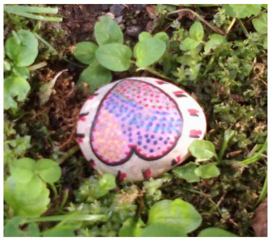
Guardians of the Galaxy Pitch Meeting

Play (k)
4:21 / 5:28
Guardians of the Galaxy Pitch Meeting

Guardians of the Galaxy Pitch Meeting

Took a late afternoon walk with Jacqui … along the big rock field asking what I should do in terms of my "kuleana", and the name of a famous old Austrian filmmaker came to my mind, Veit Heiduschka, he had already helped me once.

Am I supposed to write to him about Regents of Clouds? And there it was: **A stone with a heart!** Right on my path! ***Yes, it's the "Stana Tour" – the "stones tour" – where people put little stones everywhere with messages!*** But how strange, just now, for the last year this has been happening – just in time, in a way!?



A **thistle** close by reminded me of how "some people are special" … in everybody's life, because they have certain "jobs" to do for other people, for example, to lead them on a certain path. Never ever would I have imagined having to live my mortal life without Bob being in this world, too. The pain of losing him to the next stage of living, is supposed to lead me somewhere … and I know I've written about this many times. Still, I'm only mortal. And I'm aging.

Yet … seeing that ***stone … with the heart on it … yup, "a stone with a hard-on"*** … hahaha, that felt really like a greeting. I mean … on my path. The pattern painted on it also kind of reflects the surrounding, the fields with the various crops … There was alone **one single yellow flower** on my path, but it doesn't grow anywhere in the surroundings. So someone wore it, for some reason, and dropped it. Sure reminds me of the white and yellow *Plumeria* flowers that I'd pick up along the path "around the field" that Bob and I used to walk, every day, mostly twice. I always only picked up one for me and one for Bob. And when I walked alone, just one.

Can't believe that I won't ever do that again. What a fucked up life.

When I left housie for the last time, on September 11, 2018, I didn't know that I wasn't meant to return. The fact that I can't and won't return to Bob and to the house, to the place, the street, the smells, the feelings, the atmosphere … that's very hard to handle.

Amazing **cloud letters** during the walk through the pea and bean fields ... clearly "**SM**" or "**MS**", like I had seen before! And later, just as amazing forms ...

July 4, 2020

Where are the days when Bob said "Happy July fourth!" to me ...

Drove to Velden today, via **Forestlake**, where Jacqui and I swam … and during our hike, we encountered a very strange round **sun spot** on the ground … First, I stopped, because I wasn't sure what it was, but it was simply a sun spot, whatever that round thing above me was a leaf, I'm assuming – but I got to admit, I didn't check it out. It didn't occur to me, which I find odd, right now. (Reminds me of the puddle of June 28.)

(On the way back I also swam in the Wörthersee, only to see *a piece of shit float by me*) ...

On the highway, I saw right away and then baffling *car license plate numbers that “spoke” to me*, in a close row: "**250 DB**" (not sure about the letters), then I realized that I was driving behind a foreign truck with "**7250**", and another "**250 XXY**" passed by (don't remember what the XXY was). Then two cars passed by with both license plates ending on "**BO**", so it read "**BOBO**", and we know what that means.

Then I saw "**HASY**" meaning "little rabbit"! and right afterwards "**17222 J**", my birthdate and "222" in one ... And then a bike drove by with "**8 USA**".

I felt totally spoken to …

Back in Griffen, I saw "**911 HU**", and then "**906 HU**". Felt significant.

Marshall was like glued to the fence and was so happy to see Jacqui and me, and I did go there and patted him, when his assface owner came out of the house and banged the door close, not looking at me. Fuck him.

My mother was quiet, distanced, and I’m worried about her nail-biting. But she doesn’t look so starved anymore. When I kissed her goodbye, she lifted her forearm, as if she was trying to push me away ... even if she did that subconsciously ... it was very painful.

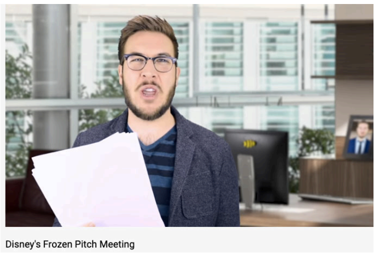
I weeded my brother's grave, and I thinking about getting information about how to give it up. I'll end up with the urn, but I think I can handle it. It hurt me today, realizing, that if I didn't take care of the grave, nobody would. Not my father or my mother. Well, then.

Driving back I also reminisced a little bit my youth, and it really sucked.

Then, I discovered, that the **cherry tree** on the yard just a few meters down the hill, with the kind of **sour, but big bright cherries** that I so much wanted to pick (but I only kept stealing two at a time) – *was cut down!* I was simply baffled! While I was gone, someone cut down my favorite tree! And left one **single cherry** on it! How strange is that? Oh had I only eaten those cherries!

(Later)

I skipped through a few “***Pitch Meetings***” … and in the one for “**Frozen**” someone said "**I get excited about procrastination!**" Yey. Bob and procrastination. That was his thing. Not in a good way. Very interesting for me to “find” this …



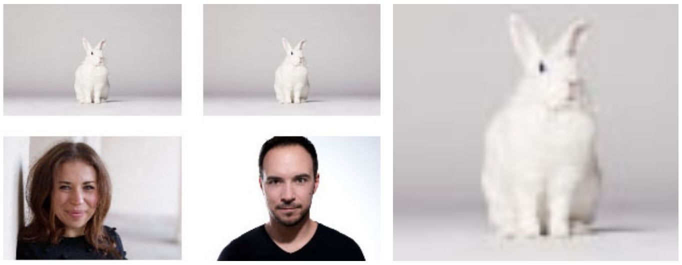
Disney's Frozen Pitch Meeting

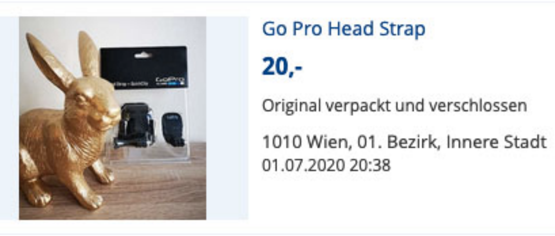
July 5, 2020 – **Rabbits & the Catcher in the Rye**

Today I was in a horrible mood, having heard Marshall bark in the night and kept imagining the worst things for his owner ... then took a walk with Jacqui. Then I had breakfast. And then this happened:

I watched a few trailers and suddenly realized that I really truly need to move forward with my "Regents of Clouds" kuleana, because a character said something about that she wants to be a woman who knows what she wants and isn't afraid to go after it! Yey. That's me. I mean, what else have I got to lose? Nothing, exactly.

So I thought, well, I need actors, and so I googled "***acting schools Carinthia***" (Schauspielschulen Kärnten), and the first one I opened was full of **white rabbits**! Bob's and my rabbit challenge! White ones, too! Just broke out in a major Maui-sweat. It's not that hot, but I'm covered in sweat all of a sudden. My Maui home. I miss it so much.





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1010 Wien, 01. Bezirk, Innere Stadt
01.07.2020 20:38

Then I was googling for video cameras …

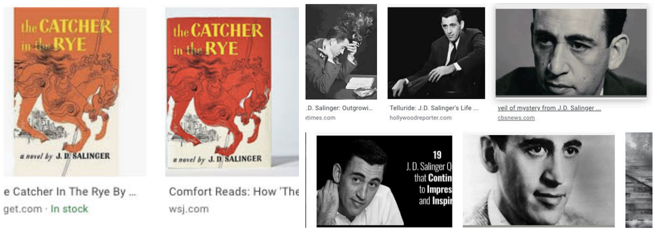
Also, while walking the **stone field** the other day, I saw those big **rye crop plantations** again, and I couldn't think of that famous book about someone in the rye ... But yesterday, waking up, suddenly in my mind it went "**Catcher in the Rye**". So I guess I'll have to look at up, there is some clue in that ... and also since I just reminded myself of it, by the word "catch-phrase" ... Oh! Just seeing that the genius who is making "Pitch Meetings" is named "Ryan"! **Ryan, rye?** Catcher, catch phrase? Synchronicity? Ryan George of “Pitch Meetings” has a few **catch phrases** that hundreds of thousands of fans love and that have been amusing me for weeks now. I watch a “Pitch Meeting”, and it’s like an anti-depressant (I read that in a commentary too). For example *“It’s very easy, barely an inconvenience.”*

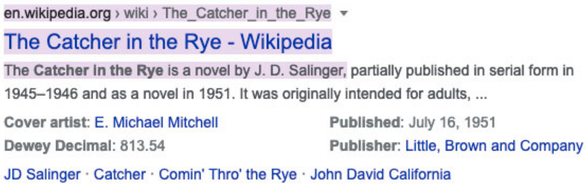
Is Bob answering my question if he enjoys the "Pitch Meetings" with me? Also that's why the many rabbits? Maybe?

Okay, "**Catcher in the Rye**" is by J. D. Salinger ...

Okay, I see the **horse** as the title image of the book ... and here is something. As I walked back from the cemetery yesterday, after weeding my brother Peter's grave, ***a very loud sound of a horse*** breathing, not neighing, more, you know, the snorting thing horses do, was to be heard. And I said "***Horsie***?" thinking of Bob who was a horse in Chinese astrology and he liked to see himself as a horsie. The weird thing: *There was no horse to be seen.* Maybe it was in a stable somewhere in the area, but the sound had been so loud as if a huge horse had been standing next to us, Jacqui also was a bit startled. I found the scenario surreal ... especially since I'd been repeating a lot the lines "You're the sun, and I'm the moon, you're the words and I'm the tune ..."

So and today I see those horse-images about the "catcher in the rye" ...





en.wikipedia.org › wiki › The_Catcher_in_the_Rye

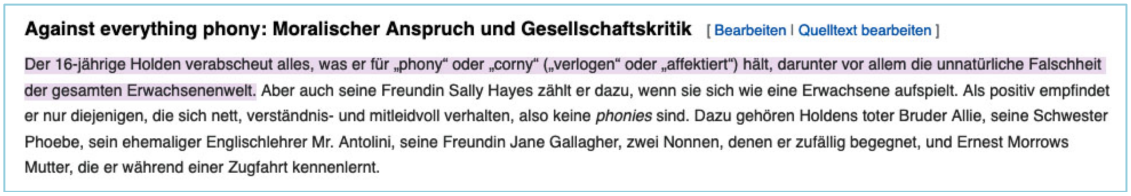
The Catcher in the Rye - Wikipedia

The Catcher in the Rye is a novel by J. D. Salinger, partially published in serial form in 1945–1946 and as a novel in 1951. It was originally intended for adults, ...

Cover artist: E. Michael Mitchell
Published: July 16, 1951
Dewey Decimal: 813.54
Publisher: Little, Brown and Company

JD Salinger · Catcher · Comin' Thro' the Rye · John David California

Well, J. D. (Jerome David) Salinger has the same mole in the right cheek like I have, and he has an intense look ... The main protagonist of “Catcher in the Rye” is like me … enormously pissed off by society:

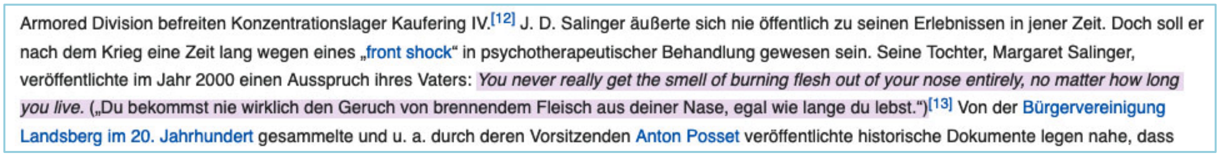


Against everything phony: Moralischer Anspruch und Gesellschaftskritik [Bearbeiten | Quelltext bearbeiten]

Der 16-jährige Holden verabscheut alles, was er für „phony“ oder „corny“ („verlogen“ oder „affektiert“) hält, darunter vor allem die unnatürliche Falschheit der gesamten Erwachsenenwelt. Aber auch seine Freundin Sally Hayes zählt er dazu, wenn sie sich wie eine Erwachsene aufspielt. Als positiv empfindet er nur diejenigen, die sich nett, verständnis- und mitleidvoll verhalten, also keine *phonies* sind. Dazu gehören Holdens toter Bruder Allie, seine Schwester Phoebe, sein ehemaliger Englischlehrer Mr. Antolini, seine Freundin Jane Gallagher, zwei Nonnen, denen er zufällig begegnet, und Ernest Morrows Mutter, die er während einer Zugfahrt kennenlernt.

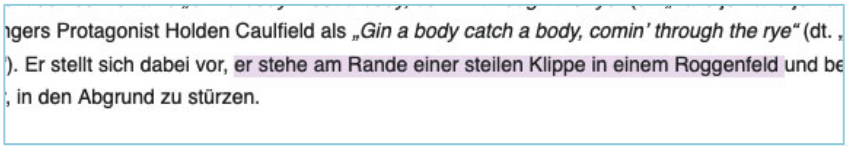
Well, according to Wikipedia he had an experience that resembles mine with **Bob's tumor**, its ***smell***, rather, but Salinger's was from the war front:

"You never really get the smell of burning flesh out of your nose entirely, no matter how long you live. („Du bekommst nie wirklich den Geruch von brennendem Fleisch aus deiner Nase, egal wie lange du lebst.“)

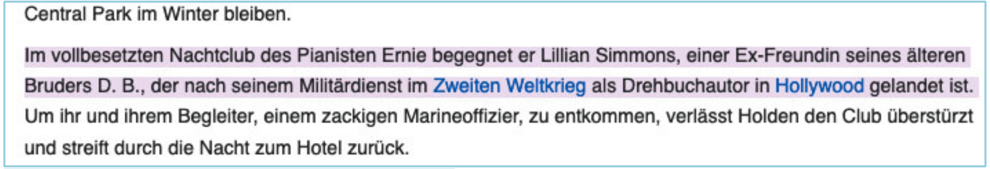


Armored Division befreiten Konzentrationslager Kaufering IV.[12] J. D. Salinger äußerte sich nie öffentlich zu seinen Erlebnissen in jener Zeit. Doch soll er nach dem Krieg eine Zeit lang wegen eines „front shock“ in psychotherapeutischer Behandlung gewesen sein. Seine Tochter, Margaret Salinger, veröffentlichte im Jahr 2000 einen Ausspruch ihres Vaters: *You never really get the smell of burning flesh out of your nose entirely, no matter how long you live.* („Du bekommst nie wirklich den Geruch von brennendem Fleisch aus deiner Nase, egal wie lange du lebst.“)[13] Von der Bürgervereinigung Landsberg im 20. Jahrhundert gesammelte und u. a. durch deren Vorsitzenden Anton Posset veröffentlichte historische Dokumente legen nahe, dass

Interessant ist auch im Plot Folgendes: ein Drehbuchauto in Hollywood, und die Erwähnung des Songs "Little Shirley Beans", weil ich gleich nach dem Roggenfeld an einem Bohnenfeld vorbei ging, wobei auf der anderen Seite ein Erbsenfeld war (und ich aß Erbsen und plauderte mit Bob darüber). All das klingt so, als ob Bob mir zu verstehen geben will, dass er da mit dabei war ... und bei mir ist?

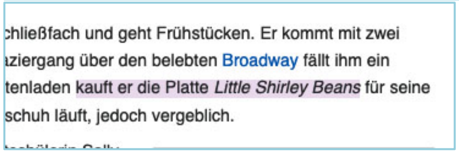


ıgers Protagonist Holden Caulfield als „*Gin a body catch a body, comin’ through the rye*“ (dt. „
). Er stellt sich dabei vor, er stehe am Rande einer steilen Klippe in einem Roggenfeld und be
, in den Abgrund zu stürzen.



Central Park im Winter bleiben.

Im vollbesetzten Nachtclub des Pianisten Ernie begegnet er Lillian Simmons, einer Ex-Freundin seines älteren Bruders D. B., der nach seinem Militärdienst im Zweiten Weltkrieg als Drehbuchautor in Hollywood gelandet ist. Um ihr und ihrem Begleiter, einem zackigen Marineoffizier, zu entkommen, verlässt Holden den Club überstürzt und streift durch die Nacht zum Hotel zurück.



chließfach und geht Frühstücken. Er kommt mit zwei
ıziergang über den belebten Broadway fällt ihm ein
tenladen kauft er die Platte *Little Shirley Beans* für seine
schuh läuft, jedoch vergeblich.

Im Titel geht es um dieses Lied über den Roggen, wobei ahnungslose Kinder in einem Roggenfeld spielen, wo es aber eine versteckte Klippe gibt, über die sie zu Tode stürzen können. Also ***ist der Tod das Thema*** von diesem Titel. Wie von meiner Seele.

Außerdem kommt der *Central Park* in New York drinnen vor, und da gibt's ein Foto von mir unter einem riesen Blatt, und in den letzten Tagen habe ich oft so riesen Blätter gesehen und daran gedacht, dass ich damals unter so einem Blatt im Central Park war, das war 2001, als ich mit Hadassah zu Besuch bei ihrer Familie war, gleich nach 911, und ein paar Tage danach kam ich zum ersten Mal nach Maui!

I read the summary of that book, and yes, somethings I can definitely relate to ... hating everything phony, wanting to flee, feeling responsible, thought, for "a child", like my mother or the little dog ... and realizing that one has a "kuleana".

The **horse** of the image is the merry-go-round horse that the character Holden's sister Phoebe sits on, after she pretty much kept him from giving everything up and freaking out.

Is it ***my little brother Peter***, talking to me like that? Warning me to make rash decisions, to despair before my potential is truly realized in this life? Sounds mature and great, right? It’s only because I’m writing this and must focus on finding proper words. My inner world is a garbage dump ravaged by evil critters.

Yesterday at my brother Peter’s grave I had the feeling that he kind of "sent me away" with the thought "it's only soil and flowers, you've got better things to do than standing here". Right after that happened ***the loud horse breathing*** ...

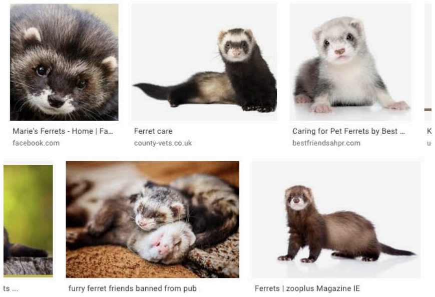
July 5, 2020, Sunday **– “Ferret”, “The Marten” & the Sun Spots**

Wow! Now, the interpretation of what follows may sound really far-fetched, and it probably is. But it still was an amazing experience what happened today …

I went for a walk in the **forest** (in Griffen, next to the beaver infested biotope reeds lake) with Jacqui this afternoon (nobody did anything with Marshall, breaks my heart), and I was so tired, that I didn't even feel like walking very far. So I took a little side path to find a spot to sit on the ground, and after a few spots I thought would work, I picked one *on a little hill*, with a steeper hill up next to my right, and a steep hill down to my left. So we sat, Jacqui and I, him his usual kind of nervous forest-listener, and I tried to relax, to figure out what to do.

Before leaving I looked into the mirror, and for the first time in my life I saw that my face is beginning to show thin vertical lines! And parts of my cheeks are sunken in. Wow.

So we sat there for a few minutes ... then I fell really tired, but got stung by some insect and didn't fall asleep but got up slowly to walk back home. As soon as we had done a few steps, some **noise** sounded in the quiet (very light) forest, up the steep hill *right* next to us ... and sure enough, **a dark animal with a longish tail** ran *right behind the spot where we had just sat* across the forest between the trees, *from right to left!* I was baffled! That animal must have been there all the time, watching us, just a few meters away from us! I have never seen any other animals at all in that forest, except for an occasional bird. So that critter must have sat right “next” to us, up the hill, just about 15 meters away! And it must have been there when I picked that very spot.


Marie's Ferrets - Home | Fa...
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furry ferret friends banned from pub
Ferrets | zooplus Magazine IE

So Jacqui and I looked, and I was spontaneously worried, because what if it was some kind of wild dog or even a wolf or some fox with rabies and would come down to us? It sure must have been sitting quietly just when we had sat there quietly, because we would have heard it ...

I said (in English!), ***"Are we in trouble?"***

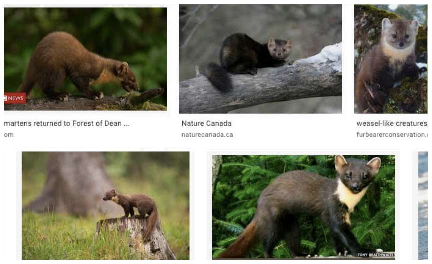
No animal to be seen anymore, though. So we walked on slowly, a few steps and then: **The furry animal came swishing *back* again from the left and ran back in the right direction to where it had come from!**

And the weirdest thoughts came to my mind!

I thought “***ferret***”, yes, in English! I thought it was a “Marder” (German for “marten), but I thought “ferret” was the translation of it. And then I thought: "Double Trouble", the song from the movie "Fire Saga"! It features and was written by Will Ferrell! And I made the connection “ferret / Ferrell”, but at the same time I knew that it was kind of far-fetched. Still! I had said out loud “Are we in trouble?!” (in English), and being “in double trouble”, that’s the refrain of the song “Double Trouble”!

And: Walking through the forest, **I had been singing** a few *lines of the* ***song*** *from the movie “Fire Saga”*: “**I saw you, and then, all my nights turned into mornings.**” And then I continued something like “And then you died, and I, fell into a stinking dark fucking hole.”

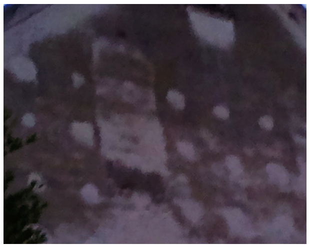
So the fact that the animal had run **twice**, seemed to make so much sense in terms of **"double trouble"!** *(**Note**: Now I know that there is a difference between ferret and marten, and it was certainly a marten.)*

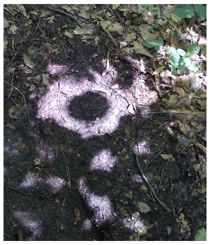


I actually had liked the movie “Fire Saga”, even though its plot is ridiculous, but I love the two actors, they were so sexy together … But here it is: I always want Bob to ***prove*** to me that he is watching with me! I think that this event counts. “Ferrell”, “double trouble”, the singing …

On the way back … the wide fields baffled me again, especially because there are always plants in them of a different kind …

Also, during Jacqui and my evening walk, I noticed **spots on an old mill house** where I come by often … they reminded me of the strange **sun spot** in the forest that I had photographed … Is Bob telling me that he sees what I see? Of course he is. Why must I always doubt it?





July 6, 2020 **– The Plane**

I swam in **lake Klopeiner See** today ... turquoise blue, and actually kind of the same direction as my last glorious swim at Paia ... looking at Pukalani, knowing that Bob was up there ... just that across Paia the planes would fly, to Kahului airport ...

And as I was swimming, a **plane** (!) was flying (!) totally low (!) ***like on Maui***! And I said out loud "Sky shark!" as that was the word for the planes that Bob and I said everytime ... and it looked like a blue and white shark totally, that plane! Never have I seen a plane that low across that lake! Any lake for that matter! Wow! It was like I was on Maui! The clear water, me swimming, the plane ... A little later: a kind of “**plane**” or “bird” formed from **clouds**!

(Later) As I'm writing this there is a huge rain storm, with a siren having just gone off ... who knows what happened ... it's 8.30 pm, almost dark, thunder ...

I miss Bob and Maui so much.

I went to Willhaben to look for video cameras ... after the rain reminded me of Maui, and now it's like I'm in a serious identity fuck-up ... What happened to my life? I can't do shit without Bob. I don't want to. He was not supposed to die. (Breaking out in major tears right now.)

But as I browsed the video camera ... a **rabbit** showed up! A golden one! In the video cameras section. Fuck everything.

July 7, 2020 – **Dany, the Savior of Humanity**

Okay, in a “Pitch Meeting” (the newest “Terminator”) that I was going to watch just over desert (pralines), Ryan just said **"So we meet that girl Dani, right, and she's going to be the future leader and savior of humanity ..."**

Terminator: Dark Fate Pitch Meeting

„Dark Fate“ for „Dani“, no shit.

HAHAHAHAHA! Good one, Bob! ***“... that girl Dani ...”*** That’s me! *“Savior of humanity”?* Oh sure, if they let me …

Today there was extreme stress: A continuous loud sound like a constant siren started about 10 a.m. and it wouldn’t stop. It was inescapable and extremely loud … but up here on the hill it must have been louder than anywhere else. Seriously, like a siren, I thought I go nuts. And I called around and nobody knew what it was, not even the fucking police! People said on the phone to me that they don't hear anything, when it was so loud up here that you wouldn't have been able to talk normally with each other on the balcony. And little Marshall was entirely alone all day, after nobody did anything with him yesterday and Sunday either, but I'm not allowed to walk him?

My neighbor across the street, the one who lives in the “house of the sun” and has a day care center there … she also called the police, as she was going nuts, too, and she then told me that it was the company Sinnex, doing some ventilation stuff … unbelievable.

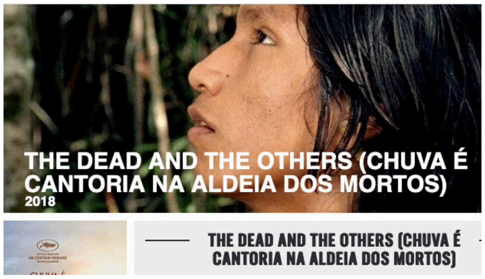
(***Note***: November 17, *just noticed something for the first time!* Right under the actual “House of the Sun” on Maui, where Bob and I lived, ***our next-door-neighbor had a child-daycare-center too! Wow!*** The sun on the house here makes so much more sense, again! I was supposed to move here, oh yes. But I’m also supposed to move away now, too. We called her “Grandma”, and she’d water the dirt out of the lawn for hours! Holding the hose at a spot for minutes, flushing the soil from the lawn … wasting gallons upon gallons of water! Oh how often did Bob and I shake our heads about this! Grandma’s own grandson’s name was “***Hunter***”, and she’d scream his name all the time … oh those were the days …)

And then … I really didn't see that one coming, with ***"Dani, the future leader and savior of humanity"!*** Geez! Seriously? I'm almost interested in the movie now!

Oh - hey! One more thing. Just before watching that “Pitch Meeting” I said to myself instead of Bob "Dani girl!" in the voice and tone he would have used. And *just minutes later*, I end up hearing Ryan say it! What are the odds?

Then I heard something like "... sends a terminator back in time to kill Dani". Oh shucks.

Also somehow this Spanish movie came to my attention online (I browse through trailers, at times), … “The Dead and the Others …”. ‘kay then.



THE DEAD AND THE OTHERS (CHUVA É CANTORIA NA ALDEIA DOS MORTOS)
2018

THE DEAD AND THE OTHERS (CHUVA É CANTORIA NA ALDEIA DOS MORTOS)

July 8, 2020 – **Insights about Nature**

Again … I marveled at nature, not in a happy way, just pensively … today, at **sunflowers** that seemed like conscious beings to me, observing me … that seemed so mighty today, and when I looked up to the kernels I realized again, how mankind has used nature to have parts of it evolve into a body-feeding system … and it works.

Of course, eventually I thought “Ah, sun flower … my flower! A flower like me? Tall? With a lot to give … pretty, tough … and with her head bent …” Not really me. Plus, all the **hemp plants** all over the place … not sure if this is smokable weed.

The **clouds** with angels and “**arrows**” pointing “into the future” seemed to tell me … “We know that you are in awe and have these insights, right on!” I’m trying.

July 9, 2020

Just another **rabbit** … and a striking new advertising slogan of the **bank** I still have an account with, in Hawaii: **“Going Beyond”.**

DAS K
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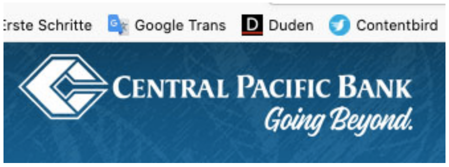
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July 10, 2020 – **The Stones, the Drawings, the Gourds & the Clouds**

I just received a big push, I think.

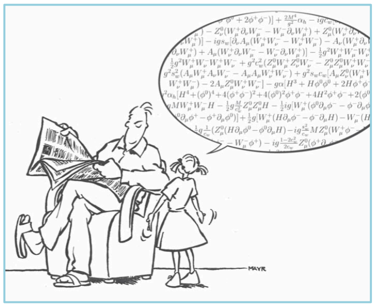
First ... last night, I felt *touched* on my face … I think, but I can’t remember. Just that it was the first physical impression like this ever. And it spooked me a little, as I had to think of my mother, and I suddenly hoped she hadn't died.

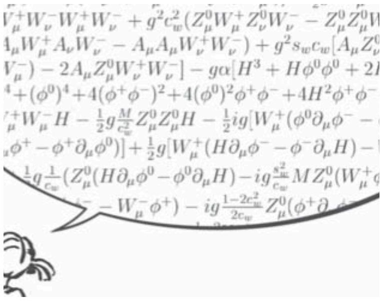
I also had an immensely complex and intense **dream** - but I can't recall it right now. I do know that it involved a relationship with someone, a man, actually, and a lot of gross or disturbing or dangerous stuff relating to it. I think I did get out of the dream situation, or at least I didn't suffer any destruction ... (just had to think of the many times I met Bob in the kitchen in the morning, and he only took a glimpse at me and said “***Okay, one of those dreams, huh***.” Yes, I had so many extremely intense dreams with incredibly dangerous life-threatening situations so that I woke up knowing that the awakeness during the day would actually be the “resting time” for me again.

Today, then, when I was working on editing jobs that proved very intense because of very bad writing, I was very immersed and realized how much time had already passed since the morning and that Jacqui needed out ... but then another job came, and I had to work more ...

And suddenly: A **butterfly** flew up to the window to my right, right next to my face, and it "stood" or "*hovered* " there for a few moments ... and with "*there*" I mean ***right next to my face***, on the other side of the glass, and then it flew off. I only saw it as a gray form, because I didn't have my glasses on and it was very bright behind that butterfly ... but I actually stopped working, because it was very baffling. It stopped me short. It felt like someone was giving me a reproachful glance, in the form of a butterfly.

Also, I somehow ended up seeing a **cartoon** somewhere *online* … and it struck me, because it reminded me of Bob saying to me that he *saw* ***numbers running*** *in front of his inner eye* … for minutes, and then it was over. It was a small stroke, I know it now, a “TIA”, a transient ischemic attack … I was with Bob when that happened, once, and I was so clueless. Who knows how many of those TIA he had had, and how many of those we keep having, we, the aging folks …





(I mean, ***what are the odds of happening to see such a cartoon*** … I don’t know how I “found” it, I sure wasn’t looking. It was related to some pop-up window …)

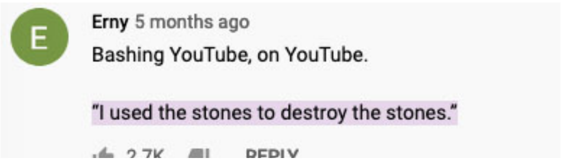
Last night, I thought I'd go crazy because of a fly that just wouldn't stop roaming my bedroom. I got up several times, trying to shoo it outside ... to no avail. At some point I woke up, and it already wasn't totally dark anymore, hearing my pulse in my right ear loudly and the fly's buzzing, and the light was on! I can't remember having switched on the light, but I did remember switching it off.

So I got up and went to the kitchen, and the fly promptly followed me there. Then I quickly went back into the bedroom and locked the fly out. Then I slept in until 9.30 am! How stupid of me to be upset for so long when there is such a simple solution!

Today I kept thinking what a bad luck it is that Manfred F., that strange actor, had given me the link to a US-production company who is looking for big projects for Netflix, and anyone was able to submit scripts! But it had closed this "prompt" on July 6! Geez, why am I always too late?

I did write to them asking to please be allowed to still pitch, even though too late! Haven't received an answer until today. (*Note: Never received one. But I submitted to other prompts so far, as per Nov. 16.)*

I came across a saying by someone who commented on a movie:



Erny 5 months ago

Bashing YouTube, on YouTube.

"I used the stones to destroy the stones."

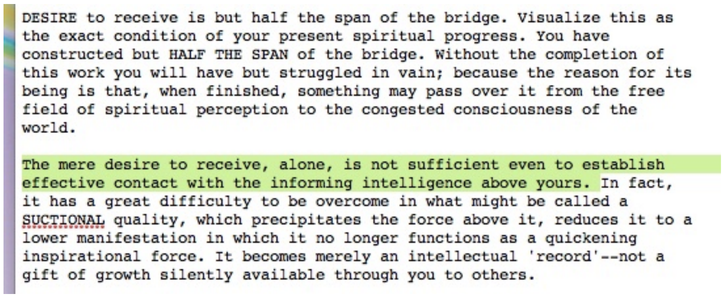
Why did I find this?

So I called my mother, all fine. She is just caught in her very limited life, and has a hairdresser's appointment again tomorrow. Every three (!) weeks she lets her hair be dyed and cut, but she never goes out with anyone, has no friends, nobody. Only shopping she goes, every day, and she keeps telling me, and has been for a year, that her favorite mineral water was out but now it's available again. Sometimes it's just too much for me to think that I won't ever "see" my "real mother" again.

So this afternoon I worked a little bit on the script of "Alien Waltz", that I've been feeling compelled to re-edit ... and then it was late and I was going to take Jacqui for a walk in the neighborhood. But instead, I drove to the **treehouse field**, and it was just **sunset**.

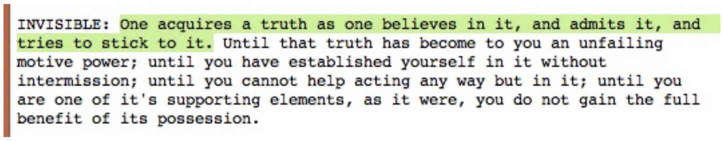
I plunged into a very deep emotional hole, and I felt Bob and at the same time missed him so much and became so clearly aware that he is gone for this my mortal remaining lifetime.

Promptly I had to cough, like for a long time, and my left breast hurt, it has been doing that a few times now ... as if my body wanted to remind me that my days are counted in a way, too. So ... I cried and cursed and asked "them" out loud to give me fucking proof that they are alive, *and Bob should damn well give me a* ***message***, appear or do something, without me having to go through a near-death-experience ... because I'm fucking mortal now, and I just can't help feeling lonely and desperate and mourn Bob's loss.



DESIRE to receive is but half the span of the bridge. Visualize this as the exact condition of your present spiritual progress. You have constructed but HALF THE SPAN of the bridge. Without the completion of this work you will have but struggled in vain; because the reason for its being is that, when finished, something may pass over it from the free field of spiritual perception to the congested consciousness of the world.

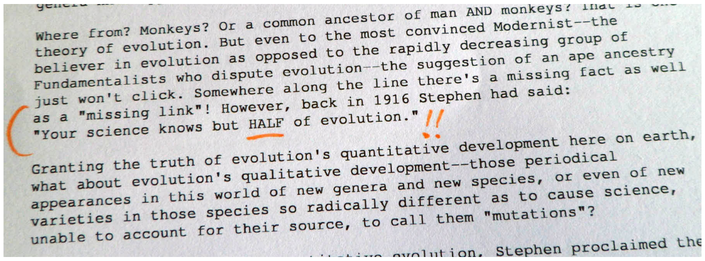
The mere desire to receive, alone, is not sufficient even to establish effective contact with the informing intelligence above yours. In fact, it has a great difficulty to be overcome in what might be called a SUCTIONAL quality, which precipitates the force above it, reduces it to a lower manifestation in which it no longer functions as a quickening inspirational force. It becomes merely an intellectual 'record'--not a gift of growth silently available through you to others.



INVISIBLE: One acquires a truth as one believes in it, and admits it, and tries to stick to it. Until that truth has become to you an unfailing motive power; until you have established yourself in it without intermission; until you cannot help acting any way but in it; until you are one of it's supporting elements, as it were, you do not gain the full benefit of its possession.

Yes, I should know better … (above excerpt from “Across the Unknown”)

And once again I went through the story of how Bob didn't tell me in time how sick he was, and how often he had rejected me, and that if we are both part of the project "the bridge", we both knew that we'd have to be mortals deeply in love and yet deeply damaged, and that one of us had to die earlier and the other one would have to do all that *what I've been doing in the past almost two years now.*



Where from? Monkeys? Or a common ancestor of man AND monkeys? theory of evolution. But even to the most convinced Modernist--the believer in evolution as opposed to the rapidly decreasing group of Fundamentalists who dispute evolution--the suggestion of an ape ancestry just won't click. Somewhere along the line there's a missing fact as well as a "missing link"! However, back in 1916 Stephen had said: "Your science knows but HALF of evolution." !!

Granting the truth of evolution's quantitative development here on earth, what about evolution's qualitative development--those periodical appearances in this world of new genera and new species, or even of new varieties in those species so radically different as to cause science, unable to account for their source, to call them "mutations"?

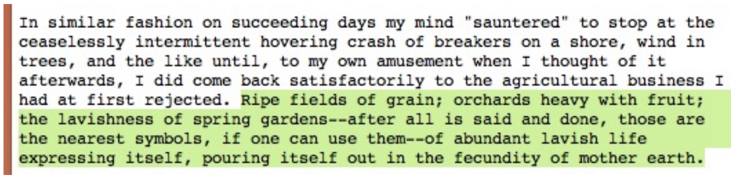
Stephen proclaimed the

(from “The Unobstructed Universe”)

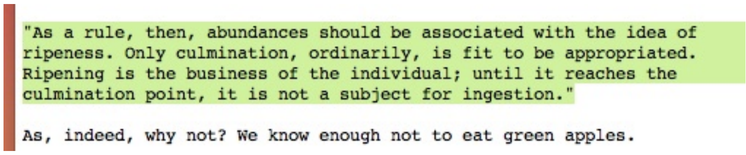
So I realized that I was walking next to a **huge gourd-field,** and gourds were such important vegetables in old **Hawaii**, I used to deal with them a lot in my documentary ... and it's the treehouse field of all fields, with the gourd plantations ...

A jogger ran by Jacqui and me and greeted nicely. I imagined "doing the field" with Bob, but I got so upset that I cried and cursed and say "fucking" a lot and asked Bob to really show himself.

I know that what I’m seeing, the fields … the fruits … have meaning. I just read about that (in “Across the Unknown” … and I’m drawn to all of it. But I also feel so physical and small very often … and part of me seems not even up to the task to fill the rest of my remaining lifetime with … my “kuleana”, helping to build “the bridge”.



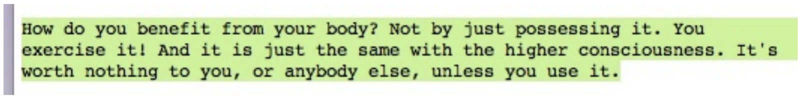
In similar fashion on succeeding days my mind "sauntered" to stop at the ceaselessly intermittent hovering crash of breakers on a shore, wind in trees, and the like until, to my own amusement when I thought of it afterwards, I did come back satisfactorily to the agricultural business I had at first rejected. Ripe fields of grain; orchards heavy with fruit; the lavishness of spring gardens--after all is said and done, those are the nearest symbols, if one can use them--of abundant lavish life expressing itself, pouring itself out in the fecundity of mother earth.



"As a rule, then, abundances should be associated with the idea of ripeness. Only culmination, ordinarily, is fit to be appropriated. Ripening is the business of the individual; until it reaches the culmination point, it is not a subject for ingestion."

As, indeed, why not? We know enough not to eat green apples.

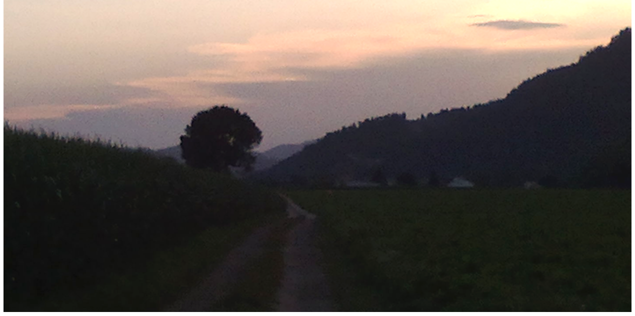
Yes, isn’t it so very special, that I open just one script and immediately come upon reflections of what I’m experiencing in real current life, the fields …? Just that the fruits around me aren’t ripe yet.

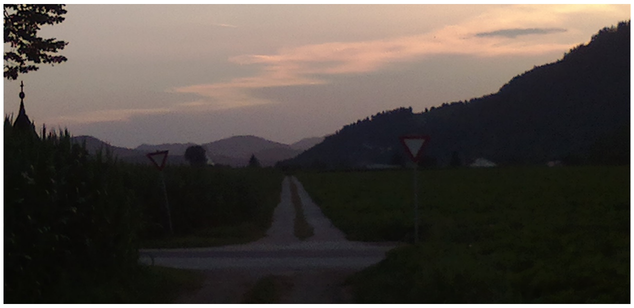


How do you benefit from your body? Not by just possessing it. You exercise it! And it is just the same with the higher consciousness. It's worth nothing to you, or anybody else, unless you use it.

But back to the ***treehouse field***, because something **amazing** happened: ***(Here it comes!)***

I saw very **strange zig-zag cloud pattern** ... "What the fuck is that?" I said, and the like. I have seen many interesting clouds, as I love to read clouds, but never have I seen zig-zag-clouds!

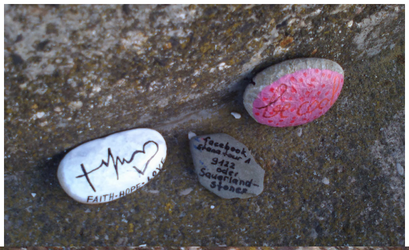


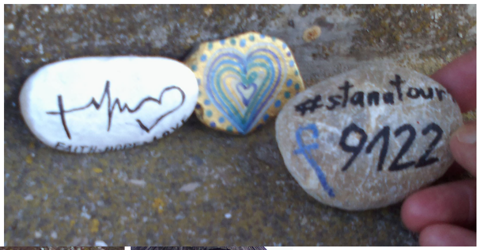


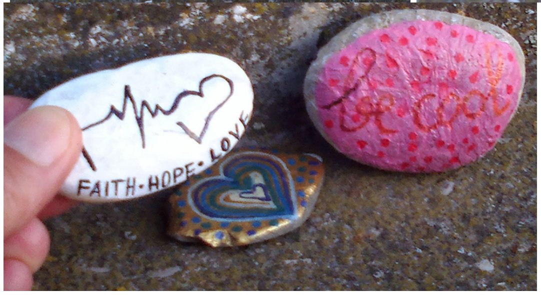
Then Jacqui and I arrived at the kind of **street side shrine** with the **roebuck** and the other figures, where we always that a break. And there they were: **Three stones, painted,** with writings on them. I find it so strange that just in that last year there has been that game or sport to put painted stones all over the place ... it's called **"Stana tour", "stones tour".**

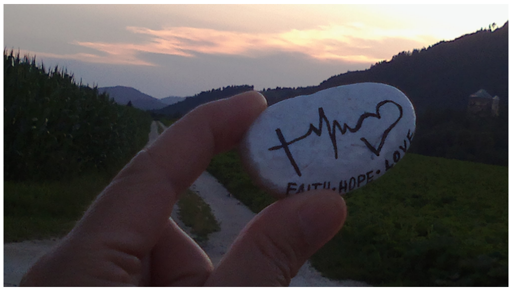
I've been finding them everywhere. I mean ... me, the one who finds things, as Bob was always amused about, *I'm finding stones all over the place, after my "Stone" died and left me*, and that's a public game somehow ... just in the time when I long to see "my Stone" all the time. So I get to see colorful and playful stones with meaning all the time everywhere. So today:

Thee stones were sweet, one read **"Be Cool"**, and I found that very suiting, as I was very heated and desperate. The middle one had a lovely **heart** painted on it ... and the one to the left ... had a very strange **drawing**, just outline, and it read **"faith, hope, love"**.

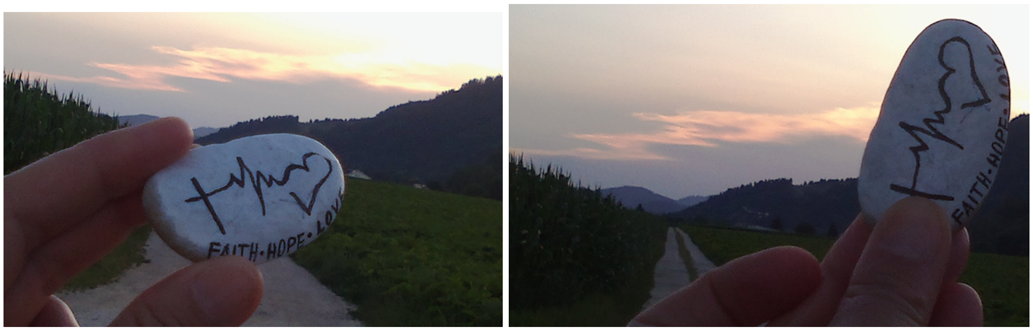






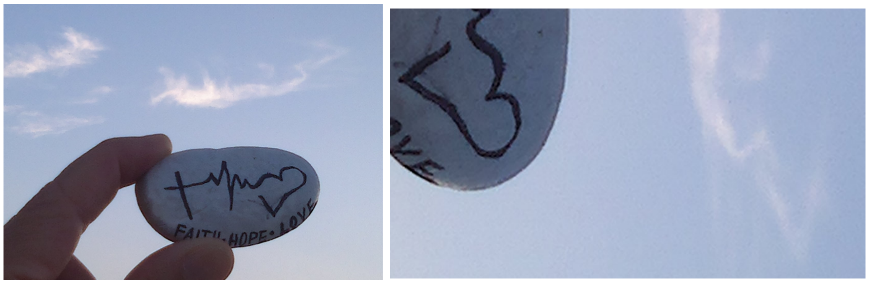


And as I looked up, after photographing the stones, that **outline drawing was in the sky, formed by clouds!** It sounds so banal ... but I can't say it differently ...That's why the "zig-zag"! I was about to find the stones, and the clouds mirrored what I was seeing!



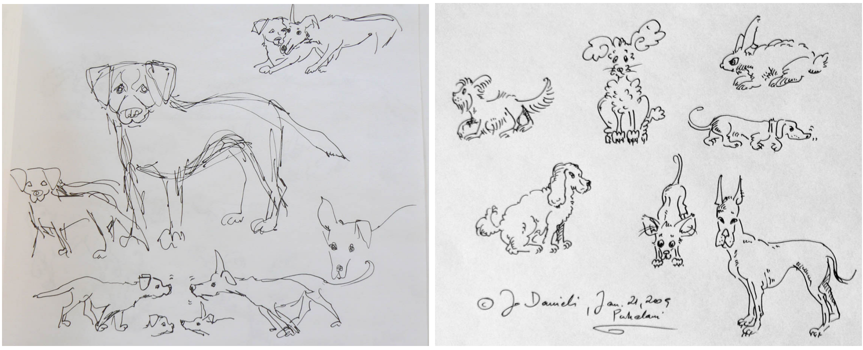
(Note: BUT – wait for it, this story has an aftermath! ***Another meaning*** *was going to hit me just a few days later, on August 30, and it's really something! That it reads "****Faith, Hope, Love!****" is also going to be totally relevant!))*

I was simply baffled ... and as I walked on, I looked straight up … and I saw **another "drawing in the sky"!** Just really amazing how it resembles the drawing on the stone that I held in my hand!



And something else!

I didn't think of that before (it came to me when I wrote the above events down), but just today I had been communicating with an ***illustrator*** ... oh wow, now that insight really strikes me ... so just today, I had sent *two* ***outline drawings*** *of mine* to an illustrator who had responded to my ad looking for an illustrator to make some drawings for "Alien Waltz", and he had also sent me a pdf with his drawings ... and I've sent him some of my drawings, for my animation-feature film script "Woodle", actually, "Wolves Are Us", my best-script-prize-winner!

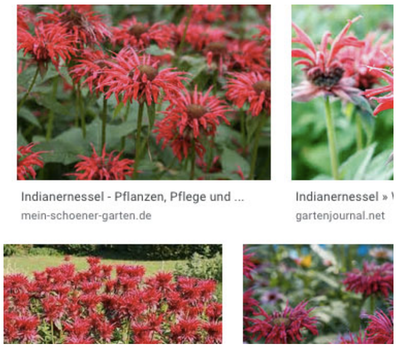


So I've been dealing with drawings in the form of outline sketches for days! And today, there I found a **stone** with **black outline drawing sketch on it!**

As I walked back towards my car … the clouds looked like they were "workers" "going home after a full day of toiling …

Also:

Last night, during my late walk with Jacqui, a neighbor, *Ingrid, invited me into her garden*, and we chatted. I had suggested cooked ginger to her, and she was all excited and had told me that she'd been cooking the ginger and drinking it and feels so great. So she wanted to chat about plants and herbs and about me and her and the people in whose house I live and who give me all that grief ... she is a true chatterbox. But she gifted me with the most wonderful homemade syrups and jams, so lovely. I learned about a plant that's called "***Indian Melissa***" or "Indian Nettle" (Monarda didyma, the crimson or scarlet beebalm) ... and she gave me syrup from that plant, and it's just delicious.



Indianernessel - Pflanzen, Pflege und ...
mein-schoener-garten.de

Indianernessel » \
gartenjournal.net

1:34 / 9:45
781
17
SHARE
SAVE

Mädesüß - Rheuma heilen - Hilfe bei Kinderkrankheiten - Wildkräuter sammeln - Kraut und Küche

29,748 views • Jul 20, 2014

So when I got back home last night, I googled that plant ... and in the course of doing that, I came across *another plant*, called "**Mädesüss**" (Filipendula ulmaria), which means "Sweet Girl", and I realized that it was exactly that plant that I had seen in the forest at Forestlake a lot and had been *wondering* about. It has great healing qualities ... contains salicylic acid and is therefore highly anti-inflammatory. Originally its name was "Spiraea ulmaria", and the name "*Aspirin*" comes from that! The plant is against coughing (hahaha, me and my coughing since 2013, maybe I have lung cancer?), fever and infections, supports sweating and urinary functions.

Now I just remember something else that came to my attention last night, chatting with my neighbor! When she told me about "Indian Nettle", she said that the local name of it was "**Loisi**". And I thought I don't hear right, because that's what I call my dog, "Loisi", and I don't even know why ... maybe it comes from "Lausi", which means "little louse", but of all names that woman, witch who I had visited for the first time, said "Loisi"! Is that some kind of message in itself, Bob telling me that he is in fact with me and hears and sees what I'm doing?

And today, *after* discovering the drawing on the stone in the clouds, I saw that on the other side of **"the end of the road next to the treehouse"** was "**Mädesüss**" seaming the path! Right next to the bridge, too! It was the flower that I had picked for my mother a little while ago, at Forestlake!

So it was so intense ... the stones, the drawings, the clouds, the plants, the gourds, the treehouse, the end of the road ...

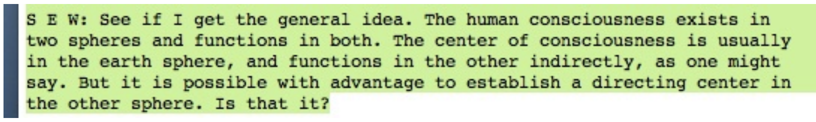
Wow. And I had just thrown a tantrum on the field path with crying and all, about being on the edge about realizing that it may all be in my head, and that I really really needed "proof" again ... I imagined suddenly, that *he was right next to me and that I was holding him around the waist and he was holding me around the shoulder.*

Then I even had to stop because **memories** came so intensely, that I actually never had before: ***Bob grabbing my hand and kissing it, outside and inside, then I'd put my hand on his face and he'd snuggle into it*** ... It just came over me, on the field path … we actually really did that in our early days ... I felt his soft lips, it was so real. Then, of course, that hand tingled ... and I thought it was because I now asked Bob to hold my hand ... and so I walked as if he was holding my hand.

And *after* that ... I found the stones and realized that the zig-zag in the sky reflected what I had in my hand.

Also ... as I walked back in the dusk, it came to my mind that the crucial character in the final and determining chapters of *"Regents of Clouds"* was named "***Hillmoon***" by me. And now that Bob is "the moon" (and I'm "the sun") and we lived on a hill, and it was always about going up the hill and down the hill to and from Pukalani ... How in the world did I pick the name "Hillmoon", when the original name of the character was "Cooper"? It was in 2014, the last time I visited "the old Bob" when I changed the names in the "Regents of Clouds" screenplays.

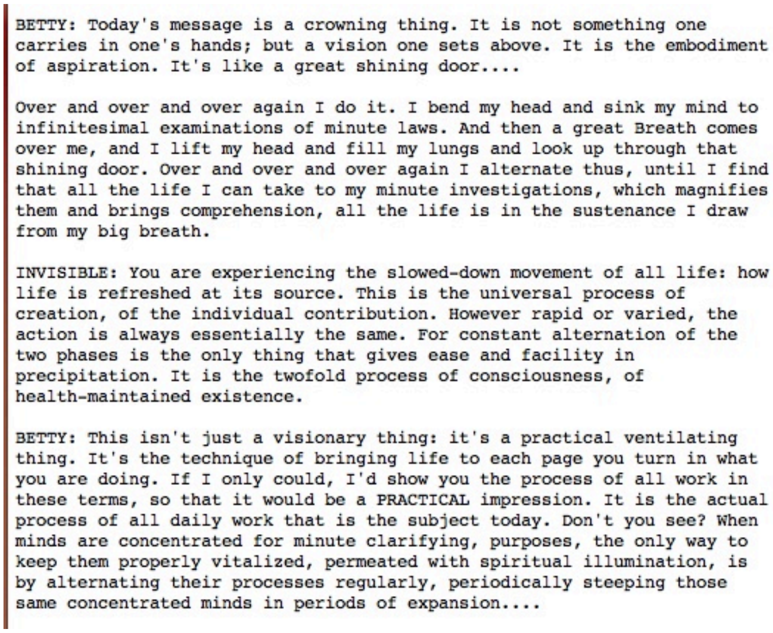
I just know that all that I'm experiencing now is meant to flow into the plot of "Creators of Stones" and "Masters of Choices" ... and I want to write those trilogies ... but first I must see "Regents of Clouds" manifested. I know that I must **train and discipline** myself much better … but I'm so lonely without Bob. I feel his betrayal so strongly … I have so many questions, I don't receive enough answers … especially about myself, as I feel inadequate and full of rage and also fatigue and despair.



S E W: See if I get the general idea. The human consciousness exists in two spheres and functions in both. The center of consciousness is usually in the earth sphere, and functions in the other indirectly, as one might say. But it is possible with advantage to establish a directing center in the other sphere. Is that it?

Why in the world did I end up in such a situation where such "small minded" folks can cause me such grief? Is that Bob sharing with me how he felt, what he suffered? But I knew it! He couldn't stand up for himself, express himself, be proud in the way it would have been necessary. He hated people's inefficiency, their aloofness and ignorance, and yet he was just like them ... Emotional upheaval, feeling so helpless, so at the mercy of fucking assholes …

(Note: Looking back, those weeks were almost relaxing and peaceful given what was to come in late fall.)



BETTY: Today's message is a crowning thing. It is not something one carries in one's hands; but a vision one sets above. It is the embodiment of aspiration. It's like a great shining door....

Over and over and over again I do it. I bend my head and sink my mind to infinitesimal examinations of minute laws. And then a great Breath comes over me, and I lift my head and fill my lungs and look up through that shining door. Over and over and over again I alternate thus, until I find that all the life I can take to my minute investigations, which magnifies them and brings comprehension, all the life is in the sustenance I draw from my big breath.

INVISIBLE: You are experiencing the slowed-down movement of all life: how life is refreshed at its source. This is the universal process of creation, of the individual contribution. However rapid or varied, the action is always essentially the same. For constant alternation of the two phases is the only thing that gives ease and facility in precipitation. It is the twofold process of consciousness, of health-maintained existence.

BETTY: This isn't just a visionary thing: it's a practical ventilating thing. It's the technique of bringing life to each page you turn in what you are doing. If I only could, I'd show you the process of all work in these terms, so that it would be a PRACTICAL impression. It is the actual process of all daily work that is the subject today. Don't you see? When minds are concentrated for minute clarifying, purposes, the only way to keep them properly vitalized, permeated with spiritual illumination, is by alternating their processes regularly, periodically steeping those same concentrated minds in periods of expansion....

(Later)

Ha! I just started to watch a random video about that plant, "**Mädesüss**", because I want to pick and dry it, it has such amazing healing qualities. And the young lady who talks about it, just said, that one of the names of the plant is – wait for it! – **"Meadow Queen"!** And I had actually said, on the field path, right while walking by the "Mädesüss" plants next to the creek, to myself, out loud **"I'm the Queen!"** Wow! What are the odds?

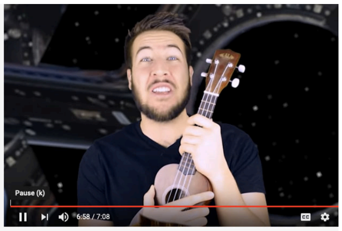
Another name is, by the way, "Beard of a Goat", also "Wild Flieder" (Lilac).

"Mädesüss" belongs to "Jupiter", the king of the planet, the positive, well-meaning leader, says the lady in the video. *(**Note** on November 17, editing this part of the CD: In winter, my **father** had said to me that he had read that **souls** supposedly return to **Jupiter** after physical death … and it's just so strange that I come across Jupiter today, because these days my mind is only with my father and with death again.)*

The plant lady also said that for the Druids of the old Celtic realms the "Mädesüss" was one of the most sacred plants of all, along with the "water mint" – Ingrid held ***a jar of water mint essence*** under my nose last night! – and "Iron herb". Mädesüss works as a mood-enhancer, makes people happier. The lady suggests to have tea from the plant and feel better! It's also against headache!

I brought my mother a bunch of forest flowers the other day, with Mädesüss in it! I've admired it many times at the Forestlake, because it grows very high and lush there. I will pick and dry it.

And then I watched a show called “**Time Traveler**” done by the same guy who does “Pitch Meetings”, because I just love the humor in criticizing movies … and sure enough, an “**Ukulele**” showed up!



Time Traveler Discovers TikTok and Social Media - THE FUTURE IS DUMB

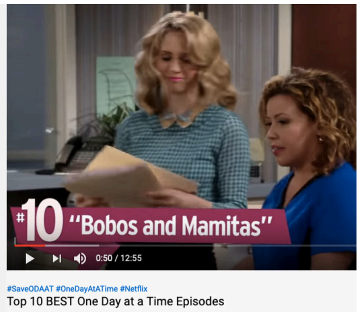
July 11, 2020 – **The Stones, the Ripples & Elizabeth Grant!**

Drove shopping to Völkermarkt and then swimming in Klopeiner lake, in the drizzle, just before a huge thunder and rainstorm broke down to last for hours ...

On the way ... amazing license plates, like "**910 BI**" which I interpreted as another version of Bob saying to me *"Yes, the Play-me-method works"!* That was the first thought that came to my mind anyway. And then there were others that I forgot, shit ...

But back home, I picked the dried *stone clover petals* and leaves into jars for stone clover tea (for the veins), and just like during the short walk along treehouse field, I felt Bob's presence so strongly ... I also did some swimming with and for him in the lake ...

And then I grabbed a bowl of soup and sat down at my laptop to work some more at the “Alien Waltz” script ... but I felt like watching some kind of trailer while eating ... so I went to "Rotten Tomatoes", and what attracted me was **"One Day at a Time"**. Turns out it's an older show ... and I watched the trailer, didn't appeal to me much, but then a "Top 10 best episodes of that show" popped up, and I clicked it on ... and the countdown started with - wait for it! - "**Bobos and Mamitas**". The themes of my life: Bob's tumor called "**Bobo**" and my little mother, "Mamita"! What are the odds?

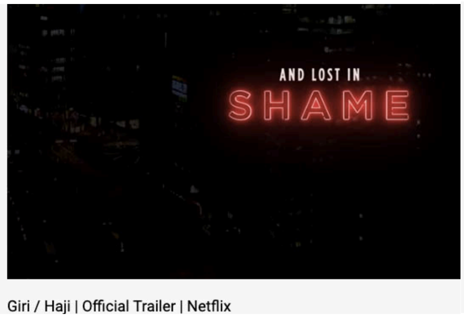


#SaveODAAT #OneDayAtATime #Netflix
Top 10 BEST One Day at a Time Episodes

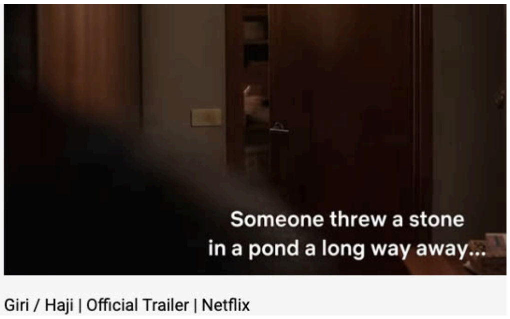
(Actually, I couldn't stand watching more of that compilation ... ew, all that bad acting and self-important lecturing ... yikes.)

Also:

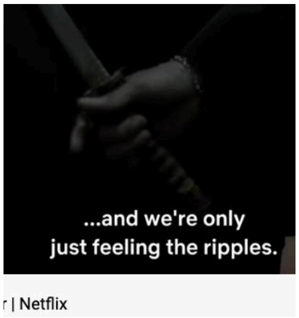
As I came across the word “shame” … I flashed back to the day when Bob and I interviewed a man on Maui on the topic of dementia, and the way the old man said "**Shame**!" because he couldn't hear well anymore and had onslaughts of dementia, rang in our ears for so many years, and Bob said "shame!" many times in a kind of humorous way when something didn't work.



Giri / Haji | Official Trailer | Netflix


Someone threw a stone
in a pond a long way away...

Giri / Haji | Official Trailer | Netflix


...and we're only
just feeling the ripples.

r | Netflix

Just amazing, how I keep stumbling over these things … there are thousands and more of trailers or movies I could pick, but I pick the ones that contain something that relates to me. And *it’s not that I’m looking* at a lot of stuff and eventually something shows up. No. On the contrary. I take a while to pick something at all, and then it’s nearly always something that “speaks” to me, that has relevance in my life.

Just had a memory glimpse of tonight's **dream**:

A **dog**, kind of a **Bobtail-mix**, that I took care for, for an old woman, I think, who was about to be brought home from a hospital (?), went swimming in a pond, but she got under some kind of grass or algae and couldn't come up above the water. I saw her swimming under the surface and struggling to come up, and I was on dry land at some distance and couldn't get to her! It was horrible! The strange thing was that this happened twice, almost like a loop ... and for some reason, then **Jan**, the Norwegian man I met in Hawaii, and because of who my dog Kimba died in Norway, on August 7, 2001, showed up in the dream ... he just walked by that pond, coming from the left, with a big suitcase. And he smiled big at me. I was standing, not moving, but in the dream I kind of saw everything from my POV, I didn't see me in that dream ... And Jan grinned at me big and carried that heavy suitcase. And for some reason I thought that the dog was in that suitcase, now. Also, some **nurse** arrived in a car with that old woman, to whom the dog belonged, and guided her to the entrance of the building where that woman lived and that was behind that pond ... it was so very confusing, but it was also very "clear", and even before waking up, yes, while still in the dream, I was wondering what it meant ... (*Note, Nov. 17, maybe a foreboding*.)

I just now realize that there were other aspects to that dream, that I can't recall right now ...

Just as I was writing this, Jacqui came in, because of a thunder clap, and he now lies next to me, curled up, he's spooked by thunder.

I grabbed a praline (apricot chocolate) and **shared** it with Bob ... trying to project the experience of the praline onto him, but recalling him and trying to "be him", and t***here was the small emotional flash*** that happens when I have a connection, that's what I think at least.

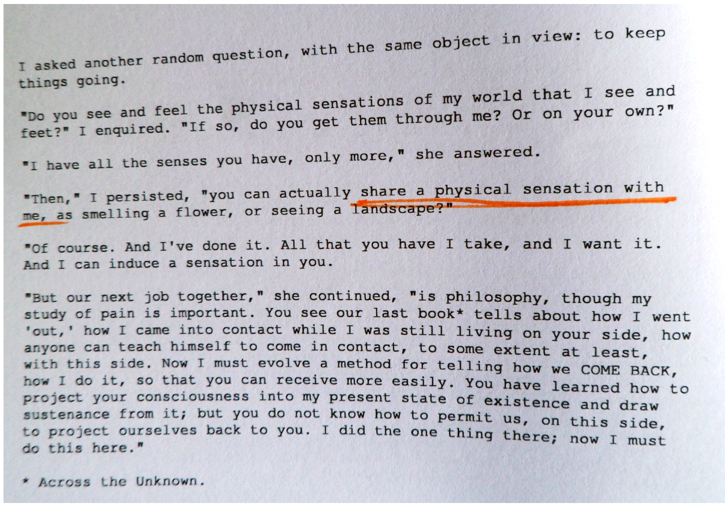
But also – **a distinct thought** entered my mind, no, it ***appeared*** in my mind:

"When you project the experience onto a memory of Bob, then it's automatically connected with Bob, and it doesn't take much effort to reach him."

That's a very interesting thought.

That sounds totally plausible. A memory of Bob is, of course, connected with Bob, because it's part of him, the way he was at the time that I'm recalling. So is this a means of "Play me"?

I'll find out, I'm sure.



I asked another random question, with the same object in view: to keep things going.

"Do you see and feel the physical sensations of my world that I see and feet?" I enquired. "If so, do you get them through me? Or on your own?"

"I have all the senses you have, only more," she answered.

"Then," I persisted, "you can actually share a physical sensation with me, as smelling a flower, or seeing a landscape?"

"Of course. And I've done it. All that you have I take, and I want it. And I can induce a sensation in you.

"But our next job together," she continued, "is philosophy, though my study of pain is important. You see our last book* tells about how I went 'out,' how I came into contact while I was still living on your side, how anyone can teach himself to come in contact, to some extent at least, with this side. Now I must evolve a method for telling how we COME BACK, how I do it, so that you can receive more easily. You have learned how to project your consciousness into my present state of existence and draw sustenance from it; but you do not know how to permit us, on this side, to project ourselves back to you. I did the one thing there; now I must do this here."

* Across the Unknown.

(from "The Unobstructed Universe")

Actually, for some reason I felt the urge to browse some animal shelters ... I sometimes do that, not sure why, and there is a dog, "Jan", and that brought back my dream!

(Later)

I started working on my **“Alien Waltz” script** ... and I felt compelled to let the ***character "Willa"*** sing the song that I sang for Bob, probably exactly in the hour of his death ... on Danube island ... ***by Lana Del Rey, "Born to Die" ...***

Feet don't fail me now
Take me to your finish line
Oh my heart it breaks every step that I take
But I'm hoping at the gates,
they'll tell me that you're mine ...
Walking through the city streets
Is it by mistake or design?
I feel so alone on a Friday night
Can you make it feel like home
if I tell you that you're mine?

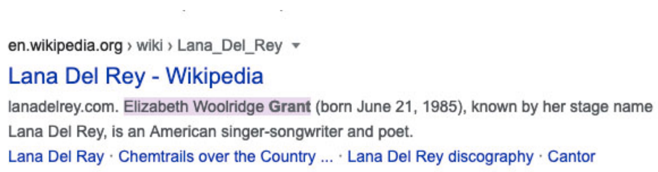
Don't make me sad, don't make me cry
Sometimes love is not enough
and the road gets tough,
I don't know why
Keep making me laugh
Let's go get high!
The road is long, we carry on
Try to have fun in the meantime ...

... Come take a walk on the wild side
Let me kiss you hard in the pouring rain
You like your girls insane!
So choose your last words,
this is the last time ...
'Cause you and I,
we were born to die ...

I remember it as if it was yesterday ... or just earlier today. I stood then at the Danube island looking at the Danube, looking at the sky, thinking of Bob, and I think I said out loud ***"You can go now ..."*** And I was surprised about myself, as I didn't have a thought of Bob actually dying ...

(Later)

Something strange just happened ... I interrupted my script-revising to google "Lana Del Rey", and it turns out that her real name is "**Elizabeth Grant**". ***And that was the name of Betty White, before she married Stewart White!***

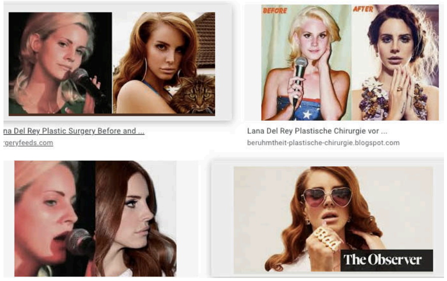


en.wikipedia.org › wiki › Lana_Del_Rey

Lana Del Rey - Wikipedia

lanadelrey.com. Elizabeth Woolridge Grant (born June 21, 1985), known by her stage name Lana Del Rey, is an American singer-songwriter and poet.

Lana Del Ray · Chemtrails over the Country ... · Lana Del Rey discography · Cantor

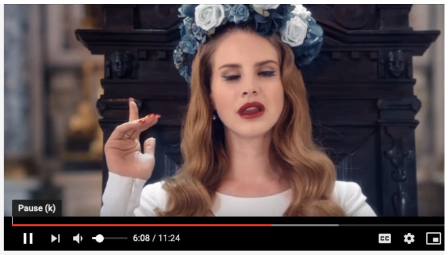

BEFORE
AFTER
na Del Rey Plastic Surgery Before and ...
rgeryfeeds.com
Lana Del Rey Plastische Chirurgie vor ...
beruhmtheit-plastische-chirurgie.blogspot.com
The Observer

What are the odds? Is that why the song "had" to get into my script? So that I'd be pointed at the connection that's ... here? ***Betty White saying hi?*** Because I've been dealing with the flowers recently, the "Queen of the Meadow" (or Field) and the "Indian Nettle"? And Betty White or Elizabeth Grant was such an avid gardener? I'd love to have a garden, too. But not right now ...

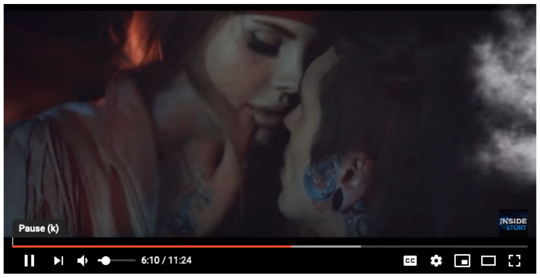
Just interesting, how all that kind of got magnetized together today.

OH GEEZ!

I just ended up watching a video called "**Lana Del Rey: Her Life Story**", and she sings a song, as "Lizzy Grant" that goes **"I'm in love with a dying man"**.


Pause (k)
6:08 / 11:24

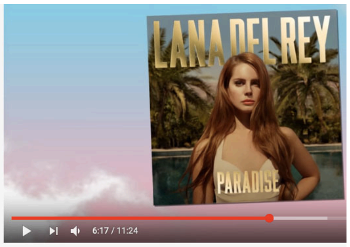
Lana Del Rey: Her Life Story


Pause (k)
6:10 / 11:24
INSIDE STORY

And then, as "Lana Del Rey", "**Heaven is a place on Earth with you**" ("Video Games") ... haha, how suiting! **Video ... games** ... Bob and me in the video making business ... what a fucked up game ...

OH-KAY!

I didn't know that, but Lana Del Rey also has a EP called "**Paradise**" (with two songs, "Ride" and "Blue Velvet"! Wow! Now it makes even more sense why I'm "forced" to deal with her right now. It all fits together almost spookily ...


LANA DEL REY
PARADISE
6:17 / 11:24

Lana Del Rey: Her Life Story

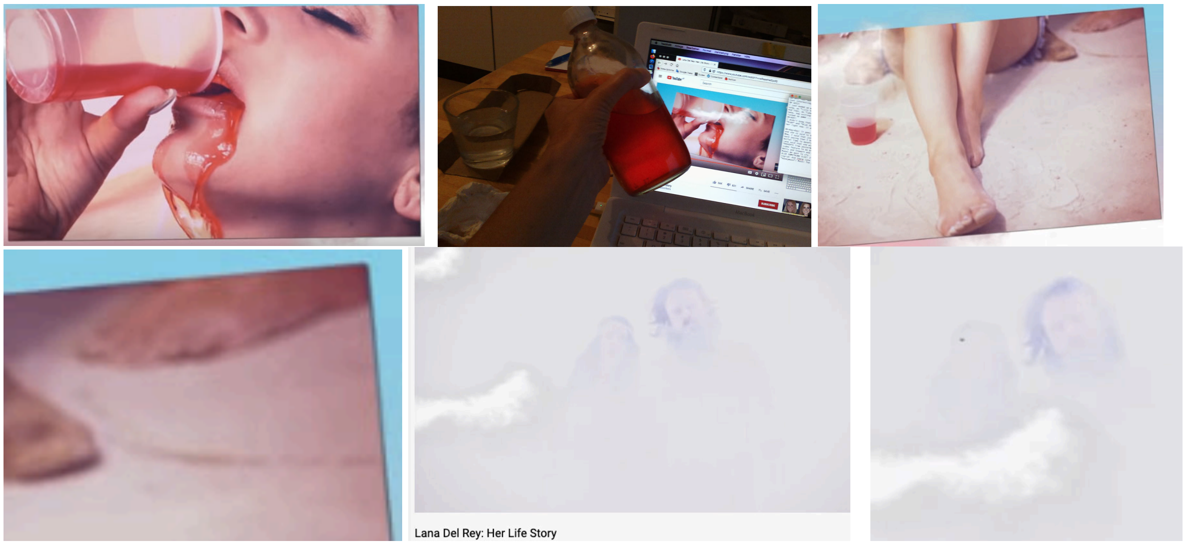
OH-Kay-Kay! It goes on ... her songs are heavily influenced by her thoughts about death, and she is said to have been saying that *she wished she was dead already.*

Wow, I said that just today ... or was it yesterday during the walk? But then I took it back saying that I know I've got stuff to do and must make the best possible use of my mortal time to benefit from it later, in the beyond.

Lana said that she wished that she didn't have to do this, but that she would. That's MY THOUGHTS from yesterday! So today I'm hearing them said out loud by the narrator in that video feature to be proven, that Bob hears everything I say, that they are there, like Betty and Stewart and Willie and all?

Makes me want to cry.

ALSO SOMETHING ELSE! I've received that ***orange red Indian Melissa / Nettle syrup*** from Ingrid! And there Lana is, drinking something just like that in her music video "Free" on the album "**Honeymoon**"! Moon! The syrup! And first the cup stands in the sand ... **next to the toes**! "**Toes in the sand**" ... Bob's favorite song, the last photo of him was his toes in the sand of Ohukai beach ... Where he and I had been together! And the song is called "**Free**"! Literally there are **male toes in the sand next to her!**


Lana Del Rey: Her Life Story

And the other scenes of the music video ... **clouds** and a **man** and a **woman** ... ***oh wow, this is how I imagine Bob and me ... these are my thoughts of the past days and weeks and months ... and I suddenly find them today!***

But THAT I find them, ... I think it means I'm "in tune" in a way ... doing what I'm supposed to do to be able to connect and receive messages, right?

AND FINALLY!

Just today, swimming in **Klopeiner Lake** again ... I thought of how similar it may be to move in the water to moving in the beyond ... and I was moving and motioning in the water ... imagining it was "orthos" or the "unobstructed universe" ...

And as the thunder was to be heard and the clouds were dark ... I thought, wow, I really want to know if they see all that and what it is for them. And then I imagined being Bob, so that he'd have that experience of swimming ... I think I was entirely alone in the whole lake ... and just as I had made it out of the water and back into the car, a rain storm deluxe broke lose ... But obviously I just had to go for that swim today, so that I'd be able to realize the message when watching that feature about Lana Del Rey – ***that shows exactly what I've been experiencing and thinking today in that water!*** Because – thinking of how the beyond and being in the water must be so similar, the **floating**, the moving ... that's what I just now found expressed in another one of **Lana del Rey's music videos!**

This day is a special day indeed. Big lightning in front of my window, just as I wrote this.

Lana Del Rey = Elizabeth Grant = Betty White ... I think it's maybe Betty being majorly involved in all of this ... I've been reading "The Unobstructed Universe" in the past days before going to sleep, I'm not getting very far, as I keep getting so tired right after starting to read that I can't focus very long ... but I've been feeling very close to her and to "them" ... recently ...

And these images in that little film ... I mean, it's a summary of all Lana Del Rey has done ... I had no idea, but the summary was perfect, and it showed me stuff of my own current life! Reflecting my thoughts so clearly, my experiences, so many details of my mortal life ... those are synchronicities that will (first I had written "would") baffle audiences worldwide in "Creators of Stone" ...

I just realized something else. Just the fact that I sang to Bob "Born to Die" by Lana Del Rey seems so significant right now … I didn't know about Elizabeth Grant aka Betty White then or that Lana Del Rey's real name is Elizabeth Grant … but hadn't I sung that song, I wouldn't have reflected on it, it wouldn't have any meaning to me, and I wouldn't have received those messages today …

So it's a vehicle. It sure looks like a lot like "predestination" to me right now … and that, again, has special meaning.

Because just yesterday and today I talked to Bob about how all of this is, in fact, part of a **"plot" of a story that must happen?** I wouldn't have dealt with death and the beyond if Bob hadn't died. I had a chance, I think, after the *death of my brother Peter*, to pick up the subject life after death, but I didn't, or after the death of my dog Kimba? But when he died I had already begun to travel to Hawaii, and I had been prompted to be interested in Hawaii because I was looking for healing for my brother, who was cancer stricken, back in the early 1990s. In Hawaii I learned about the ancient ways and the "kahuna", and at a workshop I met Hadassah, and she brought me to Maui, after Kimba had died, where I met Bob … so it all seems to me like a ***puzzle***.

And Bob and I had to be damaged goods and from horrible family circumstances in terms of emotional drama … so that we'd totally love each other but also couldn't connect for good (in the mortal realm). I kept holding on, and I was the one to survive the fucking tragedy to then, finally, deal with death the way I was supposed to … and discover Betty et al. and "the bridge" …

And now I'm here, plagued by my mortal pains and longings and struggling to fulfill my kuleana … because I'm pretty sure it's "my own" (as an immortal being on my xth go-around) plan … and Bob and all of them are totally in on it. And they are watching me now what I'm doing … how I'll be able to hold up and accomplish stuff this time around. Yes, *this time around*. I was "here" before. It's no coincidence that Stewart's and my life's story are so similar. I keep thinking about what happened in my early twenties … when those people pulled me into their midst … only to push me away again for reasons I can't explain here. I've been having a major role in "gathering the patterns" … that's all I can say. I think they underestimated me, as they predicted that I'd die young because I didn't take the "right path to further the cause".

Well, I'm 56 now. If I died today, I'd still not have died young.

Strangely, my body seems to rejuvenate itself … well, no, it's the swimming.

That was also a thought today, when I was moving in that wonderful lake, that the water, to me, and to many other people, likely, is really some kind of rejuvenation spring, some magical energetic pool …

And there is Lana Del Rey … floating, with her young body, just like I once was, and it expresses just what I have thought and reflected and felt **today**.

I think I’m on to something here.

Also, earlier, when I shared some food with Bob, a word popped into my mind that wouldn’t ever be my word to say … and it was “***Nice***”, but “popped up”, not thought and said in a very special way ***like Bob would have said it*** and like I’d never say it.

Maybe a memory. But still … it came out of nowhere, I didn’t think about it, it was there. It was Bob appreciating the sharing of the energetic patterns of the food, so that he can deal with the experience in the beyond even though he didn’t have it in the mortal phase. Or maybe it’s simply an energizing function … it’s an ancient practice to “feed” the spirits of the departed, just like Tantra is a method to “feed” and “energize” one’s own spirit – or whatever spirit one wants to direct the orgasmic force to.

I wish I was a millionaire. Oh I’d move the project “the bridge” forward like a trail blazer.

July 12, 2020 – **The Pearl-Hairthing, Gate to Heaven & Ulupalakua**

After last night’s insights-events, I had an amazing **dream**, of Bob, actually.

Too bad I was so tired when I woke up that I couldn't make myself go write it down.

I only remember now that ***Bob was dead sick***, but I was helping him. He was just like he used to be, strong and smart and talking to me smiling, with his lovely voice ... there was a lot of interesting talk, something along the lines of the healing method ... and I remember him walking, but also lying in a bed ... and strangely, there was also my mother, like she used to be, also clear and healthy and so much younger ...

Maybe this is just reflecting my thoughts and experiences from yesterday ...

This morning, again, *I "fell" into my "**being on Maui**", it keeps happening, lately, that I kind of "switch" to being there*, and it's very painful to realize that it's all gone ...

Just right now, as I'm writing this, it happened that I "knew" somewhere in my mind and my being that I would just have to travel there and I'd be with Bob again ... a part of me is exactly aware of how that will feel and be ... with him, Maui, the airport, Bob, the roads, the car, the house, the feeling, the smells and the whole situation and me being there. But then – it is not real.

That's where I belonged for so long, that's where I belong still.

It makes me cry right now, I miss it so much.

I've been thinking how many people I knew on Maui, they are still there, it all worked out for them ... but not for Bob and me. And even though I’m aware that this is all part of a “cosmic” plan – I’m still a mortal here. And I have mortal thoughts. I must practice that “elevated” attitude that my consciousness should master … learn to master. I’m not there at all. But at least I’m aware of my struggles and that I’m not there yet.

I had those thoughts this morning, too, waking up, and they were so painful.

Then I reminded myself of the synchronicities of yesterday and the day before, and that all seems to be following a plan or a pattern ... and this must suffice to comfort me, I guess.

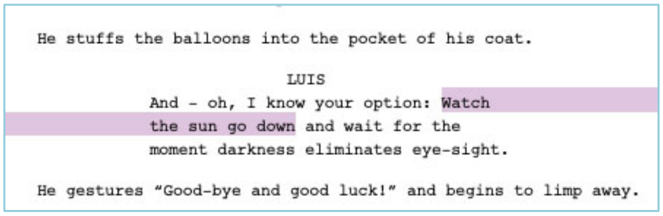
Just that I feel so alone here ... this morning I also remembered the house and Bob's equipment, and how well we were prepared for making our movies ... and now it's all completely gone.

Well, not all, it's all still in America, with Joyce, Bob's sister ...

Maybe I'll have to connect with her and travel there to get to Bob's computer and his program ... that's the way for me to work with Media 100. Is that the thought I'm supposed to have?

Is John W. also not able to work with the film anymore because of the Media 100 situation? I'll have to ask Joyce. But as much as she obviously can’t contact me for some reason, I can’t contact her either.

The reason why I started this entry (and crying) was that in my "**Alien Waltz**" script I came across a piece of dialogue where I had written *"And - oh, I know your option: Watch the sun go down and wait for the moment darkness eliminates eye-sight."*



He stuffs the balloons into the pocket of his coat.

LUIS
And - oh, I know your option: Watch
the sun go down and wait for the
moment darkness eliminates eye-sight.

He gestures "Good-bye and good luck!" and begins to limp away.

And the words "**watch the sun go down**" is part of the final song of Bob's film "**Taylor Camp**" or "The Edge of Paradise", and it kind of exploded in my mind, the memories of Bob working on that film, actually, … I worked on it first, I made the first promo for MTV, me being there, on Maui, both of us being desperate, then me seeing the film in various versions, hearing that song ... also the last time, with Bob, *in September 2018, when we watched it together* ... and the talking with Bob how the project took 13 years instead of the planned 6 months ... and how it ruined him ... and now, in the days that I'm trying so hard to come to term with it all, that line comes back into my life ***"watch the sun go down"*** and with it the full Maui-feeling and all my fucking grief ...

It must have meaning ... because currently I'm back to crying full throttle ...

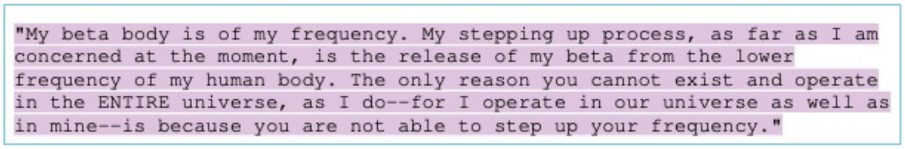
I'll also have to do something very difficult: I'll have to get my brother's urn out of the grave and give up the grave. I must talk with my mother about it, but I'll just have to do it ... nobody will take care of the grave. But then I'll have to deal with my brother's ashes ... and that brings me to the question what happened to Bob's ashes ...

Geez, life feels so fucking fucked right now ... *(Note: Oh it was to get much fuckter up yet.)*

Still, all of this feels so urgent, in a way ... kind of pressing. I wonder if John is aware that he really doesn't have the best film possible ... and that our very first version from 2006 or something was the best one. Anyway. Who gives a shit?

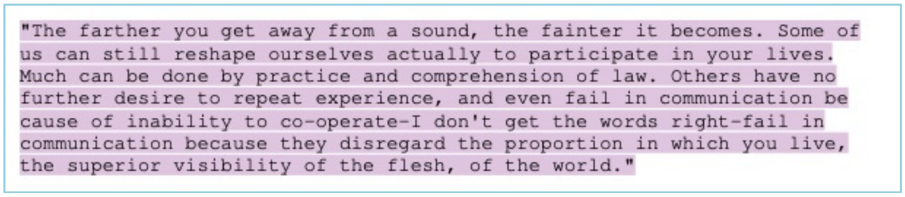
I keep thinking, recently, that if all the dead people really are all around ... and, well, they seem to have been letting me know just recently that they are ... that they must be sure *frustrated* sometimes seeing us, the mortals, deviate from our path "of believing" ... but then, new thought just came. They were mortals once, too, so they know.

It does piss me off to hear in stories about Near-death-experiences and other Afterlife-related stuff that the "dead" are called "beings" or "entities" or "spirits". They are still humans, for goodness' sake, they only don't have the material body anymore!



"My beta body is of my frequency. My stepping up process, as far as I am concerned at the moment, is the release of my beta from the lower frequency of my human body. The only reason you cannot exist and operate in the ENTIRE universe, as I do--for I operate in our universe as well as in mine--is because you are not able to step up your frequency."

And since many of them are likely members of the project "the bridge", they are now watching me and knowing how hard it is and that I really need support to pull through.


"The farther you get away from a sound, the fainter it becomes. Some of us can still reshape ourselves actually to participate in your lives. Much can be done by practice and comprehension of law. Others have no further desire to repeat experience, and even fail in communication be cause of inability to co-operate-I don't get the words right-fail in communication because they disregard the proportion in which you live, the superior visibility of the flesh, of the world."

(„The Betty Book", "The Unobstructed Universe")

Lana Del Rey saying that she can't wait to be dead, so resonated with me ... but just like her, I'm also not the suicidal type, and I may have a real "kuleana", a spiritual plight.

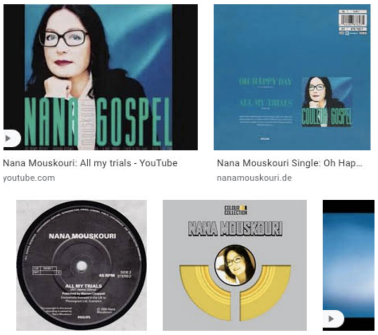
Maybe that's already the reason why I ended up making that Hawaii-documentary, doing all the research, living in Hawaii at all ... because of "kuleana", the spiritual plight to follow a certain path in life, along with "Ha'ina ia mai ana ka puana", which means "Let the story be told". This seems to be directed at me directly, somehow. I must get the story to be told ... and I'm working on it.

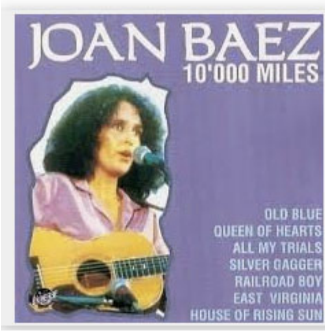
Just I need a really big success pretty soon ...

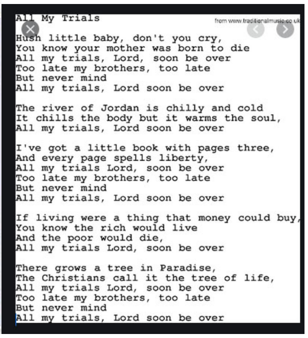
Otherwise I don't know where to get any sort of motivation anymore ... inspite of the evidential synchronicities ... I just can do that without Bob and without likeminded people or without money. If I had a lot of money, yes, I'd advance very fast.

Also, just now it came back to my mind what I've been trying to forget, too. That song that kind of burned itself into my mind ... I heard it together with Hadassah on Maui, just weeks before I'd get to know Bob, sitting at the table, I was **beading**, she was maybe reading something, and **Nana Mouskouri sang "Oh my trials, lord, soon be over ..."** And I, coming out of a horrible tragedy of seeing my dog die in front of me, kept thinking, "Yes, no shit ... I hope so."

I didn't know that just miles away was Bob, in housie, and that the events would inevitably lead us together.






from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

All My Trials

Hush little baby, don't you cry,
You know your mother was born to die
All my trials, Lord, soon be over
Too late my brothers, too late
But never mind
All my trials, Lord soon be over

The river of Jordan is chilly and cold
It chills the body but it warms the soul,
All my trials, Lord soon be over

I've got a little book with pages three,
And every page spells liberty,
All my trials Lord, soon be over
Too late my brothers, too late
But never mind
All my trials, Lord soon be over

If living were a thing that money could buy,
You know the rich would live
And the poor would die,
All my trials Lord, soon be over

There grows a tree in Paradise,
The Christians call it the tree of life,
All my trials Lord, soon be over
Too late my brothers, too late
But never mind
All my trials, Lord soon be over

Actually, I never looked into the full lyrics of "**All my trials**" ... but here they are, actually, the song is by Joan Baez ... I keep thinking of Hadas, and why she doesn't respond to me ... I guess I'll have to ask her.

(Later)

OH-KAY!
It keeps coming!
Still July 12, and I just returned from a **walk** through the forest with Jacqui ... where I had the most amazing insights:

As I was walking through the forest, **mushrooms** showed up on my path ... literally ***"on" the path*** and also right next to it! And I went a route I hadn't intended to go, but I chose it because one of the field paths that I like, was flooded. So whatever way I picked, I kept finding mushrooms on or next to my path and they kept getting bigger and lusher ... *So I began to realize, that it's a message of sorts, telling me that I just must trust that I'm on the right path, and then everything I desire to find or achieve will happen. And that I must only pay attention and I'll see what's right there and it's what I want.*

Great. Then:

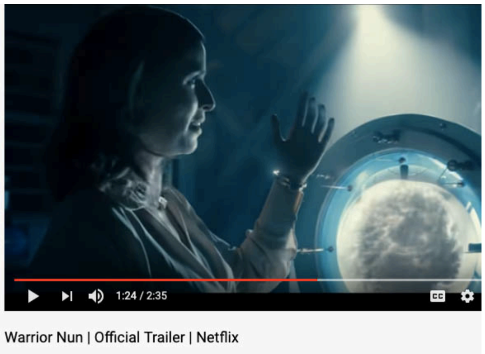
I found myself facing a **leaf** that looked so familiar: just like the one I had been sitting under in New York's central park, just before Hadassah brought me to Maui, in 2001. I've been thinking of Hadas a lot recently and wondering whether or not I should contact her again ... after she hasn't kept up the communication that I had started. So is that a message?

Then:

Yesterday I had felt very attracted to the "**Pearls**" ***painting*** that I had found in winter 2018/2019, and that stands on the window sill next to my bed, and I looked at it, realizing that I hadn't paid attention to it, recently, and I was saying to myself ... *"Pearls, silver pearls, rising from the ocean ..."* So today, on the way home from my walk along the beaver creek, I found something - and I haven't found stuff in a while: **A pearl hair accessory!** It's of double meaning, because yesterday, my favorite **scrunchy** broke, and I said to myself that I must go shopping for hair accessories! And there I found one (right after getting pissed about my hair getting into my face all the time!), made of "**pearls**"!

Every decision I made so far (in all my life?) lead to this ... and my thoughts and insights today.

Then, I came across a **plant** whose stem was totally bent. It looked like it was broken, but for some reason it found a way to live on in spite of having been broken, obviously. A very powerful image. On the nose, kind of. But it’s not like there were other plants like that, no, just the one.



Warrior Nun | Official Trailer | Netflix

And now ... eating my soup and watching a random trailer of a TV-series, that I did NOT want to watch, "**Warrior Nun**" (come on!), a character *just* said **"Heaven does exist, and I discovered the gateway to it".**

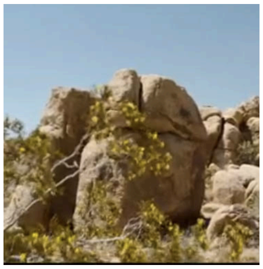
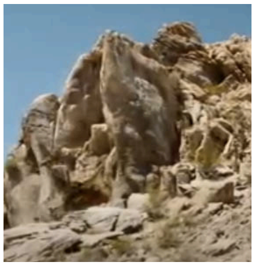
Really? Did I also discover "the bridge" already, or am I on the perfect path to it?

Maybe I'll give the pilot a try, too, I like the "Warrior" idea, but I'm afraid they'll have superpowers and still fight with swords and shit. Oh, yes, just read it "The Order of the Cruciform Sword". So, I'll pass ...

Also, I just discovered a window that suggests a video that explains "**Dexter's disastrous ending**" ... and that was a big subject for Bob and me. In fact, it took me a long time to even watch Dexter's ending, and it sucked so bad.

What sucks more, is seeing puppy Marshall all by himself the entire Sunday again. It makes me sick, this got to change.

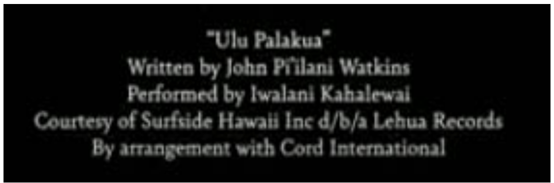
Okay ... this is kind of cool, I got to say. I found the **movie "Palm Springs",** and I thought it was a rom-com, but it's a "stuck-in-a-time-loop"-kind-of-movie ... and it plays a lot in the desert close to palm spring. And there are **rocks**! Looking like a **penis** and a **vagina**.

Yey! Welcome to my world, where stuff has meaning!

Oh, shit ... I kept watching "Palm Springs", and suddenly (min. 38) a Hawaiian song plays in the background ... really, **a woman singing in Hawaiian**, and it fucking catapults me back to ...

OH SHIT SHIT SHIT ... at minute 40.50, the song goes **"Ha'ina mai ka puana", "Let the story be told"** ... *and I had just written about it!* And it is THE theme of all my Hawaii-work! There are NO ODDS to find anything like this in a film at all ... but there it is, she sings it ... full blown tears breakdown right now ... that's my life that I'm hearing right now, but I'm sitting in Griffen, watching a movie on my laptop ... and Bob is dead, and all is in the past ...



"Ulu Palakua"
Written by John Pi'ilani Watkins
Performed by Iwalani Kahalewai
Courtesy of Surfside Hawaii Inc d/b/a Lehua Records
By arrangement with Cord International

Play
41:01 / 1:29:59

Or is this supposed to be the greatest message and synchronicity of them all!

"Ha'ina ia mai ana ka puana" ... seriously ... I've just heard it ... I'll hear it when I switch the movie back on ... it's like I'm torn between here and my time on Maui .... well, it's a "Ground hog day" movie, where two people are stuck in one day that they must relive all the time! That's what "Palm Springs" is about, seriously. I think it's what the "team" of "the bridge" has been doing, chosen to be reborn to bring the projects further.

And I'm just right now receiving the confirmation that it is just so.

And the song continues "... **a Ulupalakua** ..." And Ulupalakua is all the way up the road by Pukalani, it was one of the first things I studied as of culture on Maui, what the word means, "carrying the breadfruit on one's back" ... Oh, this is my life with Bob. This is so close now ... and still so far. I think I might go crazy after all ...

Ulupalakua ... it's the place where I experienced the "**Ua**", the sprinkling rain together with Bob for the first time, and ever since he'd say **"Ua, the blessing from heaven**" ... and I said that **yesterday**, on the treehouse field, when the sprinkle occurred!

There are no odds that this is a coincidence ...

So ... "Let the story of Ulupalakua be told ..." And then she sings about the "Paniolo" of "Ulupakakua" ... the cowboys ... that was such a big theme for Bob and me ... **his last project had to do with "paniolo" of Makawao** ... and I helped him with it, in September, transcribing the interviews with the often hard to understand Hawaiian or Pidgin expressions … also when I was already back in Austria, I did the transcriptions of the "kupuna of Makawao"-project for Bob.

I never thought I'd hear those words said out loud again ... or sung ... but here they are, today, in a random movie ... **a Hawaiian song about Maui and Ulupalakua and the Paniolo** ... in the typical Hawaiian singing-style with the "ha'i", the switch between regular and head voice ...

Hawaii is catching up with me. The Hawaiians are greeting me.

It's supposed to make me stronger, isn't it?

I'm crying though, and I don't know what to feel or think. I only need to say the Hawaiian words out loud ... oh, just now I had the strong thought of ***Willie K.*** I had forgotten ... he is dead, too. And maybe he is greeting me, too ... along with all the other people who are in my Hawaii documentary and who are dead already. Including Bob.

You know ... ***that song plays by itself,*** not just as a background, nobody is speaking for a long stretch, so that I can hear ***a Hawaiian song in a movie about Palm Springs*** ... I have to tell Joyce about this. Bob’s remains aren’t far from Palm Springs right now.

This is really a lot for two days ...

maybe something is about to happen?

This is so dense.

A thick smell of wood smoke right now coming through my window ...

It's also notable that I've been thinking about my Hawaii documentary "Native of Owhyhee" recently and how much work it was, in Pukalani, with and without Bob, me editing for months ... and that I just can't make myself watch it because I'm too afraid to hear Hawaiian music and totally get undone ... but hey, the Hawaiian music caught me, right here, in a movie that has nothing to do with Hawaii ...

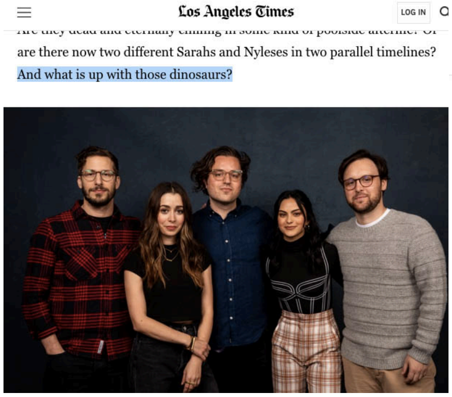
I'm looking up the credits now ... Geez, a million people have worked on that movie ... Bob and I would have made a whole movie alone ...

Yes, it's "Ulu Palakua" by John Pi'ilani Watkins ... it's just suffocating me how much this floods me with memories ... just saying that name out loud ... this is Bob and me, this is Maui, that was me ... and now.

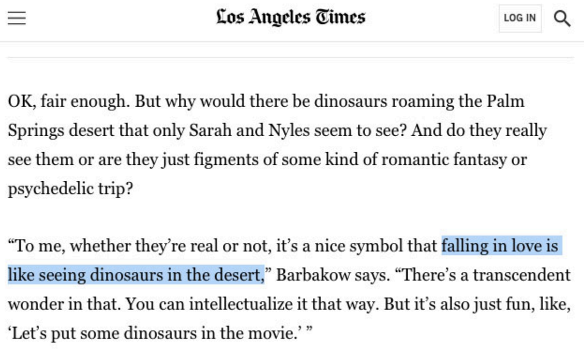
I just don't know what to do. Can’t look at pictures right now.

I also am right now realizing that nobody can ever understand how I’m feeling … what all this means, what I’m writing … I’ve been thinking of the people who I’ve shared this contact diary with … they can’t possibly get it … they aren’t me, or inside my head with my memories and experiences and challenges and urges … the only way to get this “under people’s skin” and really into their minds, would be in the form of intense world-famous movies … my *“Regents of Clouds”* franchise.

Okay ... I read "the ending explained" in the LA Times ... and I read about two "**dinosaurs**" that supposedly show up in the movie (that I stopped watching after the Hawaiian song ...)



are there now two different Sarahs and Nyleses in two parallel timelines? And what is up with those dinosaurs?



OK, fair enough. But why would there be dinosaurs roaming the Palm Springs desert that only Sarah and Nyles seem to see? And do they really see them or are they just figments of some kind of romantic fantasy or psychedelic trip?

“To me, whether they’re real or not, it’s a nice symbol that falling in love is like seeing dinosaurs in the desert,” Barbakow says. “There’s a transcendent wonder in that. You can intellectualize it that way. But it’s also just fun, like, ‘Let’s put some dinosaurs in the movie.’ ”

(The dinosaurs are tiny in the movie, way in the back, with long necks ...)

The thing is: I found a **plastic dinosaur** *next to my car*, two days ago ... and I put it on the garden gate next to the house where I live ...

Remember earlier, the character in some movie trailer said that she "found the ***gate***" to heaven?

Strange ... Opened my email, really didn't mean to, it's still Sunday, and I've received another response to my ad about sketches for "Alien Waltz" ... by a wonderful artist ... and her website shows images that really speak to me ...

Also another dinosaur ... just after I went outside to photograph the one that I found next to my car two days ago and that I put on the gate ... And of course there is "Dream Paradise", and there is a volcanic landscape that not only is like Maui and Ulupalakua, but also like a drawing I saw on Danube Island last year ...

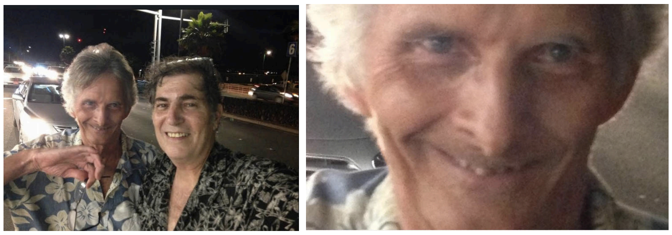
So I picked a TV-series for teens that I thought would be just relaxing, **"Never Have I Ever"** ... so, of course, the main character's father **dies** of a heart attack, and then ***he keeps appearing to her!*** In her dreams ... he appears, but very realistically.

Also! There is a **coyote**, who appears to a girl, and who seems to be a “stand-in” for her dead father … and coyotes are a big deal in Bob’s and my story! And the **tomato**! I’m growing tomatoes for the first time in my life right now!

I came by one of the rye (and wheat) **fields** that I so admired … it shows the effects of the heavy rain. Something so nurturing can be so devastating, when it doesn’t happen at the right time … but then, when I think about it, the crops are always ripe this time of summer – when it’s also the time for thunderstorms, even hail! So is it meant to be, that the crops get destroyed, to some extent, too? Why?

July 13, 2020 – Clouds & Being Bob the Trouble-shooter

Peter gave me a fucking shock today. I opened his email, with the title "I'm moving too", and up comes – ***Bob! A picture of Bob and Peter.*** Obviously of a time when Bob was already dead sick, I think he even is missing one of his front teeth already. I did not expect to see Bob today. It ruins my barely recovered composure ... I feel nauseous and like crying all day.



Oh geez … that’s not “my Bob” anymore right there. He had changed so much … hiding his desperately horrible condition, … but his funny spark, his gentleness, his smartness … still visible.

(Note: It took me until October 28 to be able to put these pics in, couldn’t bare looking at them before.)

But ... just earlier, I discovered that the aloe vera plant that had died and whose last rotten stump I had planted, had recovered and is growing a tiny new fresh leaf.

And as I was working the plants, throwing away old ones, potting new ones, cleaning my apartment of dust and dog's hairs, I said to myself out loud what I had read last night just before falling asleep in "The Unobstructed Universe", that it's much more important what an individual thinks about what happens to him or her than what actually happens. and I said to myself again, "You must keep your thoughts right", it's from a scene in my own documentary film about ancient Hawaiian spiritual law ... I wrote it for the documentary, and the speaker "Kalapana" said it on camera ... just yesterday I wrote about the "Ulupalakua" song and how Hawaii follows me around, and today I receive this image of Bob and Peter at Kahului airport ... must have been in 2018, too. Bob wearing the aloha shirt, looking seriously ill ... but still my grinning Bob ... Peter is obviously embracing him, and he must have felt how emaciated he was ... and Bob, in spite of his ordeal, he does his best to smile into the camera ...

I'm sure that he is so much better now, having the body he wants to have ... right, Bob, Stoneman?

(Later)

Pretty amazing development:

I took Jacqui for a walk at tree house field … and right at the beginning, I saw a **wedge-shaped cloud** that fit right into a wedge-shaped space in front of it, and it had a “dent” in its back (or a “bump”, depending on how you see it, that totally matched the “**bump**” a **tree** was making, as if the tree was going to “lock in” with the “puka” in the cloud any moment … it was the perfect image of “**as above so below**” or “the here and the beyond fit together” or “fit into each other”.

(***Note****: Oh wow, there is something really interesting that seems to do the mindboggling time-warp thing with me:* Today, November 18, as my edition lead me to this section of the c. d., I took that same walk with a small detour, and I found – under circumstances that will make sense when you get to that date – a **wedge-shaped white stone** with a roundish spot just a few minutes from the spot where these pictures were taken … just like this cloud has, look: …)

Wow.

Sometimes the **clouds** seem to try and stimulate my mind to “get” something …

… but all I can do is remind myself that I had said to Bob so many times “clouds are thoughts”, and that this was for a reason, so that he’d now “use” clouds to “speak” to me … ***(and I realize that clouds may not be the thoughts of mortals, but the thoughts of discarnates!)***

(This photograph is from the morning walk.)

I walked by a **lady bug** and photographed it because it had come to my attention … and when I saw those beautiful **manes** of the **maize plants,** I couldn’t help but think “Horsie”, because that was Bob. I shared the distinct smell of those “horse manes” with Bob … he was so sensitive to fragrances and smell.

All the **gourds**, again … and between, ever again, a tall maize plant, as if it was some kind of “overseer”, an alien among the many. Just the way I’m feeling.

Then I went to pick some “Spiraea Ulmaria” flowers, the **“Aspirin” plant** “Maedesuess” (literally “girl sweet”).

I saw an email from the lady from the animal care office, and she wrote that she’d try to make things better for the dog, and I wrote to her that it was heartbreaking to see Marshall wait the entire Sunday for someone to deal with him … and that he had to be alone in a violent strong rain thunderstorm, too …

And just a few minutes later, I heard the most horrible **howling** and whining … and it was Marshall! So I looked outside – and I saw his owner M. and her little daughter I. go for a walk with the baby boy J. in the pram, in plain sight of poor Marshall who was just horribly desperate to be left alone again! And sure enough … as I happened to glimpse out of the window again, I just happened to see **Marshall** rush across the large meadow that borders the street – ***he had made it out of the fence,*** and he was following his people! There were several cars coming down the hill and going up the hill just in those minutes, I was very worried about the little dog.

At the same time I was so angry at those fucker people, … and I was worried, too, what would happen now, that Marshall had escaped. Those idiots won't realize that the dog really needs more attention … they'll think he is misbehaving …

I immediately ran outside with Jacqui and an extra leash, and I did see him briefly, close by, but he also suddenly disappeared, so I went in the direction where M. and I. were walking, and sure enough, they already came towards me … Marshall running free. He saw Jacqui and me and ran straight to us, and I put him on the leash.

It was awkward with M., after the scenes she had given me with her asshole husband, but little girl I. enjoyed taking Jacqui on the leash, as it's very easy for her to walk with him. Marshall was through the wind, completely upset and excited, first, his impression and experience of freedom, true freedom, for the first time in his life, and then being "caught" again, but then he was so happy to see Jacqui and me, and I really enjoyed patting him …

And then came the father of the husband, who M. had called to pick up Marshall by car! She said she wasn't sure that Marshall would even go with her and obey her "because they had seen a deer, and he might be too excited" … Oh fucking bullshit. I'd be sure that Marshall would go with me, but I hadn't been allowed to walk him for a month now. I could see, though, right away, that he remembered the commands I had taught him, and he walked perfectly fine on the road. But M. wanted her father-in-law to take Marshall home by car and tie him up there, but I intervened and insisted that we walk back together, so that Marshall gets to be out with them a little bit.

I'm sure that's probably something that pissed her off, and when she'll tell her asshole husband about it, he'll probably find something wrong about it … but when I found myself in the situation, of leading Marshall again, like I had envisioned, I suddenly had a very intense feeling of "There you go! See? It all works out, just keep the focus!" Well, of course nothing "worked out", but I wouldn't have expected this to happen … not like this.

But: I've seen Marshall stand at the fence through which he broke today, and I didn't say anything, knowing that he wasn't even supposed to get that far. And today he was in a great enough distress to really make it through that last barrier too. Sweet Marshall, my heart is so heavy for him …

I think my landlady and her hubby are on a holiday. Great. So this week nobody walks the dog for a longer time? The owner M. has the brutality to leave the dog alone at home when she goes for a walk with her kids? Fuck her. Really, I hope she'll get to feel what that means what she is doing to an innocent creature …

I cooked all the *mushrooms* I picked yesterday … and at half of them. I shared them with Bob. Seeing the picture of him this morning … wow. All fits together so strangely.

(Later)
As part of my evening walk, ... with just amazing, baffling **cloud** formations ...

… I brought two of my home-made potions to Ingrid, the nice lady who had gifted me with the wonderful syrups and jams ... The clouds ... one of them seemed to show a **reflection** of the cloud I'd seen ***when I almost ran into the tramway in Vienna*** a little more than a year ago, in June ... and I had just thought about that, yesterday! As if someone was waving at me … There was a **row of small clouds** next to it, ever-changing … but such a row of clouds Bob and I had *observed so many times from our Pukalani home as they were traveling through the valley between Kahului and Ma’alaea Harbor* …

And there seemed to be “others” watching those “marching clouds”, too … it was an image of “guidance”, of “observation”. And yet … the scenario kept changing and looking like a “**writing**” ***in the sky***, or a “**story**”.

Also ... there seemed to be some distinct **cloud letters** *or numbers, “2001” or “300”* ...

(Later)
So at Ingrid's ... we ended up in a long conversation again. She and her lovely husband Josef "Seppi" (R.) showed me the **bees** they are keeping, I think I must give them a copy of my "Queenbee" movie.

And then, suddenly, Ingrid told me that her daughter is getting married, and that she has a camera, but hasn't used it for years, after her young grandson Niko had died of a rare form of Leukemia. (To my horror I learned later that the boy had developed the disease after a triple vaccination! It's even hard to even go into this subject ...)

So sure enough, I ended up figuring out how the camera works and helped them to get the footage from the camera onto a computer .... wow, all the cables, the connections, the camera's functions ... I really did it! **I was the troubleshooter! I was – Bob.**

Never ever would I have thought that I'd possibly be able to pull anything like that off, getting a camera to work, figuring out a lot of other stuff in relation to a PC ... But I made it through, I totally helped them, and they were so happy. Also I got another two jars of jam, zucchinis and a lot of mushrooms again ... wow!

Who would have thought ...

Also … I realized that the "**S**" that I keep seeing in the clouds, actually also appears on a building where I walk but very often, a company right below where I live, "**Sinnex**" (and where half Griffen works – including my neighbor, Marshall's owner).

Sinnex
Innenausbau GmbH

Also, the same **purple flower** that I discovered on Danube Island last year and whose smell I kept sharing with Bob, appeared in the neighborhood.

July 14, 2020

Horrible to see little Marshall all alone ... all the time. He looks so thin and bony, just sitting at the fence and waiting waiting …

Gave him a chunk of dog food, at least he feels full and can relax for a bit. Took Jacqui for a swim to **Klopeiner lake**, so beautiful.

On the way – right on the long bridge across the Drau reservoir near Völkermarkt – a car with license plate number "**910 BS**" drove by me in the opposite direction!

Then "**DIVE 2**". Then on the way back: "**222 BE**", and then ... because of the many many "BI" and "BU" ... I remembered that I had only one sweatshirt with a print when I was between 17 and 20, and the print showed a man's face's outline and it read: "**Mister Bubu**". (I think I mentioned it: In my hardest teenage-Angst-time I had a bright red sweat-shirt with the black writing "***Mr. Bubu***" and a man's head on it …)

Isn't that very spookily similar to "Bobo"?

At the lake ... as I swam and looked back to the ***shore***, I realized that it's actually the same direction as on ***Maui Baldwin and Paia beach***. Then I saw a man sitting at some distance, just like Bob had been sitting when I was swimming, with the same **bright blue** wrapped around him! Bob had worn a sweater jacket (yes, in the tropical heat), but that was maybe a towel or a T-shirt! Just the sight of that kind of **blue** on a person crouching on shore and me swimming ... that was such a flashback.

Then: A **young man** with a stroller come by, with a t-shirt with a beach and palmtrees on it and all I could see was "...**aia Beach**"! So I ran after him to ask permission to photograph his t-shirt, but it read "Baja Beach" ... still, it's so very similar to "**Paia Beach**" ...

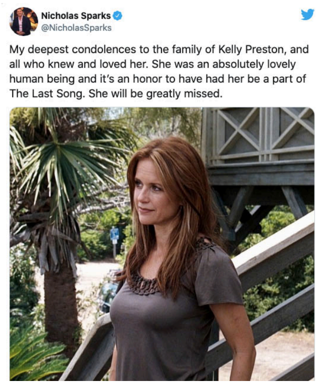
And then an **older man** came walking, **unsteadily**, either very old or very sick ... and it really reminded me of Bob so much. So is he swimming with me, in the lakes? Many times I close my eyes and say “play me” and imagine being Bob and swimming “as him” … Sometimes the **clouds** seem to indicate that it works, there was “interlocking” and “togetherness” and “parallel existence” expressed by them.

It was interesting that to my left and to my right where people wearing the bright blue color that Bob has worn in our last weeks together … a bright blue jacket … Of course it caught my eye just because I’ll forever remember Bob sitting on the beach, jittering with cold in his blue jacket, where the other people were frolicking in the ocean … I was wondering, back then, how it was possible that he didn’t mind the glances he was getting … I could see what people saw, a dead-sick man, emaciated, barely able to stand … When I think back how I had to hold my strong tall Bob when he stepped into the water on Baby-beach, where we had swum so many time in the wild tide foam pools, because he could barely stand on his feet … and how I had to lead him across the parking lot and into the sand … what a change … his body was nearly “gone” and still his mind or consciousness had managed to postpone his physical death until he and I could have some more time together “like in the old days”, going to the beach, eating, doing production together, having fun, making plans … and then I left, and he died.

Maybe his spirit really had the job not to let me actually be there when he’d pass on … I think it must have been part of the “big plan” regarding “the bridge”. So we pretended we were still “***Bob and Dani on the beach***”, but we really weren’t.

Swimming in the lake, seeing the bright blue "on the shore" was a double flashback to being watched by Bob while I was swimming, while he probably knew in his heart that he'd never swim again.

So then ... yesterday **Kelly Preston died**, at 57, of breast cancer, after a 2-year struggle. She was born in Honolulu, and I think she had Hawaiian ancestry, her middle name is "Kamalelehua", "garden of lehua" (flowers). Wow. That actually made me cry, and I had that feeling of jealousy again and being pissed off, because she also left us alone here.



Nicholas Sparks
@NicholasSparks

My deepest condolences to the family of Kelly Preston, and all who knew and loved her. She was an absolutely lovely human being and it's an honor to have had her be a part of The Last Song. She will be greatly missed.

The license plate number "**222 BE**" to me read as hint that life does go on after physical death ... it's about "Being" all the time ... and "**910 BS**" told me that Bob Stone is with me in my car, just like he was in his beloved Honda Accord, with the license plate number "MEA 910". Gives me a sting only thinking about it.

That said ... this morning I read a little bit in terms of news ... Jesus Christ, humans are so fucking stupid, now it's all about the "pandemic" COVID-19 again, and the dumb people really believe it. I can get so angry about having to live in this shithole ...

Oh, just thinking of Kelly Preston's Hawaiian name and saying it out loud or saying the similar "Kama'ole" the name of the beach parks on Maui ... with the numbers ... makes my heart drop. Far. Deep.

I've been singing the first lines of that song from "Fire Saga": "I saw you ... and then ... all my nights turned into mornings." And I've been adding, *"Then you died ... and I ... found myself in darkest fucking night."* Or something like that. I also thought to myself that Kelly Preston must be so excited right now, discovering, that physical death really isn't the end ... right on the contrary.

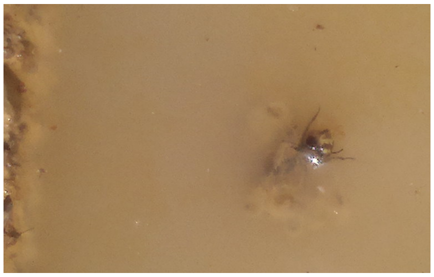
I spent an hour with Ingrid and her husband again, today ... with their copying of photographs ... what a sweet couple. The sky also showed me "**ocean waves**" today ... But no, no comfort. I keep seeing the car with the license plate number "**HA 1**", like "Hawaii" or "ha", the breath of life in Hawaiian.

July 15, 2020 – **Stone behind the electrical Barrier**

Something amazing happened last night ... I took a late walk with Jacqui and met a woman, B., who I know lives in the neighborhood. We had only greeted each other so far ... but she was alone, and so we started to chat and ended up going back home together ... turns out, that she also watches "*near death experiences*" videos and thinks her mother, although dead for 30 years, is still around! She said that she is troubled because she can't express her opinions about the world, about how "conspiracy theories" really are mostly true and that Corona is merely a media scam and a panic maker and that the authorities worldwide have some sinister plan ... and there I was, the perfect chatting partner for her! And she for me! She even has experience with a family member with dementia! When I mentioned that even though we get told shit a lot when we tell the truth or try to interest people for it we must try this, because our life is going to be over soon ... she looked at me big, and when I said that I only meant the physical body, she totally agreed.

What a great encounter! Who would have thought that a like-minded woman, also born in 1964 like me, but in April, lives right down the street!

During my walk in the forest today I saw that the **stone** under the tree that I had discovered a while ago, was now cut off from my path by an electrical wire . Wow, that's kind of reflective of the real situation, as ***"my Stone" is also "separated" from my by some kind of energetic barrier! I couldn't help but stand there and gaze at it …*** and I did reach over the wire … ah, if it only were so easy to connect in real life!

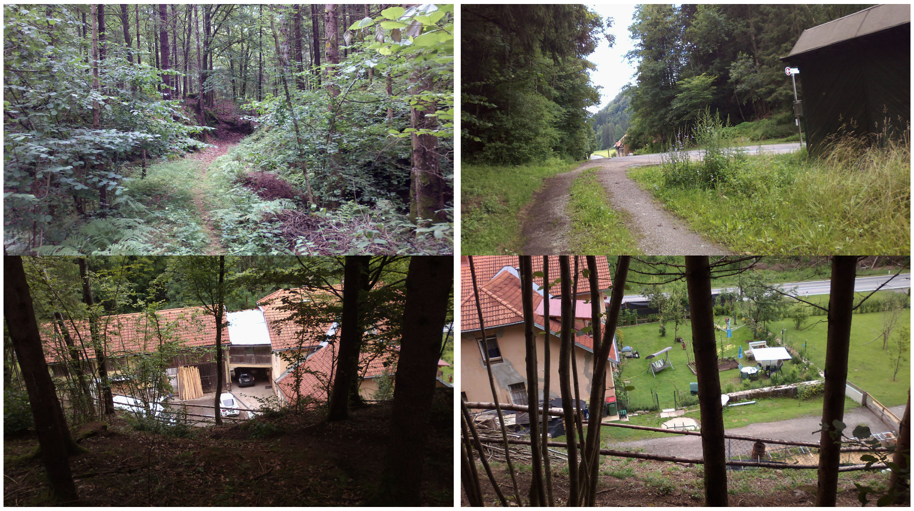


Also, there was a bunch of young **frogs** that "used" a **dead insect** as some kind of "**shield**" or "**camouflage**" or "decoy"? I was fascinated by the sight … the dead insect was floating right above the frog young …

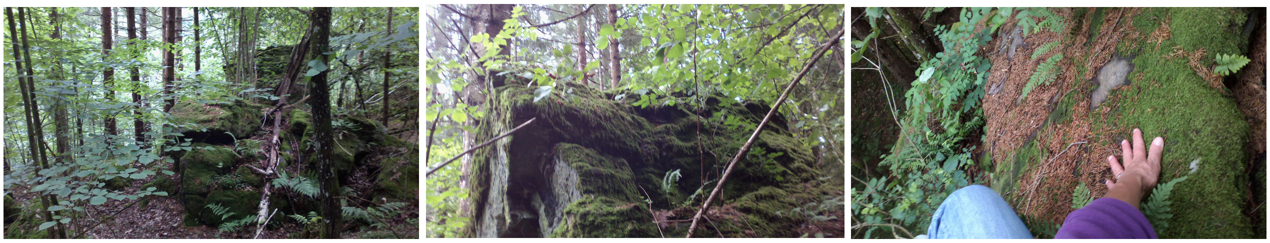
And later – a huge **thunderstorm** came up … and again, I was so curious about how the discarnates experience thunderstorms with lightning and all … probably they have to get out of its way, just like we must do, the incarnates! The towering clouds were simply beautiful and reminded me that "so much is out there" that we can't reach right now, as mortals.

July 16, 2020 – **Visit at my Childhood Paradise**

I'm not feeling well. Backache. Headache. Coughing. I feel so tired and weak often ...
but - today I made it to "**Kolonistenheim**", the house where my mother grew up in and where I spent a lot of my childhood ... it was very intense.

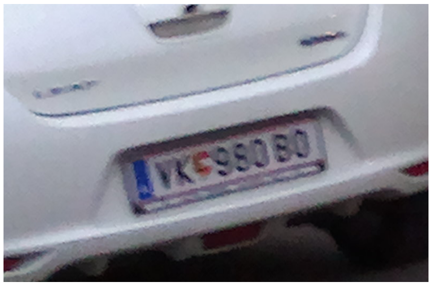


I got to see the big **stone** again (!) that I called "Hatatitla", the horse in the Karl-May-Novels, and I got up there, like I had done in my childhood and later ...



I'm so happy that people are restoring the house and living in it. The wood was so familiar, the smell, immediately recognizable ... it was touching. I also remembered that all through my childhood, I had named the big stones in that forest, and they were called "castles", "Burgen" in German. Is it a coincidence, that the day before yesterday I got to know a woman who talked to me about conspiracies like Bob would have done it, whose name is "Burgi", probably "Burghild", which means "caretaker of castles"?

I ended up close to the place where my mother was born (at Waisenberg, which translates to “orphan mountain”), when I took Jacqui for a walk in the area.



Also ... during my late night walk, I saw a car, and its license plate number suddenly changed in front of my very eyes, of course only in terms of interpretation: "**980 BO**" turned into "**9 BOBO**".

July 17, 2020 – **The Spider & the Catcher**

Horrible headache all through the night, barely slept ...

in the evening, I was working on a dialect version of "Alien Waltz", and suddenly a saw a huge ***spider*** crawl toward me from the sink. I got up and said "no no no no!", and it was like on Maui, with those huge wolf spiders ... and the spider really sat and waited until I had gotten a big plastic bowl and put it over it. Then I wanted to slide a piece of cardboard under it so that the spider would have to step on it, and I'd put the critter outside, like I had done on Maui ... and Bob and I had laughed about how I was an expert “***spider catcher***” ... oh, just now, I realize the "*catcher*" ... as just yesterday I looked at the **crops** in the area and began to consciously distinguish between wheat, barley, oats and rye. And I said again "***catcher in the rye***" when a tiny **fox** (!) crawled into the rye just as Jacqui and I walked by.

And just hours later I was a "**catcher**" ... of a spider. So I put a cup on top of the plastic bowl to weigh it down more to get that cardboard, and just as I came back, I saw the **spider** *squeeze itself out from under that plastic bowl!* How in the world did he do that? It's a gazillion times its weight?!

So it ran off, but I caught it ***again*** ... and transported it outside in the method I know so well. It was an adventure.

And then ... hot head, headache ... really not much sleep. Jacqui also kept swallowing and swallowing ... and he does that either to mimic me, or because he is in some kind of pain or worry. If he must go outside to do his business, he comes to my bed and gazes at me until I wake up.

Mädesüß - Verwendung, ...
kraeuter-buch.de

Echtes Mädesüß pflanzen und ...
mein-schoener-garten.de

This morning I had to take aspirin before even getting up ... and I looked at the plants that are drying in the corner, "**Mädesüss**" or "Queen of the Meadow", Spiraea Ulmaria, the plant that aspirin was originally made from!

This morning I saw that Marshall had again found a way into the garden ... which means that he can run off through the sheep fence anytime. Good for him. I won't tell anyone.

I long so much to take walks with him and Jacqui again ... So on my way with Jacqui, I saw amazing clouds that seemed to try and "comfort" me … at least, that's what it felt … it was like "sharing a secret", by looking at **formations in the sky** that other people wouldn't even pay attention to but that have meaning to me …

Like an "**eye**" watching me, a "**shark**" moving with me … and just an "opening" in the sky, a "**puka lani**", literally, "hole in the sky", kind of promising.

July 17, 2020 – **The Camera-Man**

Puppy Marshall escaped again ... and only I noticed. (It was late afternoon, after a big rain …) I heard him bark in a strange way in a place where he normally isn't ... and as I looked, he was in the sheep's' meadow ... and from there it's easy for him to run onto the street ... in fact, maybe he was on the street and then made it to the sheep ... so I went in there and got him. I gave him a treat, and he almost bit my hand off with greed. Poor guy was so excited and thought we'd go out again, but I had to bring him back to his fucking owners ...

Nobody even said thank you ... and the only thing the fucking owner did, is to enhance the fence. He didn't take the dog for a walk ... he didn't allow me to take him ...

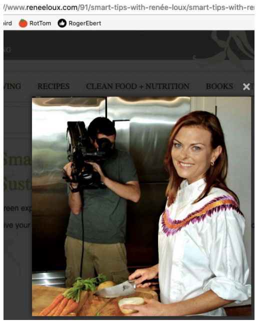
I'm just beyond pissed off right now.

And: Something amazing just happened ...

Last night, actually, the whole day, I kept having visions of **Bob** with his **olive green cargo pants and a T-shirt that he had worn so often** ... just standing there from behind, whenever I closed my eyes or dozed off, when I lay down for a rest and before going to sleep.

So, today, I received a whole bunch of garden greens and veggies from Ingrid again, and a honey-propolis mix, just wonderful ... Bob would have loved it.

So just now, after having eaten a cucumber and goat cheese and basilikum (basil) and some chocolate pralines, I remembered *a green chef* that Bob and I had met on Maui and had filmed her in her home for a cooking show, ***Renee Loux*** ... and as I googled her, and found her website ... ***I saw Bob standing there, filming her!***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I really thought it was Bob! The same cargo pants, the t-shirt, the posture, the big camera ... also we were in Renee Loux' kitchen in Wailea back then ... oh shit, so long time ago. What a fuckup is my life now! But so strange that just a day after my continuous seeing of the cargo pants I saw a camera man just like Bob had been right there, with the green chef! The reason why ...

(Oh, shit, just as I'm writing this, I hear the little dog out barking in the dark again, alone ... he is totally wet, it had rained ... maybe he'll have to sleep alone in the dog house too ... no, I can't allow this any longer, that's abuse ...)

So the reason why I googled Renee was because I had remembered that shoot where she had made the most wonderful chocolate from avocados and cocoa ...

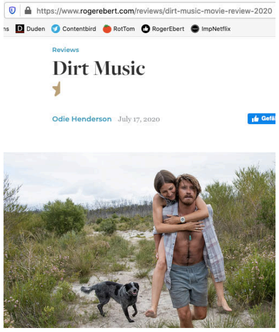
No, of course it's not Bob ... just so very similar, Bob even had a t-shirt like that.

Also ... about my visit at **Kolonistenheim**, my favorite childhood place ... when I saw it in driving by, at first, I immediately flashed back to two or three **dreams** that I had had many years ago about Kolonistenheim .... and how someone else was living there ... and there were new pathways along the hillside, in my dream, and the entire back of the house looked different, with a new driveway, too ... *and that's what it looks like there, now!* Like it had been in my dreams so many years ago!

July 19, 2020, Sunday – **The Stolen Dog & the Rainbow**

Just amazing … I've been fantasizing about abducting = "stealing" Marshall, just to bring him to safety … because the situations seeing him run away and onto the street (the second time almost, but still) makes me feel sick and really desperate. Ingrid told me about a man who lives in that remote place, in a barn, with his gazillion of cats, but he used to have and take care of abandoned dogs, until they all died of old age. He was one of the founder of an animal shelter called "The Garden of Eden". Yeah. Serious. Like the one on Maui.

So today … I opened the movie review site of the late Roger Ebert, and I looked at a film that I wasn't interested at all, and it had only half (!) a star from the reviewer, that's how bad it is, entitled "**Dirt Music**", but the first thing I read there was – "… *the type of rugged-looking former musician who chains his* **stolen dog** *to his truck on the beach while he poaches lobsters."*


https://www.rogerebert.com/reviews/dirt-music-movie-review-2020
Duden
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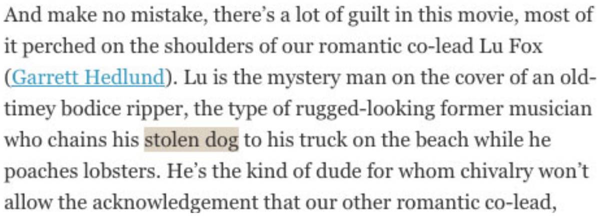
Reviews

Dirt Music

Odie Henderson July 17, 2020

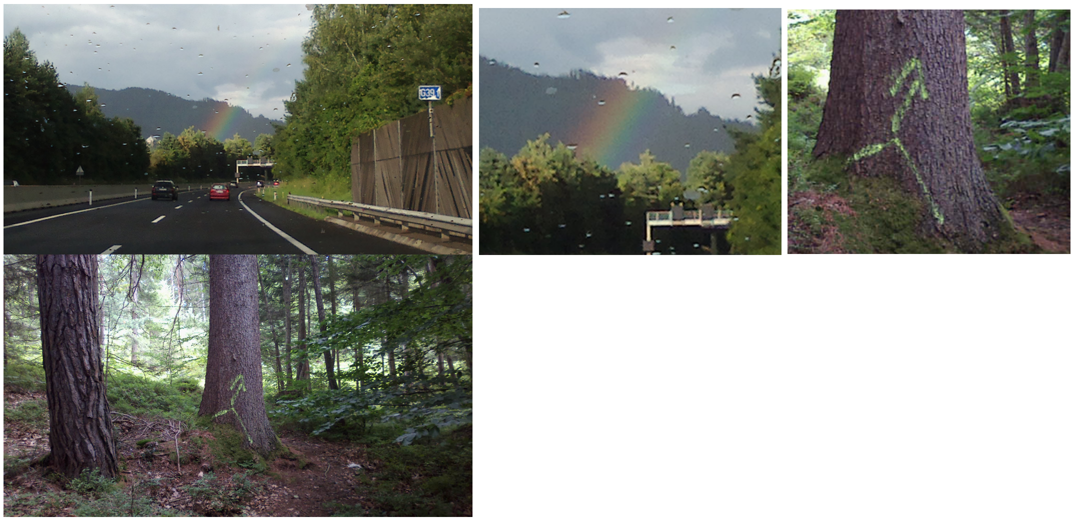


And make no mistake, there’s a lot of guilt in this movie, most of it perched on the shoulders of our romantic co-lead Lu Fox (Garrett Hedlund). Lu is the mystery man on the cover of an old-timey bodice ripper, the type of rugged-looking former musician who chains his stolen dog to his truck on the beach while he poaches lobsters. He’s the kind of dude for whom chivalry won’t allow the acknowledgement that our other romantic co-lead,

And look at the guy’s name: “**Lu Fox**”. **Lu** like “**Lou**” and “**Fox**” like the **fox** I just saw! What are the odds?

There. There are no odds to find something like that if you’re looking. And I’m prompted to read this review to read about a “stolen dog”, when my mind is filled with thoughts about “stealing a dog”. If I wasn’t all into dealing with impulses by dead people, I’d say that my “higher self” is really rocking right now …

Also: A **rainbow** appeared right before me on the **highway** today (on my way back from visiting my mother) … right after I had seen a teal colored **arrow** in the forest (at Forestlake) … it was very strange, as it hasn’t ever occurred to me before!



July 20, 2020

Today, I mentioned the Marshall situations to my landlady, and she said “What, the dog only ran into the garden”! Okay. So now I know that people are lying to each other. Her daughter didn’t tell her the truth at all … so, fine. Great, now I know.

I’m debating with myself about reporting it to the animal protection service.

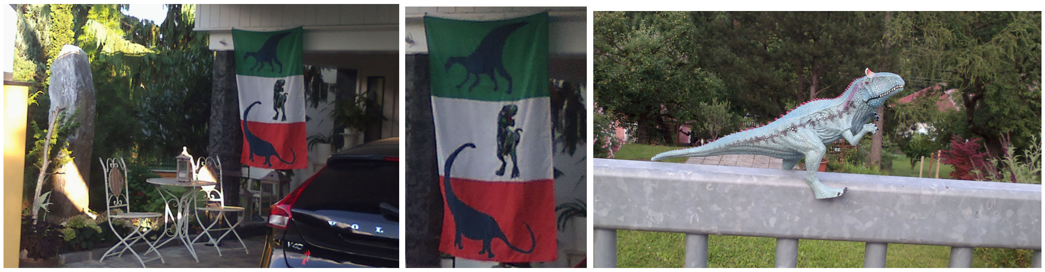
July 21, 2020 – **The Dinosaur, Bob and the Whites**

Wow. I got a very powerful answer to my *demand* that Bob show me that he is “real” and “here” and all. Remember the ***dinosaur*** that I found next to my car a days ago? It’s still sitting on the gate next to my car, nobody came to claim it. Remember the ***large stone right behind the old-fashioned table with two antique chairs,*** in Griffen, that just spoke to me a little while ago as the ultimate depiction of “Bob Stoneman and the Whites” or even the “… and the Finleys”, but the gathering of them in the beyond …

and expressing it to me in the typical material synchronicity symbolism, the large tall stone and the antique sitting group?

Okay.

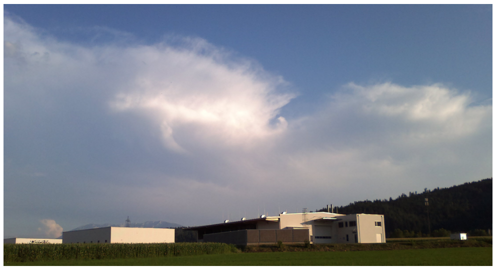
Today I took Jacqui for a late afternoon walk, and I intended to continue across a certain field past a bridge. So I went to the bridge, but before crossing it, I went right back and *went in a totally different direction*, where I hadn't intended to go … and there I passed by the stone with the "couple on the antique chairs at the antique table". And what was there with it? A **flag**. With **dinosaurs** on it. Di-nosaurs!



And then, we walked on a few meters, and a dog came running out of a garden, the owner calling for him … but he wouldn't listen, and the owner told me he only had the dog for two days … and his name was "**Dino**".

Also … the movie "Palm Springs" I watched on July 12, … about having to live through the same things over and over until a way out is found … in the ending, featured two **Dinosaurs**! Palm Springs … so close to where Bob's cremains are right now … and the dinosaurs!

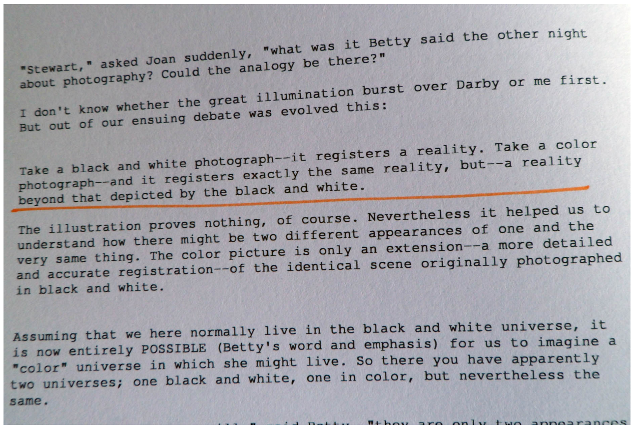
Then, walking further a little bit, just a few minutes, ***"doing the field"*** … I barely trusted eyes! A **dinosaur in the sky!**



The question was what's up with the dinosaurs in the movie … and the answer is ***"falling in love is like seeing dinosaurs in the desert …"*** Well. I sure fell in love with Bob. And I still feel it. Never fell out of it.

"Dani, I'm proving to you that I'm right here." It that what he is saying through all these synchronicity events?

Because I changed my path and intention on a whim, from the gut, without doubting it, and I found the stone and the antiques and the dinosaurs that way, I think it's supposed to mean that I'm on the right path, in the right place … because it all still fits together. I still keep finding and seeing things that are "prepared", of course, in the material realm, so that I can experience them. If I didn't do the things I do, I wouldn't find or encounter them.



"Stewart," asked Joan suddenly, "what was it Betty said the other night about photography? Could the analogy be there?"

I don't know whether the great illumination burst over Darby or me first. But out of our ensuing debate was evolved this:

Take a black and white photograph--it registers a reality. Take a color photograph--and it registers exactly the same reality, but--a reality beyond that depicted by the black and white.

The illustration proves nothing, of course. Nevertheless it helped us to understand how there might be two different appearances of one and the very same thing. The color picture is only an extension--a more detailed and accurate registration--of the identical scene originally photographed in black and white.

Assuming that we here normally live in the black and white universe, it is now entirely POSSIBLE (Betty's word and emphasis) for us to imagine a "color" universe in which she might live. So there you have apparently two universes; one black and white, one in color, but nevertheless the same.

The evening sky was baffling, too. Why is there a sunset in the South?

July 22, 2020

Baffling … as I was working on my entry for financial cultural support for the “Alien Waltz” project – and I was dealing with the ending, where a dog with a **squeaky toy** saves the day – a *squeaky toy* sounded from the neighbor’s garden: Little Maltese dog “Luna” was playing with a squeaky toy, I kid you not!

Yup, and funny again. Today I asked Bob to give me some example of real Bob-humor or of something typical “Bob” … so today Ingrid called me and asked me to be the wedding photographer of her daughter’s wedding. Geez … never ever ever would Bob and I have done weddings on Maui … it was a big no no. So now I’m supposed to shoot a wedding in freakin’ Carinthia? Geez. I’d do it for Ingrid. Met her pretty daughter and handsome fiancé of 19 years and their about 13 years old son today, and the daughter didn’t want to shake hands because of the virus. It was kind of embarrassing. But oh well, there are worse things.

So I really don’t feel like doing that wedding photographing of filming. I said to the daughter that I’ll be available if she finds nobody else and that I won’t do any celebrating and am absolutely not social.

July 23, 2020

Thank God or thank Bob … I realized over night, that there is no way that I want to be the wedding photographer for Ingrid’s daughter. So I decided to go for a swim to lake Klopein to give myself some momentum …. From there I called Ingrid and said that I can’t, because of emotional danger of breaking out in tears and because it reminds me so much of Bob … and she said to me that her daughter, as soon as I had left, had said to her that she doesn’t think I was able to do it or would want to. So perfect. Done. Thanks, Bob, for somehow bringing “***wedding***” into my life … does it have anything to do with “Paradise” that plays in the wedding biz?

July 24, 2020

I’ve been having amazing **dreams**, wow, vivid and exhausting, even about my grandmother Johanna and my grandfather Franz, my father’s parents … who I’ve never dreamed about, and always, in my dreams, I’m trying to figure out some real life aspects and connections … but it’s all fuzzy.

I was in the **forest** today and shared through “Play me” some amazing flower scents with Bob and also some raspberries … The “**Eberesche**” (Rowan) tree fascinates me. It had very bitter and sour tasting berries, but it’s very healthy in many ways.

There were **tiny flowers**, amazingly pretty, and they smelled really really good … and I shared the scent with Bob.

I’ve been having heart pains, and I’ve discovered several moles on my chest that are changing from flat spots to elevated … thingies. I’ve been observing myself, and it’s strange, as one day I feel and look heavy and fat like a horse, and the next day I wake up feeling slender, … not that I’m that slender, but my self-feeling then resembles my young self, my Maui-self.

Swimming, of course, for me, is always what makes me feel like “me”.

Still, mostly I wake up and think that no fucking way in the world I’d be able to make a film ever again, deal with organizing and the actors and all.

(Later) … big rain … and from my Easter balcony and kitchen window I saw it coming, literally.

I miss Bob so much. Many times I catch myself saying things that he would have said in that situation, even in his “voice”, somehow. Of course, that’s just me … but sometimes I have the feeling that the “play me” factor is active, and that, in a way, it’s him.

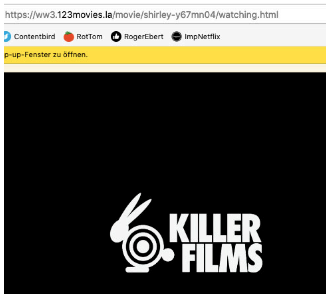
Bob is dead as a mortal … I keep saying to myself, and I can’t believe it. It’s strange. I consider myself as advanced in things “spiritual”, but yet, many times I catch myself looking forward to Maui and being with Bob again … and then I “wake up”. It won’t happen in this mortal phase of mine again. But … it will happen in the beyond.

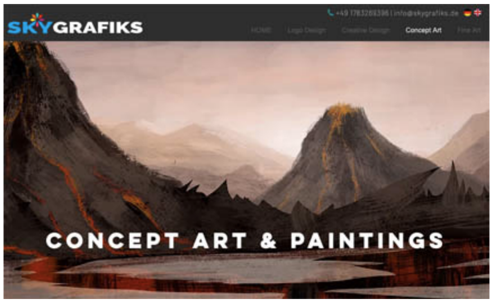
(Later)

I have so much longing to be with Bob … and sometimes the feeling of “him” is so intense … still … today I had to cry again while walking in the rain in the evening, and I said to Bob that I really need him to show himself to me to prove that he is alive and well and here …

And I warmed up a coffee … and as I bent over the sink, my ***glasses jumped out of my hands*** for no reason. Never in my life has that happened to me. So I totally was “with Bob” in that moment and remembered how often I’d seen him ***standing over the sink … and “cleaning his glasses”!*** That’s such a Bob-sight … and as I found myself standing at the sink, cleaning my glasses, I did have a distinct feeling that this was some kind of “prodding” to tell me “Hey, Dani, you know I’m here.”

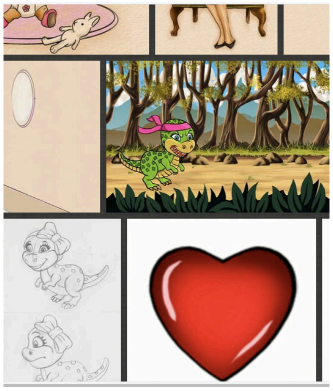
I’ve been watching **videos of near-death experiences** again …. Always comforts me. And ever again, when I least expect it, I get “nudged” … like when another **rabbit** comes up … like in some random movie, in this case, “Shirley”, I skipped through (barely made it through a few minutes) to keep my mind from diving into despair …

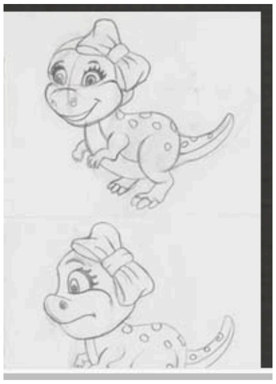

https://ww3.123movies.la/movie/shirley-y67mn04/watching.html
Contentbird
RotTom
RogerEbert
ImpNetflix
p-up-Fenster zu öffnen.
KILLER FILMS


SKYGRAFIKS
CONCEPT ART & PAINTINGS

Also … I had put out an ad (on an artist’s online forum) about me looking for people to do illustrations … and as I checked out one of the artists’ website, I came across quite inspiring imagery … (that artist wasn’t interested in my projects, though, so it was only about me checking out their website?) See “**Paradise**” and the **dinosaur**?!

https://www.skygrafiks.com/concept-art
Contentbird
RotTom
Mimi in Dream Paradise





Dinosaurs!

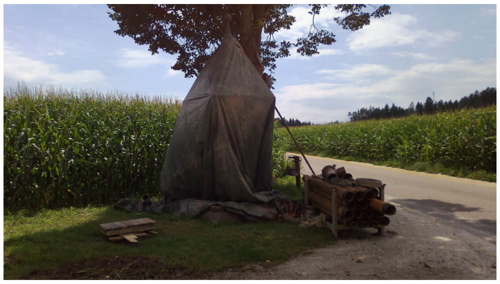
July 25, 2020 – **Daniel & the Invisible Folks & Grey Poupon Mustard**

Scare in the morning! Computer didn’t boot! After an hour it still didn’t show me the password window. I called Rudi, left a message. Switched the laptop off … willing to bring it to Rudi for a diagnosis. But then I felt driven to try a rescue key-combination (command and option and p and are and start and hold until the computer chimes three times then release) … and it worked again right away! And not only that, I made myself look into the Firefox settings regarding the caches … and I learned a whole lot of things that Bob always did for my laptop and his computer. So suddenly I realized that I was very much “being Bob”, or that he is actually me, as I’ve been saying “Play me” a lot lately. My wish for him to prove to me that he’s alive and here … may be receiving an answer this way? Just yesterday I had asked him so intensely …

Very intense **dreams** …. This time I remember some of it … I was moving with **Sigi** into a house, and there was something about *getting stuff out of my car, like clothes but also cloth*, like curtains or something, and bringing it into the house … and I was looking around in there, there were armoires and boards and chests, and things seemed to be in the right places … there were also other people, like from a kind of workshop ground, that had to do with me and that house that Sigi and I were moving in to …. Sigi was just like he had been, with the leather jacket and his tall and broad presence … So I got something out of the car and was worried I was too late or it wouldn’t fit, like some kind of **cloth**, like **drapes** or a blanket? … but it also feels like some tool or other item … and Sigi was around and seems to have brought things into the house before me, but then he had to leave to take care of something …

And then I was outside, on a country side pathway, between meadows, and **Sigi came running along the path and the meadow**, from the Northwest, and he skipped and jumped and sang, and it was not Sigi! It was a dark haired man similar like Sigi, wearing some kind of l**arge jacket or short coat in bright blue and red and white** … he had something from a clown … I must have awoken shortly after that.

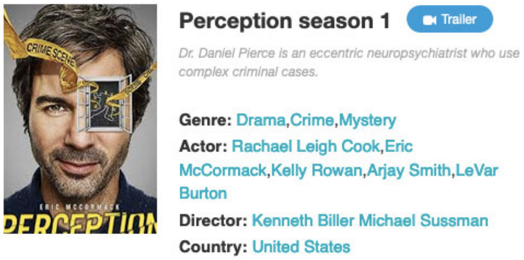
Walking along the **treehouse field** … I really felt so lost, really having some strange impression that my sense of being had left me … and I asked Bob to really show himself to me or do something … and suddenly my heart hurt so much again, a very strange pain, a new one … and I did the heart mudra and said that I can’t die, because of my dog …. And the pain subsided. Then: The **shrine** where I had found the amazing stones with the **zig-zag pattern** – was covered up today! That was very strange. Looked like a death cloth over everything.



Not feeling well generally, bouts of hot flashes … but not menopausal, somehow. No hot flashes for months … now again. Back pain. More coughing. I was swimming in lake Klopeiner See, … and it was great. Just love Jacqui so much.

Tried to share smells and tastes with Bob … again and again asking him to kind of “be there”, show himself …

So then: Just earlier, it’s evening, Saturday, I wanted to watch the movie “Like a Boss”, comedy, I thought, but I didn’t like it right away … on the Putlockers website some suggestions for TV-series were made, and suddenly I saw “**Perception**” … of which I had never heard. It was from 2013, with Eric McCormack, an actor I actually like. So yes, about a psychiatrist-professor who tells his students that what we think is real, may not be real, and that it’s all a matter of perception.



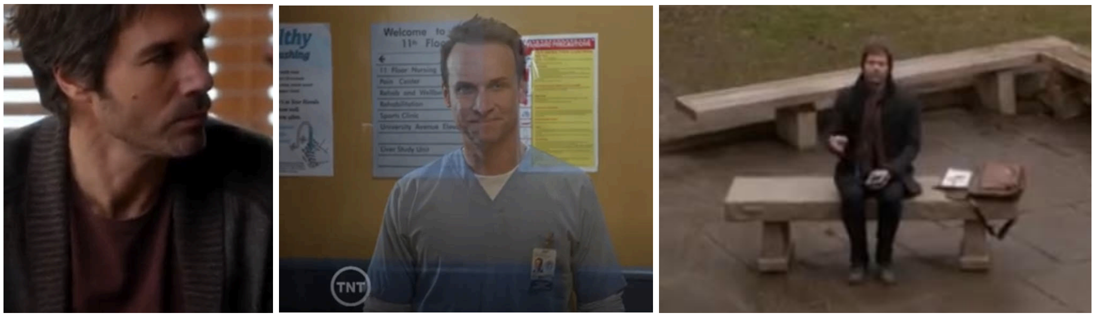
Perception season 1 Trailer

Dr. Daniel Pierce is an eccentric neuropsychiatrist who use complex criminal cases.

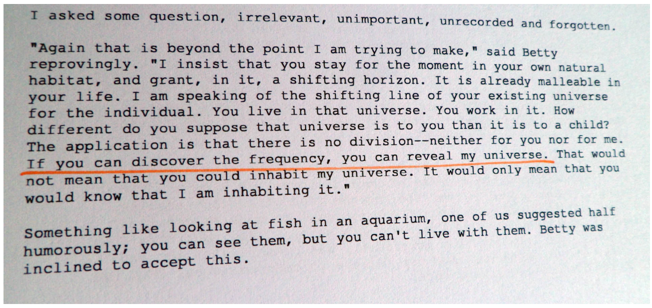
Genre: Drama,Crime,Mystery
Actor: Rachael Leigh Cook,Eric McCormack,Kelly Rowan,Arjay Smith,LeVar Burton
Director: Kenneth Biller Michael Sussman
Country: United States

That seemed to fit quite well to my state of mind … especially after having seen an amazing sunset sky here in Griffen, this evening, with amazing **sky beams** and sky **puka**", and I shared smells with Bob … like of the maize and the "**horsie tail**s" on the **maize** … which I shared with him the other day already, on treehouse field …

So the series "**Perception**" was nice enough … and It turned out that a man that the main character "Daniel" was seeing, isn't really there! **Daniel is seeing an invisible dead man!** Who appears to him, who **advises** him, supports him … *There was no way I could have deducted that from the title "Perception"!* I had asked Bob just earlier to *"**show himself to me**"*, and then I stumble over a TV-series *where the main **character by the name of Daniel sees invisible dead people who help him?!***



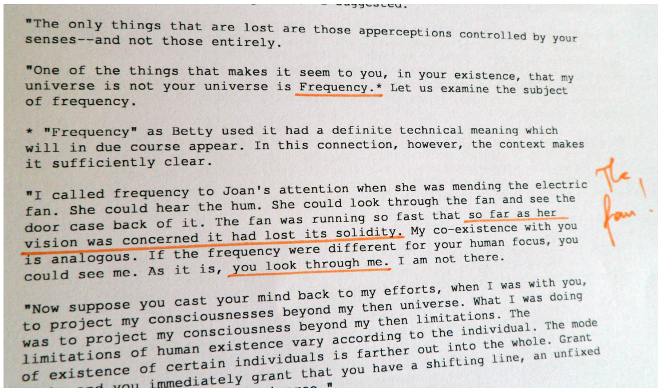
There. Bob showed himself to me. I think he did. That's his way. Isn't it?



I asked some question, irrelevant, unimportant, unrecorded and forgotten.

"Again that is beyond the point I am trying to make," said Betty reprovingly. "I insist that you stay for the moment in your own natural habitat, and grant, in it, a shifting horizon. It is already malleable in your life. I am speaking of the shifting line of your existing universe for the individual. You live in that universe. You work in it. How different do you suppose that universe is to you than it is to a child? The application is that there is no division--neither for you nor for me. If you can discover the frequency, you can reveal my universe. That would not mean that you could inhabit my universe. It would only mean that you would know that I am inhabiting it."

Something like looking at fish in an aquarium, one of us suggested half humorously; you can see them, but you can't live with them. Betty was inclined to accept this.



"The only things that are lost are those apperceptions controlled by your senses--and not those entirely.

"One of the things that makes it seem to you, in your existence, that my universe is not your universe is Frequency.* Let us examine the subject of frequency.

* "Frequency" as Betty used it had a definite technical meaning which will in due course appear. In this connection, however, the context makes it sufficiently clear.

"I called frequency to Joan's attention when she was mending the electric fan. She could hear the hum. She could look through the fan and see the door case back of it. The fan was running so fast that so far as her vision was concerned it had lost its solidity. My co-existence with you is analogous. If the frequency were different for your human focus, you could see me. As it is, you look through me. I am not there.

The fan!

"Now suppose you cast your mind back to my efforts, when I was with you, to project my consciousnesses beyond my then universe. What I was doing was to project my consciousness beyond my then limitations. The limitations of human existence vary according to the individual. The mode of existence of certain individuals is farther out into the whole. Grant that you have a shifting line, an unfixed

(From "The Unobstructed Universe")

Okay! Watching "**Perception**" I skipped two episodes and watching Nr. 4 … an FBI-agent asks for "**Grey Poupon**" mustard! Grey Poupon mustard … *is what Bob and I bought at our last Costco-run, as Bob knew how much I loved Grey Poupon* … and when I left he asked me to take it with me, but I said, no, I'll be back, and we'll eat it together! Jesus, **Grey Poupon** in a movie about **Daniel**, a man who **sees and talks to invisible dead people** …

Okay! Two more amazing things about the mustard … just as I started watching "Perception", I took a **slice of bread**, and the only thing that I wanted on it, was **mustard**. I don't have Grey Poupon, but *I put mustard and nothing else on my bread for starting to watch "Perception"!* Had I not skipped the two episodes, I wouldn't have gotten to the "Grey Poupon" today. And: The character says to Daniel that he wants mustard, and Daniel asks "what?", and the FBI-agent says "*you know, **yellow**, Grey Poupon …*" And just now, as I had already switched everything off to go to bed, I realized that the **blanket on my bed** (has been there for months) is mustard yellow.

Is Bob telling me he is with me … always? I so much want this to be the fact.

I think it is.

What are the odds?

But then … me realizing all this … Also this episode was about *messages within texts beyond the obvious surface meanings* … and just today I said to Bob again, quoting that song, that "I'm your words, so how are you my tune?" Yes, I'm the words … and the subject of this episode of "Perception", the messages behind the words or in the words … totally plays into my communication with Bob. Also, Daniel, the main character, all the time wears old fashioned head phones with an old fashioned tape recorder and listens to music that he then "directs" (like a conductor). Wow, that really plays into my current thoughts about whether or not to make a film … and I could only afford a cheap old camera, but that would work with tapes. Old-fashioned. He has a mole on the same cheek like I do.

So … "the tunes" are right there, too, in that character "Daniel", who needs the music to function, as he is kind of "crazy" because he keeps consulting with people nobody else can see.

How miraculous that I found this series today. From 2013!

Then … this seems to clearly indicated some kind of karma or predestination or … everything is in the flow and in the proper works.

Maybe that's why today I felt urged to buy ginger, and yes, I cooked it to produce the same medicine I made for Bob … and I'm drinking it.

July 26, 2020 – **Toes in the Moss & The Woman in the Forest**

A moment happened today, a moment that I can barely recall but that showed me that I'm able to feel a connection with another mortal still.

First, I drove to Velden, to visit my mother. Of course, I was thinking of Bob all the time … and then I realized that I was driving behind a **truck** with "**ROBERT**" written on its back. That was great and surprising … until the surprise got bigger: Right in front of that truck drove **another truck with "ROBERT"** written on it. So there are many implications to this finding … like Bob's two bodies, his mortal one and the beta one, Bob in two realms?

My mother looked physically okay, good, even, but she was literally interrupting me whatever I told her or tried to involve her in, in terms of topics, and kept talking about the same things she always talks about, and about her youth. Wow, I couldn’t bear being with her for a very long time. Her short-term memory is obviously inhibited and getting worse …

I did take a short walk through the forest that’s close to where my mother lives … and sure enough: I found another **message stone**! It’s funny, because it reads “**Bleib gesund**”, which means “Stay healthy”! Like “somebody” knows about my recent health challenges.

It feels like some kind of serious advice, because obviously, if I don’t stay healthy, I won’t accomplish much anymore in this lifetime. And it’s not like there were many stones. Just that one.

Okay then, will try.

Also … a little further along the path in that forest, is an **area** with the most soft and dense **moss**, and I stepped on it, barefoot, and of course said to Bob something about “**toes in the moss**”, playing on his beloved “toes in the sand” … *(Note: Later, this place will have significance! I’m currently in the process of inserting the photographs into this documentation, and it’s already August 24, so I know what’s coming.)*

I went to the **Saissersee lake** for a swim with Jacqui to kind of get my mind back to myself.

And back to myself it went … in that “moment”. First, Jacqui went into the water with me, and it was so sweet swimming with him. He is just the most precious being …

So then, on the way back to the parking lot, I saw two people come towards us with a dog, I thought, but there were two dogs, a very old Cocker Spaniel mix and a very old Mops. And the latter was barking and gnarling at Jacqui, it was a female dog, and Jacqui still wagged his tail at her and presented himself from his best side, trying to flirt. I first didn't see his owner … only kind of the idea that there was a person.

Then I said, because of the frantic barking of the **little black pooch**, "Aber Jacqui möchte trotzdem flirten" ("But Jacqui wants to flirt anyway"), and then I looked at the **woman** who had the black barker on the leash, she was about my height and figure, dark hair, dark eyes, and she smiled and said *"Schaut schlecht aus!"* which means, in a humorous way, "It doesn't look good for that". And that was the "moment". ***If felt totally and completely attracted to that woman.*** If someone would have told me that I had to be with her for the rest of my life and share everything and be romantic and intimate and do everything with her, I would have said yes yes yes. (*Note: Oh, this story has an "aftermath"! Just wait for it!)*

That was the moment. And it told me that I still have it in me to connect to another mortal with such a complete and total and limitless interest and attraction.

Of course I'll never see that woman again, likely, and the fact that it was a woman, is a little strange … because there was only one time in my life when I felt that connection, too, and that was on the day that I saw Bob for the first time, step out of "housie", with his light blue shirt. The woman also wore a light blue shirt.

It's quite the emotional … thing, that experience.

It is. Not sure what to make of it except for the insight that yes, I still can have feelings for another mortal that regards this mortal realm.

The other person was also a woman, also about my height, I didn't see her face, I think she had longer gray hair tied to a bun in her neck … and the two of them crossed my path and moved on.

Before meeting them, on the way to swimming, an older woman had crossed my path too. And I could swear I've seen her before, but I have no idea where.

Diving back, I saw amazing **cloud billows** in the South …

July 27, 2020 – **Pastures in the Sky**

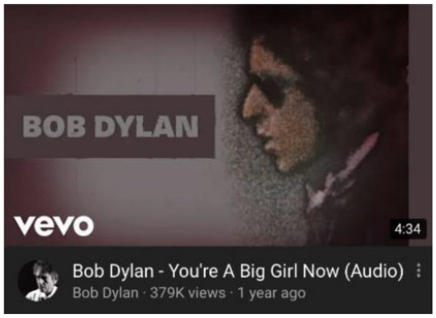
This morning, I noticed the **ridge** along the path up to Schlossberg … it had a mystical air to it … and I totally imagined all kinds of invisible folks standing up there … even Jacqui looked up as if there was something to be seen … but it was only to be felt.

Walking the **treehouse field** later today … I looked up to the **pastures** at a distance .. and suddenly I realized that the clouds hovering above them were mimicking the scattered green meadow patches I was looking at!

Also, I found a single **white slipper** next to a strangely divided puddle …. And then there were the **berries** … some kind of surreal scenario attracted my attention as the sunlight came through in a way that made those simple berries appear to be mystical creatures …

July 28, 2020 – **Synchronicities in "C's" Life**

More amazing incidents … aside from **clouds** that looked like "stacked" and like letters at the same time …


BOB DYLAN
vevo
4:34
Bob Dylan - You're A Big Girl Now (Audio)
Bob Dylan · 379K views · 1 year ago

"C" sent me a collection of pictures of songs and words and imagery and videos that she had come across lately …. Wow! Some of them totally correspond with my experiences with Bob and my insights and topics of the last weeks, but "C" and I haven't had any contact or shared or chatted for many weeks!

Guess what? The other day, I *sang to Bob on the treehouse field* "**I'm a big big girl**, in a big big world, it's not a big big thing if you leave me!" (And it continues that I will "miss you much").

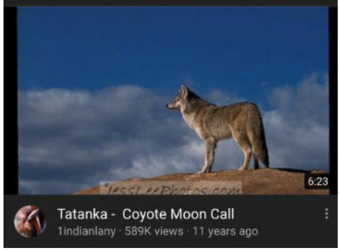
PATTERNS
the Roger Webb Sound
2:20

The Roger Webb Sound - Moon Bird (1971)
Adventures In Sound · 1.8M views · 9 years ago

This reminds of the **shard** I found in the forest! With the woman’s face on it! Just as I was submitting my script about a TV-cooking show to a US-program! “Moon Bird …”, what a wonderful combination.

Thank you...
Carl Sagan
...for the inspiration
9:13

CARL SAGAN - A Way of Thinking
Inspiration Journey · 1.5M views · 5 years ago



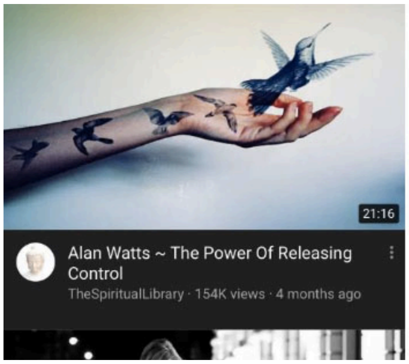
Tatanka - Coyote Moon Call
1indianlany · 589K views · 11 years ago

I'd speak of you
in every dying
moment -
not by saying
mundane words
that fall on deaf ears,
but in a melody so sweet
that even hummingbirds
can understand.

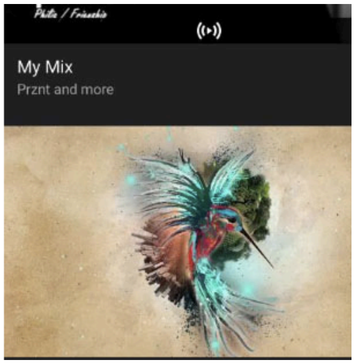
Julian T Richardson

Yes, “patterns” … the term keeps following me around, ever since I was told by those mysterious people in my twenties, that I was kind of the leader in “gathering patterns” (in an energetic sense, relating to immortality) …

I may have a different interpretation of the appearance of the “colibri” than “C” has … but I must admit that I’ve been thinking about how people who try to refuse to see, accept and follow their “kuleana” will be forced (by fate) to do so. There is a reason why “C” and I “met” … a big one.



Alan Watts ~ The Power Of Releasing Control
TheSpiritualLibrary · 154K views · 4 months ago



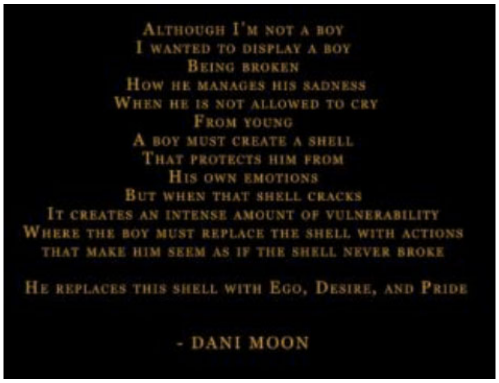
My Mix
Prznt and more

There is no escaping from “kuleana” … or maybe there is, but not for people who are advanced in their thinking about “the realms” and the true nature of human “self”. “C” is advanced.
Reminds me of my research from long ago … about the old “Shaman disease” that used to befall people who were meant to be shamans and in the service of their people but who refused. (They’d fall deadly ill and hallucinate about being torn apart by a wild bird … if they made it through this disease, they were “different” and thus shamans from then on.)
Then, according to one lore (as told by the researcher-author *Robert Findeis*), a person who is designated “by fate” to be a shaman and to “travel between the realms”, *may lose all their male relatives close to them or persons of interest do – death.* This scared the crap out of me. And yet … when I look into my life, except for my father (who doesn’t care about me) I don’t have men in my life anymore, to who I used to be close. They’re all dead. Including male friends and lovers of significance.

KÉYAH
T·H·E
crow

The **crow** that „C’s“ friend took care of and nursed back to life and good health (*Note: That died a little later …)* … is just like the crow I did the same thing with, in the last spring in Vienna, last year! And I’ve been wondering often how the little bird was … I think – fine. In Hawaiian “He aha keia?” means “What is this?”

Howling - 'Signs' (Rødhåd Remix)
Howling · 4.8M views · 5 years ago



Although I’m not a boy
I wanted to display a boy
Being broken
How he manages his sadness
When he is not allowed to cry
From young
A boy must create a shell
That protects him from
His own emotions
But when that shell cracks
It creates an intense amount of vulnerability
Where the boy must replace the shell with actions
That make him seem as if the shell never broke

He replaces this shell with Ego, Desire, and Pride

- DANI MOON

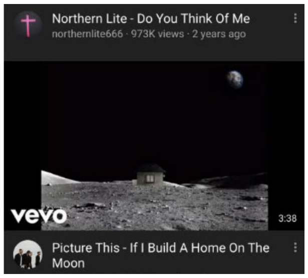
Just like the crystal I found, for my “birthday” in February 2019.

***Note**: Oh wow! Today, as I’m editing this, November 20, was **a major day for crystals and stones**, and I included the very crystal I just mentioned here! This is always again so very fascinating how things go full circle … like of all days today I edit this section with this crystal, when my life has been turned around since yesterday, relating to the “appearance of stones and crystals! And then … the wisdom by “Dani Moon” … I thought it relates to Bob, but now I know, it’s about my **father**! I’ve spent a lot of the two past days reading up on narcissism, and my father is a full-blown narcissist … and knowing those patterns explains it all!*

And this writing … signed by „***Dani Moon***" *(what a sweet way of connecting us)* … ***exactly describes Bob.*** Also, the way he described himself to me. His life-long struggle, based on his upbringing in a family with a lot of emotional troubles, based on actual tragedies relating to his father. And Bob was the oldest son.

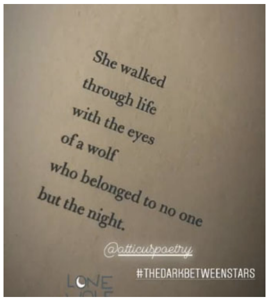
ALL THE DEAD SEEM TO KNOW WHERE I AM
4:3
Lord Huron // Ghost on the Shore - Lyrics
Cate H · 235K views · 2 years ago

3:28
ERA - don't you forget about me (HD)
Sirena Solcito · 4M views · 10 years ago


Northern Lite - Do You Think Of Me
northernlite666 · 973K views · 2 years ago
vevo
3:38
Picture This - If I Build A Home On The Moon

Looking at the clouds and crying … that has been me in the last weeks, again.

Oh my … this makes me almost cry right away, ***"If I Build A Home On The Moon***" … Our "**housie**", our beloved housie, how often I think about it. And Bob knows. "C" coming across this image and sending it to me proves it. I had, also "built my home on Bob" … *he, the "moon", was my home.* He was supposed to be.



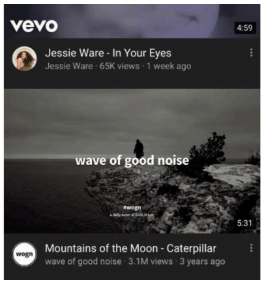
She walked
through life
with the eyes
of a wolf
who belonged to no one
but the night.

@atticuspoetry
#THEDARKBETWEENSTARS

Many years ago, a friend of mine – I had just met Sigi, and that friend was his best friend – told me that in a previous life *I had been the partner of the alpha wolf of an eight-headed pack*. And one night, he told me that I could "see with the eyes of a wolf", and he stepped behind me and put his hands to the sides of my head next to my eyes … and suddenly, I could see into the houses that were many kilometers away … but I can't remember much more, only that strange "racing" into the distance and suddenly "being there".

Of course, "Wolf", the young man who Suzanne Giesemann has written about, comes to mind. And:

My dog's name is "Jacqui Yeux-de-Loup", has been since 2014, "**Eyes of the Wolf**".


vevo
4:59
Jessie Ware - In Your Eyes
Jessie Ware · 65K views · 1 week ago
wave of good noise
#wogn
5:31
wogn
Mountains of the Moon - Caterpillar
wave of good noise · 3.1M views · 3 years ago

Get You The Moon (feat. Snow)
Kina, Snow

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www.two-m.pl

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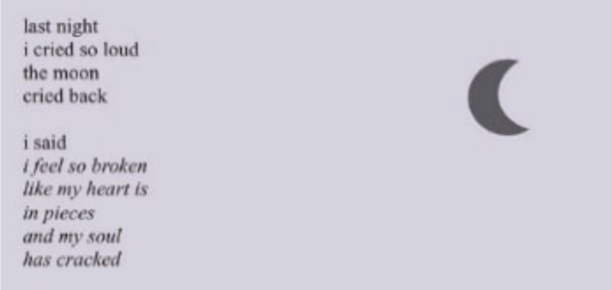
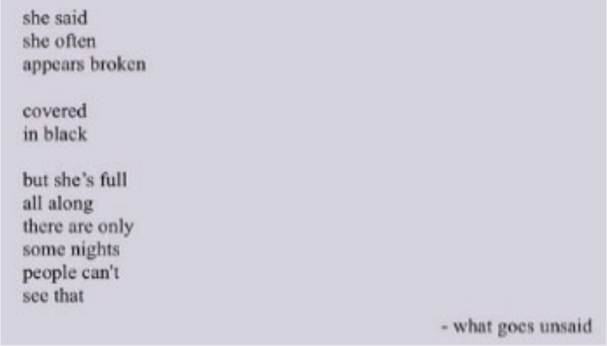
Find us on

On August 8, I photographed a **sign on a truck**, and I didn’t know why at first … only when I saw the “Get You The Moon” that “C” sent me, I knew why … (and it occurred again, in the shape of an actual **silver moon pendant** that I found)


last night
i cried so loud
the moon
cried back

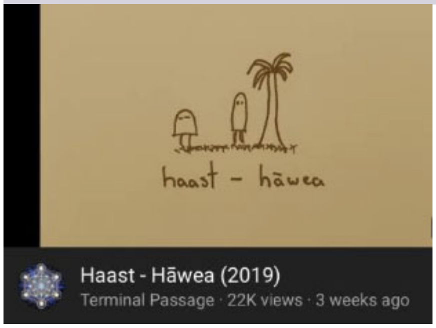
i said
i feel so broken
like my heart is
in pieces
and my soul
has cracked


she said
she often
appears broken

covered
in black

but she’s full
all along
there are only
some nights
people can't
see that

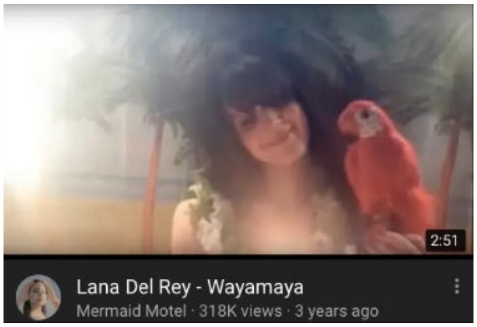
- what goes unsaid



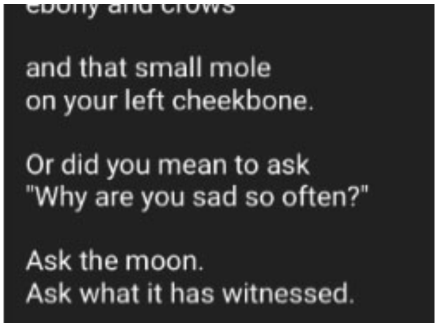
Haast - Hāwea (2019)
Terminal Passage · 22K views · 3 weeks ago

It’s good to know that „the moon cries back“, I’ve been wondering if Bob is sad, too … but of course, he’d only be if he’d “get down” to the mortal condition again …

And the **tiny island** … now that’s Bob and me on our island!



Lana Del Rey - Wayamaya
Mermaid Motel · 318K views · 3 years ago

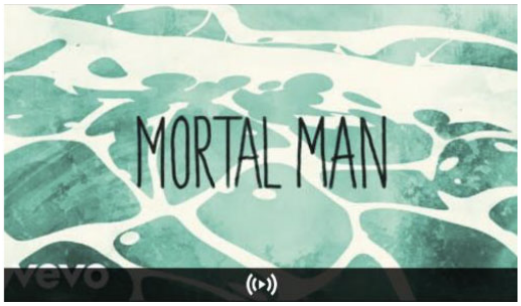

ebony and crows

and that small mole
on your left cheekbone.

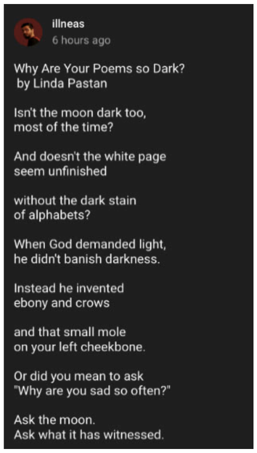
Or did you mean to ask
"Why are you sad so often?"

Ask the moon.
Ask what it has witnessed.

Yes, even **Lana del Rey** showed up for “C” – and with a **parrot** no less! On how “**Paradise**” is this! And: I have a mole on my cheekbone, but it’s only “left” when I look into the mirror.



I had so much to live for,
3:16
If Tomorrow Starts Without Me (read by Tom O'Bedlam)



illneas
6 hours ago

Why Are Your Poems so Dark?
by Linda Pastan

Isn't the moon dark too,
most of the time?

And doesn't the white page
seem unfinished

without the dark stain
of alphabets?

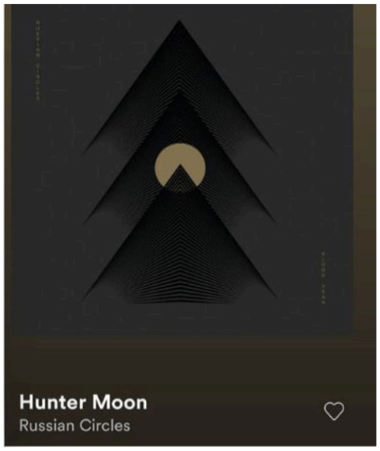
When God demanded light,
he didn't banish darkness.

Instead he invented
ebony and crows

and that small mole
on your left cheekbone.

Or did you mean to ask
"Why are you sad so often?"

Ask the moon.
Ask what it has witnessed.

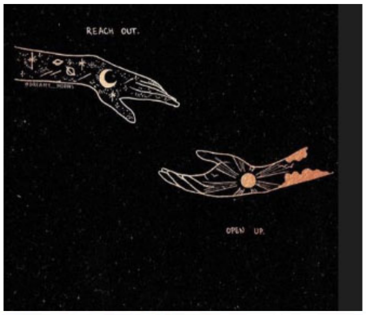

Hunter Moon
Russian Circles

2 hours ago
poets
becoming.

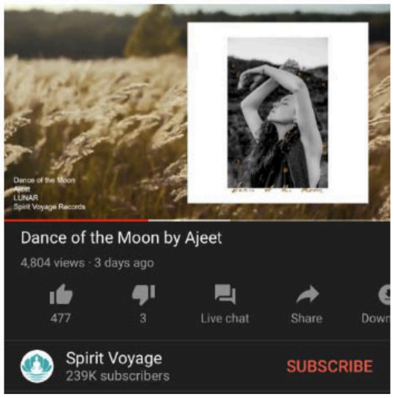
This is the pattern of the **painting** that Pundy Yokouchi talked about, on the day that I met Willie K for the first time, as described on … Pundy had received it from a friend of it, the ocean with the reflections between the single small waves … *I'll never forget that painting.* And I have thought of that painting a lot recently, and Bob knows it! And "mortal man" … yes, you were, baby, you once were.

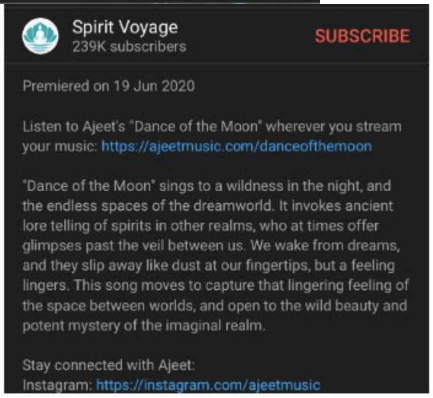
So Bob is telling me that he is aware that he screwed up? This was a question of mine, relating to "***free will***", if we could have made it together, could have manifested together what I now have to work on by myself, because Bob has left this plane, if we could have been what we thought we'd be, … if only had he and I "functioned" better as mortals. **And I take this as a "yes". Yes, you had so much to live for,** but you couldn't help yourself but ignore yourself until you had ruined yourself entirely and allowed others to prey on you. You told me so yourself, just weeks before you died, that you could now see how you screwed up and regret it all bitterly. We cried over all of it … remember?

Yes, "my tomorrow" started without you, one day. But yours still happened … just as a surprise.


REACH OUT.
OPEN UP.

Jhonny J
Pomme, soleil soleil (español/paroles)
Jhonny J · 1.3M views · 7 months ago


Dance of the Moon
Ajeet
LUNAR
Spirit Voyage Records
Dance of the Moon by Ajeet
4,804 views · 3 days ago
477
3
Live chat
Share
Spirit Voyage
239K subscribers
SUBSCRIBE


Spirit Voyage
239K subscribers
SUBSCRIBE

Premiered on 19 Jun 2020

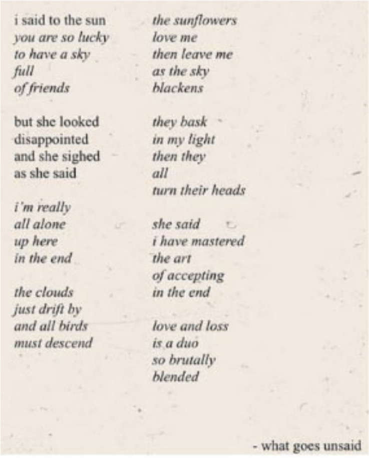
Listen to Ajeet's "Dance of the Moon" wherever you stream your music: https://ajeetmusic.com/danceofthemoon

"Dance of the Moon" sings to a wildness in the night, and the endless spaces of the dreamworld. It invokes ancient lore telling of spirits in other realms, who at times offer glimpses past the veil between us. We wake from dreams, and they slip away like dust at our fingertips, but a feeling lingers. This song moves to capture that lingering feeling of the space between worlds, and open to the wild beauty and potent mystery of the imaginal realm.

Stay connected with Ajeet:
Instagram: https://instagram.com/ajeetmusic

A woman in a crop field! My "Spirit Voyages" are as described.

Swipe up to view welteratelier.co



i said to the sun
you are so lucky
to have a sky
full
of friends

but she looked
disappointed
and she sighed
as she said

i'm really
all alone
up here
in the end

the clouds
just drift by
and all birds
must descend

the sunflowers
love me
then leave me
as the sky
blackens

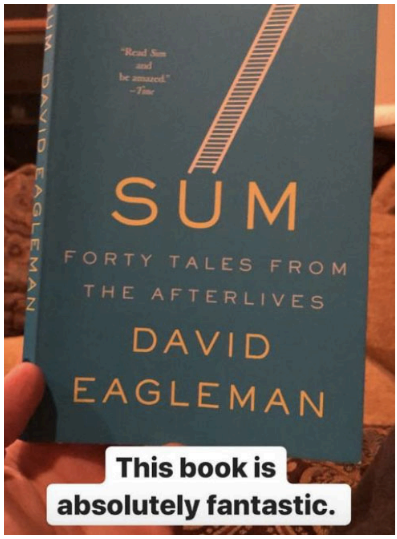
they bask
in my light
then they
all
turn their heads

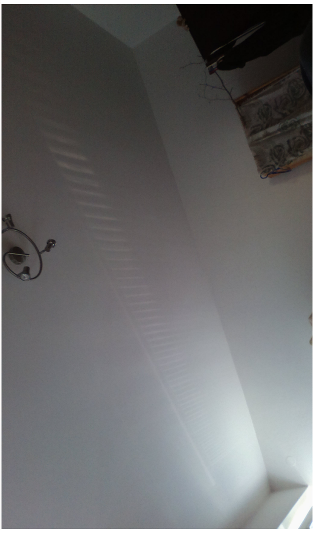
she said
i have mastered
the art
of accepting
in the end

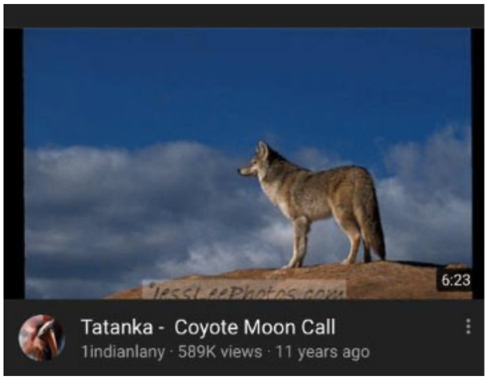
love and loss
is a duo
so brutally
blended

- what goes unsaid

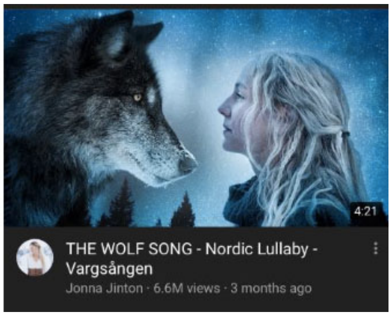
Wow! The **antique table and the chairs** that I saw are reflected in *this modern threesome equivalent*! Is that a hint at the "modern" times I live in and Bob lived in, and how we loved to sit at the table on the "lanai" eating? And then, the "wolf" separated us … my choice to adopt my dog "Jacqui Yeux-de-Loup" kept me from traveling to Bob. That's a fact. It had to be, obviously, but had I not adopted Jacqui, I would have traveled back to Bob already in 2015.


"Read Sum and be amazed." —Time
SUM
FORTY TALES FROM THE AFTERLIVES
DAVID EAGLEMAN
This book is absolutely fantastic.




JessLeePhotos.com
6:23
Tatanka - Coyote Moon Call
1indianlany · 589K views · 11 years ago

See the „**ladder**"? It's ***what I see from my bed every morning!*** Is Bob telling me that he sees what I see? It's just uncanny … and actually, I photographed those stripes a while ago, but only now got the image of the book cover by "C". I really want to read this book! I will! Must know what "SUM" means, too.



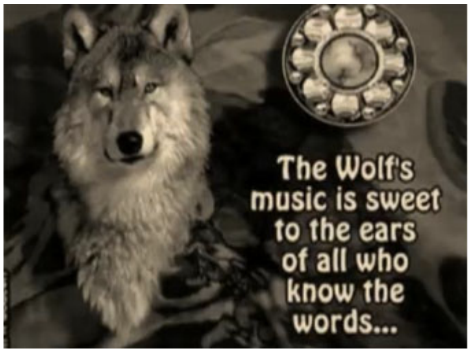
4:21

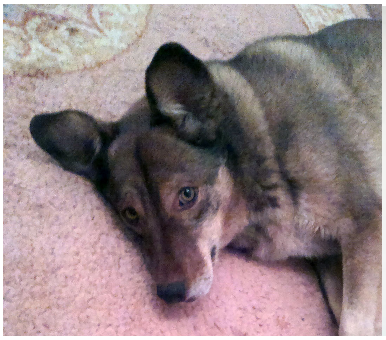
THE WOLF SONG - Nordic Lullaby - Vargsången

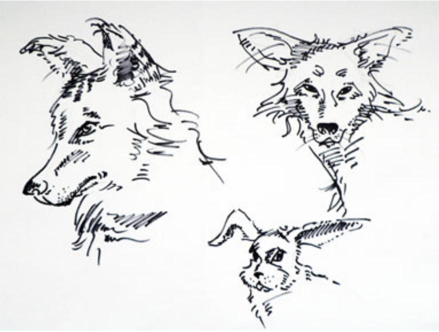
Jonna Jinton · 6.6M views · 3 months ago

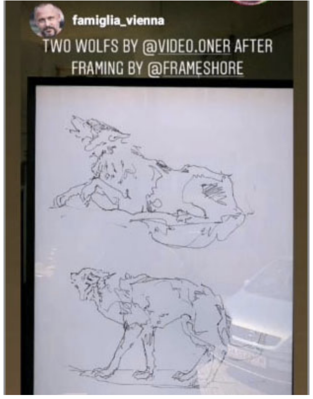
(The right one is m Jacqui.)

Now this is striking! I've been **singing** on and on the ***song*** *from the movie "Fire Saga"*, that goes "I saw you and then, all my nights turned into morning …" And the character "Sigrid" from "Fire Saga" (Rachel McAdams) looks like this woman! And Jacqui looks like a wolf!


The Wolf's music is sweet to the ears of all who know the words...







famiglia_vienna

TWO WOLFS BY @VIDEO.ONER AFTER FRAMING BY @FRAMESHORE

And in my communication with illustrator "Chris", I've sent him also ***my script for the animation movie "Wolves Are Us"*** *which Bob loved so much*, and of course I also sent my own **sketches** of **wolves**! What are the odds, that ***"C" sends me an image with sketches of wolves*** because it caught her attention?

Note*: The following is written on October 28*, when I came across this photograph while working on editing this document as of putting pics into it … I remember now that when I saw that poster that … I was reminded of myself some more, too. I came across a movie poster … that catapulted me right back into the first months on Maui, when I didn't know Bob yet. I had lived with Hadassah at Kihei, and we'd go dancing to "Mulligan's on the Blue", and Irish Pub that had a "Psychedelic Trance" program back then, it was bliss for me. There I met a young army pilot, **Rodney** B., and of course, his nick name was "**Hot Rod**", and we had a one-night-stand, but he wanted more … but not me.

SMACK DESTINY IN THE FACE
HOT ROD
IN THEATERS AUGUST 3
39%
Hot Rod

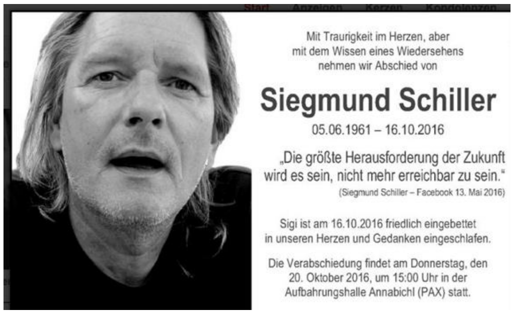
SMACK DESTINY IN THE FACE

I never have to do with "Rodneys", except when I do … on October 28, they'd play out. In an amazing way.

Last night, Ingrid called me to ask if I wanted **plums**. Wanted. So I went down the hill to meet her. And we began to chat, and somehow I ended up talking about **Sigi**! And she said, "***Oh, Sigi? I think I knew who that was!***"

She knew that he had died, because her niece is in a relationship with Sigi's partner Sonja's sister's daughter. And Sigi had been the handy-man for a friend of Ingrid's, fixing her tiles and tapestries. Wow, that was some kind of shock. It was like Sigi inviting me into his life … and today I couldn't help but thinking that it makes so much more sense now what he had expressed to me in an email to me, years before he died, that he had the feeling his life wasn't under his own rule anymore, that he was kind of forced to live a life that wasn't his … Yes, he loved to do tile work. But after many years in the rural setting, less than 10 miles from here, where I live now, he must have been worn down by the narrow-minded small kind of life style … so he was the fixer-upper … and he had started to drink heavily.

But how strange to kind of ***"meet" Sigi in the home of Ingrid!***


Start
Anzeigen
Kerzen
Kondolenzen

Mit Traurigkeit im Herzen, aber
mit dem Wissen eines Wiedersehens
nehmen wir Abschied von

Siegmund Schiller

05.06.1961 – 16.10.2016

„Die größte Herausforderung der Zukunft
wird es sein, nicht mehr erreichbar zu sein."
(Siegmund Schiller – Facebook 13. Mai 2016)

Sigi ist am 16.10.2016 friedlich eingebettet
in unseren Herzen und Gedanken eingeschlafen.

Die Verabschiedung findet am Donnerstag, den
20. Oktober 2016, um 15:00 Uhr in der
Aufbahrungshalle Annabichl (PAX) statt.

(Photograph right: Me, my brother Peter, my niece Julia and Sigi, 1989.)

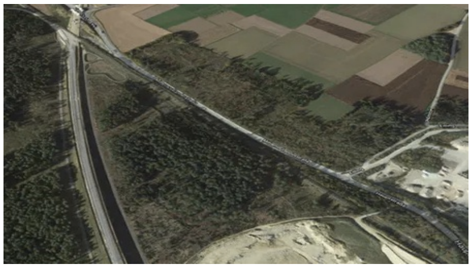
Still July 28, 2020 – **Life Danger Three Times & Met My Late Uncle Charly!**

Today I had a very ***strange feeling of unease*** when driving off to Völkermarkt to print out my application for subvention of my cultural experimental project "Dogman" …. And I was kind of wary. And sure enough, just very close to where Sigi used to live (at "Duerrenmoos"), I was driving at high speed right behind a whole row of cars … *when the cars before me suddenly slowed down dramatically, almost to a stop.* I was already about to drive into the field, because I thought *no way I can make it to stop in time* … but somehow I did make it. And I made it in a way that Jacqui on the backseat barely noticed … Phew. Weirdly … to my understanding of physics there wouldn't have a way to stop my car and not drive into the field to avoid collision. But I did it, anyway.

Then we swam in **Klopeiner lake**, wonderful. But the bridge over the reservoir is closed until September 11 … how strange, *"bridge" and 9/11, the day when I saw Bob for the last time …*

So I took a different route on the way there … and at some point two **bikers** passed by me – *right in front of an oncoming huge truck. I* was baffled when they still began to overtake, as the truck was already so close … So I *pushed the brakes,* and the bikers made it just before the truck raced by … it was surreal. Had I not pushed the brakes …

Right after that: Shortly after that, a **car** really **crossed over to my side,** cutting a curve, and hadn’t I foreseen it and had been wary on that strange road, we would have had a frontal collision, *but I drove all the way onto the right bank.* The entire drive lead through forest stretches with long roads where oncoming speeding cars scared the shit out of me …



And then it happened:

I came across – literally – another reservoir, called “**Edlinger Stausee**”. And I suddenly recalled the old man who I had met at ***Kolonistenheim*** several days ago who had chatted me up, who had known my father and my uncles … and he had actually mentioned that he originally was from a place, St. Peter am Wallersberg, where I had just driven by! And he had mentioned that my ***uncle Karli*** had driven in***to the Edlinger Stausee, where he drowned in his car.***

I have always refused to deal with this … but today, when I took the other detour back to Griffen, I suddenly was crossing the “Edlinger Stausee” (reservoir) … and as I drove by the river, I realized **where** my uncle had died … I felt drawn to a certain spot, and I know that it had happened there.

(In the area of the upper left shore side of the reservoir my uncle died.)

The road runs very close to the river just before the bridge, and it’s curvy. That’s where he ended up losing control over his car and drove over the bank into the river. The area is not very frequented, so that’s why they didn’t find him right away …

I remember refusing everything about this story, didn’t go to the funeral, nothing …. ***But today I suddenly was right there***, and I did remember my uncle Charly well. Sweet, flirty, very handsome, dark haired, tall, strong. The man at Kolonistenheim had also mentioned something I hadn’t ever heard about, as of cause of my uncle driving into the reservoir and dying in his sinking car … *that he had been dealing with his **teeth**! The man thought that my uncle had been at a dentist and had been under the influence of medication or anesthesia?!* That’s possible. Because it has always been absolutely impossible that he had committed suicided. He had just bought lottery tickets. (I got to bring this to my mother’s awareness.)

I kind of understand what happened, that my mother simply shut down. Her spirit got certain physical functions to allow her to "forget" and not suffer the grief anymore. My mother's grief must have been unbearable … after her beloved S., then my brother, then her brother, then her father, then her mother, then another very good friend, a cook ... And she was alone with all of it. But she wanted to. She used alcohol. I was in Vienna and in the USA, and she herself had asked me to *stay away,* many times … but I kind of understand, why she needed to be alone … the losses that she had to bear in her life … It must have felt to her like a loss too that I was totally not like the "normal" daughters everyone else had, job at an office, marriage, kids, divorce …

What a strange day … **"meeting" my uncle on the place of his death** … all my thoughts … it was very strange to drive by there, my heart racing and suddenly realizing that it was a very intimate place for him … *I'm sure he was with me in the car.*

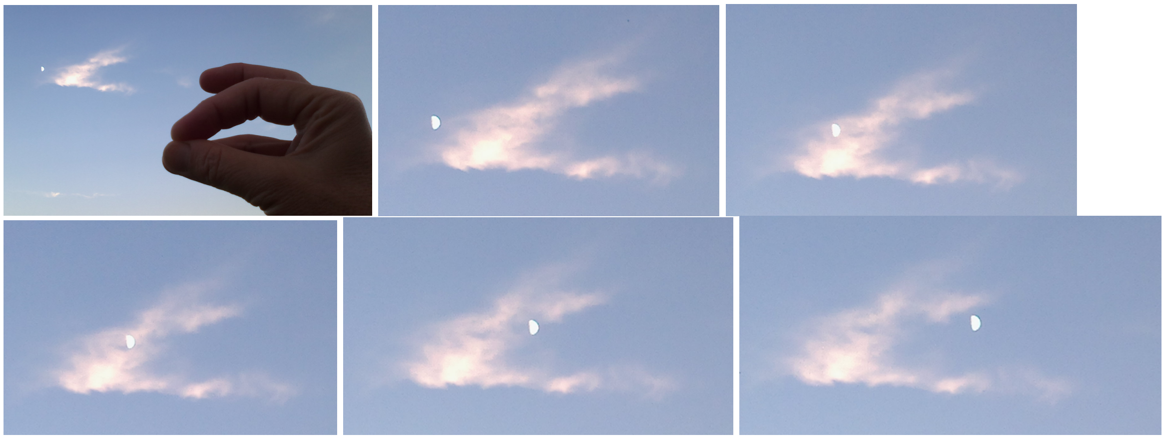
Another dangerous situation happened …

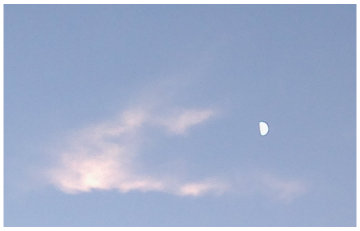
But strangely, that one I don't recall, I only remember that I literally *thanked "them" "next to me"* in case they had protected me … it was a very dangerous situation. Just before that I had looked at the **sky** and in the South-West there was one perfect ***penis with balls.***

I looked into the mirror just earlier, and even though I feel so very youthful when I'm swimming, I look really really really old.

The evening walk brought me … **angel wings** and a **skull**!

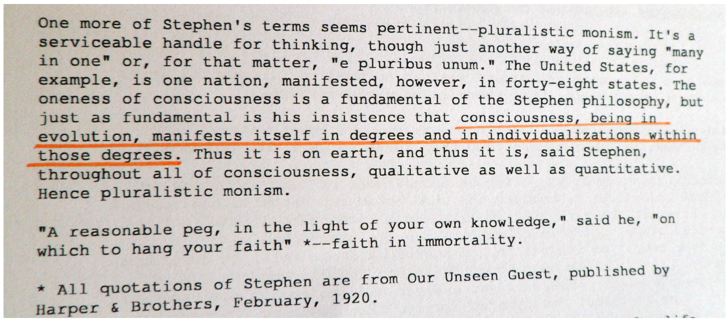
And then the **moon** with an **arrow** pointing at it … and the moon move through this arrow!





And: A **divided sky**!

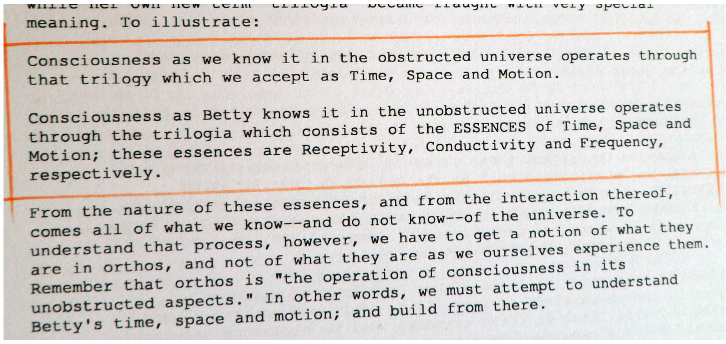
I’ve been reading „*The Unobstructed Universe*“, again … and I know I should read some more. And I know that all that is true … but then I’m wondering why “I know” and what I’m supposed to do with this knowing.



One more of Stephen's terms seems pertinent--pluralistic monism. It's a serviceable handle for thinking, though just another way of saying "many in one" or, for that matter, "e pluribus unum." The United States, for example, is one nation, manifested, however, in forty-eight states. The oneness of consciousness is a fundamental of the Stephen philosophy, but just as fundamental is his insistence that consciousness, being in evolution, manifests itself in degrees and in individualizations within those degrees. Thus it is on earth, and thus it is, said Stephen, throughout all of consciousness, qualitative as well as quantitative. Hence pluralistic monism.

"A reasonable peg, in the light of your own knowledge," said he, "on which to hang your faith" *--faith in immortality.

* All quotations of Stephen are from Our Unseen Guest, published by Harper & Brothers, February, 1920.



meaning. To illustrate:

Consciousness as we know it in the obstructed universe operates through that trilogy which we accept as Time, Space and Motion.

Consciousness as Betty knows it in the unobstructed universe operates through the trilogia which consists of the ESSENCES of Time, Space and Motion; these essences are Receptivity, Conductivity and Frequency, respectively.

From the nature of these essences, and from the interaction thereof, comes all of what we know--and do not know--of the universe. To understand that process, however, we have to get a notion of what they are in orthos, and not of what they are as we ourselves experience them. Remember that orthos is "the operation of consciousness in its unobstructed aspects." In other words, we must attempt to understand Betty's time, space and motion; and build from there.

July 29, 2020 – **Oh Balthazar!**

What a **dream**. I was **roaming Hawaii** … and yet, there were places that I’ve been to in other dreams … like at some body of water that needs to be reached by traveling North-West-ish over a very long high hillside, I think it’s the ocean down there, but the path leads through dangerous territory, in part prairie-like dunes, in other part a market-kind-of-settlement … *I was there several times before, in **dreams**.* Just today, I knew in my dream that it was Hawaii. Also *I knew in my dream that I was mourning the loss of my place in Hawaii and reminiscing my time there.* I knew that Bob was gone … not sure if I was thinking he was “dead”, but that the time with him was over … and I was so sad … and I had several **visitors** that I took through that l**andscape across the island** … it was only one, but from other dreams I know that those were several islands, like there was a place on the dream-Big-Island that I visited before, and I came across there in tonight’s dream as well … and traveling along the shore line, I showed places where I had lived and been with Bob to two people mainly, I think it was my brother Peter, but also kind of a mix with an old friend of mine, Hans-Peter, and my mother, but she wasn’t just my mother, it was as if she was someone else, too … and I knew in my dream that there was no way that I could possible explain to them or make them feel or understand how deep my loss was and, how great my life there had been and what I had, in fact, lost.

Maybe that dream came from last night's reminiscing, while I was going through my picture collection of June and July (that at the time that I'm writing this I still have to integrate into the actual document here) … and when I thought to myself, like several times before, that maybe I wasn't supposed to succeed after all. Maybe bringing Bob down and destroying our plans and my home and hopes is meant to actually get me to *give up* everything?

I sure had that feeling in the last days, my body was hurting in many spots, like crazy in my right leg, and my heart had felt like I was in the process of developing a heart attack … but then I always recover. My coughing isn't so bad, my back ache keep subsiding … yet, I'm so slow walking, and I feel so tired so much … but then, it's a crazy weather too. Well, it's mid-summer, of course it's hot. I used to live in Hawaii, should be used to that, but no, I'm actually feeling so weak and slow … barely make it up a hill … and then I think about something, get involved in my own thoughts, and suddenly I feel strong.

Today I also thought again at the traffic hazards I encountered, they were potentially deadly, each of them, and ***I had enforce my image of being protected before leaving*** … and I did think that maybe I should not drive, but still I did … and then, not long after Griffen, when the cars in front of me had to stop suddenly (because of a suddenly left-turning camping-car), and the car before me didn't think of pushing the emergency-warning button … I realized that I was approaching that car so very fast and that I was about to crash into it … ***and even though it was a split-second***, I looked (!) to the side to figure out where to turn and if I could make it into the grass, but there was a hillside to the right, and if I had driven there fast, maybe my car would have overturned … so I looked back to the car in front of me and kind of consciously said to myself (yes, all in that split-second), "I'll make it", and maybe the car in front of my gave way a little bit and moved forward some more, but I came to a halt very closely behind that other car. ***How can I have done all that in a split-second?***

And the speeding car behind me realized what was going on … the strange thing, though, too, was, that I wanted to push the emergency signal … but I didn't see it! It was strange, I was looking right at it, but my hand kept hovering over my dashboard without finding the button for what seemed a really long time … so all that happened in a split second. And it worked out.

During the second incident, I saw that the ***second biker*** behind me who was overtaking me to follow his colleague who had already cut in front of me and the oncoming huge speeding truck, wouldn't make it in time to also cut in front of me before the truck, and I drove all the way to the side and pushed the brakes … I'm sure the truck driver saw what was happening … it was a **miracle** that the second biker made it and wasn't hit by the truck.

And the third incident again had me drive onto the bank pretty much because of a truck cutting a curve and coming on my side.

Fuckers.

So why all that?

Geez. A., my landlady, told me today about her grief with the handymen working on the renovation of her house and that they had been entirely impolite, even rude to her. And she had called their boss to complain. That's kind of daring, I think. And she told me that Marshall is supposed to live with her for a week when his owners go on holiday. These people are unbelievable, the do nothing with the dog, no hiking, no swimming, and then they leave him alone for the holidays. Well, good for Marshall. I hope the holiday will actually take place – and include him having a better time.

I saw a **toad** on the road … my old "friend" Peter Rosen from Maui had once written a song about toads on the road, on Maui, I remember it very well … and just the other day, Ingrid had asked me if I had seen already the yearly carnage of toads and frogs … I have. The many frogs and toads trying to get from the pond and the swamp to the forest or the other way around … run over by cars. *All done by people who live in the area.* I wouldn't ever drive over a frog or toad. And yes, ones sees the critters, even in the night. But people simply drive over them. The encounter with the toad reminded me that I should not care too much about the people around here at all. There are sure a few nice and worthy one, but there are many idiots around here, too.

The **rainbow** right in front of my window seemed to have wanted to comfort me, in a way.

(Later)

I picked a **random** TV-crime series, "**Balthazar**", don't know why I felt attracted to it … as it's in French, but at least it has English subtitles. And in one of the first scenes, **the main character, "Balthazar", makes breakfast and talks to his girlfriend** … ***turns out, she is dead***. *He can see dead people. As if they were real. But he does say about this that it's happening "in his imagination".* Well, it's a TV-character … but what are the odds of me finding this series just by the name?

(*Balthazar and his dead girlfriend)*

Huh! What are the odds that I pick of all possible TV-series exactly this one! And no – I did NOT scan through various TV-series, I picked one, *and the first thing I see, is a* ***mortal and a dead person being together and talking!*** About major things … that are on my mind a lot … like … is Bob lonely, too? Is he forgetting me? Am I forgetting him or supposed to? (No, I don't ask myself this anymore, but I used to …)

I'm slowly disappearing.

I feel so lonely.

You'll forget me.

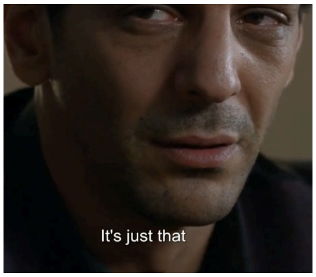
Something else. The female lead besides “Dr. Raphael Balthazar”, inspector “Bach”, she has a large ***mole like a wart on her right cheek.*** Like me. (*Note: Just now, putting the pictures into this documentation, I realize that “C” sent me a text that mentions a mole on a person’s cheek*!)

You've drunk too much again, butterscotch.

Also, just now, in the plot of episode 1, the dead woman who Balthazar sees, his ex-girlfriend who was murdered, called him “**Butterscotch**”, which is t*he type of candy that plays a major role in one of my screenplay projects, the Africa family saga, “Curly Fish”.*

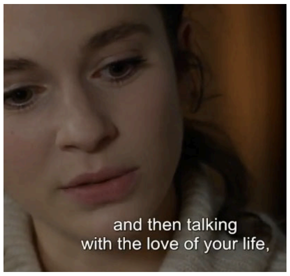
So, Raphael talks to dead Lise … about why she is still there, while having been dead for 12 years, and she says she thinks that it’s easier for him to keep her than letting her go. She then says that she loves him. Said the dead person to the living person …

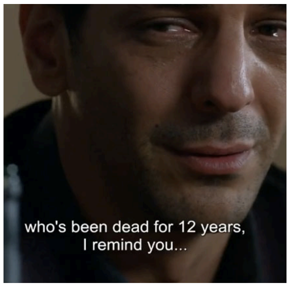
I mean – I wanted to watch a freakin’ crime story, and what am I getting? Bob and me, just reverse and in a different story. But still … **a mourning incarnate talking to his discarnate love**, only that he can see her and they talk to each other directly. And that has been my wish and my dream. Is it still something that I manifested just because of this dream? Is Bob helping me experiencing it through movie characters? It sure looks like that.


It's just that

poking corpses,

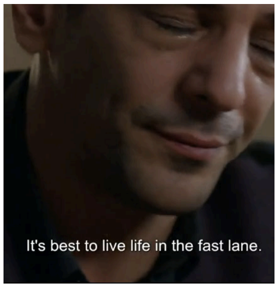
binge drinking every night,
screwing girls before coming back home,


and then talking
with the love of your life,


who's been dead for 12 years,
I remind you...

It seems to me
a fairly weird way of having fun.

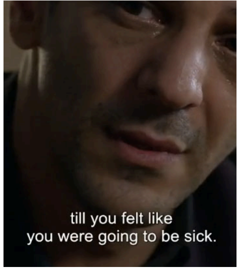
I'm dead serious. I'm not kidding.

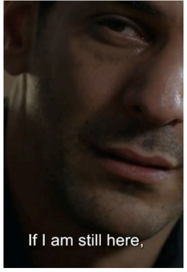

It's best to live life in the fast lane.

As a rule, dead people vanish
when their case has been settled.

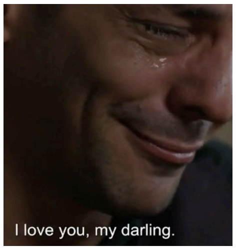
Stop it, do you hear me?

You read my file hundreds of times,


till you felt like
you were going to be sick.


If I am still here,

it may be because it's easier for you
to keep me than to let me go.


I love you, my darling.

Also, they do, what I do with Bob, I imagine him there … ***and I do everything with him*** … **watching movies**, **cooking**, **eating** … so they **dance** …

It keeps coming. Their movie-watching together! It’s just so baffling … how often have I asked myself and Bob whether he is watching with me! And then this:

Raphaël, hurry up.
You're going to miss it all!

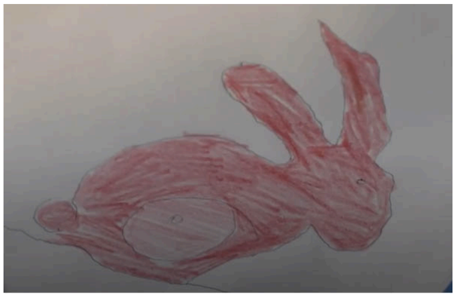
Server St
Server Pre

How fascinating, to see all that lived out, playing out like I had imagined it! It’s a manifestation of sorts! I always want “apparition”, “to see Bob” … and there, of course, is no way that I can actually see him, but I can see stand-ins for him … and fake stories of his and my doings, **in movies** …. It’s a blessing.

I should know by now that **Bob speaks through movies** and **things I find** and **synchronicities** … that was the stuff that our mortal relationship had to do with, a lot … and now all of that, all of what we know about each other, is being used in this “inter-realm” communication, in our “inter-realm” relationship … which is very real in its restrictions … not like in “Balthazar”, where he keeps talking with the dead and actually sees them.

And of course – a **rabbit** (relating to a case with a child). But – in the plot, it turned out that the “rabbit” wasn’t really meant to be a rabbit, it’s a child’s rendering of a fancy woman’s purse.

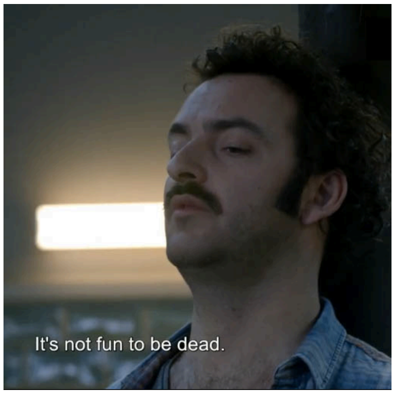
It's a rabbit. That's good.

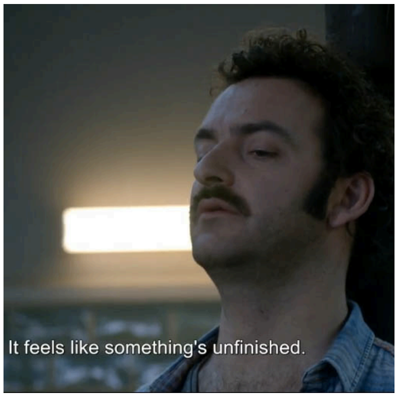


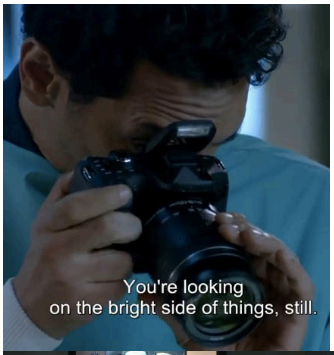
Now … doc gave a dead guy a speech about **how it’s easy to be dead and that the surviving loved ones have to deal with the giant heap of shit** … *oh geez, that’s exactly what I’ve said to Bob so many times*. And dead guy gave the doc a speech about how he knows that doc can’t enjoy life, and that he speeds and drinks and is careless for life to be over sooner.

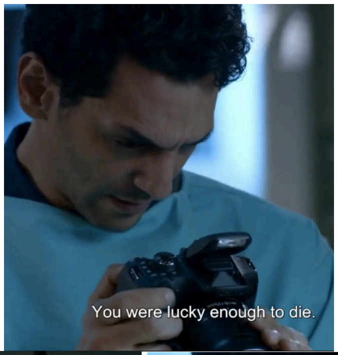
Wow. I sure didn’t see that one coming, tonight, watching this. ***Being spoken to like this.***

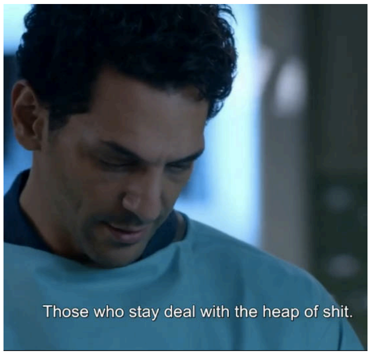
So, you'll open my belly tomorrow?

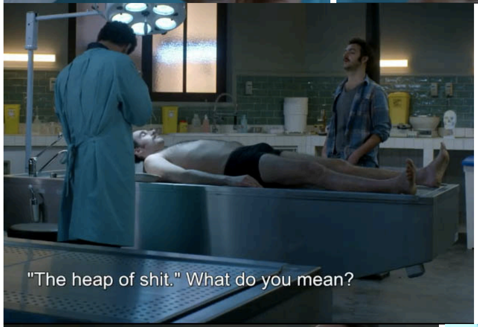

It's not fun to be dead.


It feels like something's unfinished.

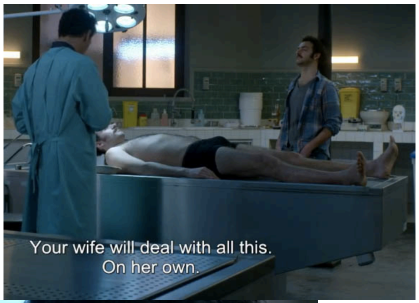

You're looking
on the bright side of things, still.

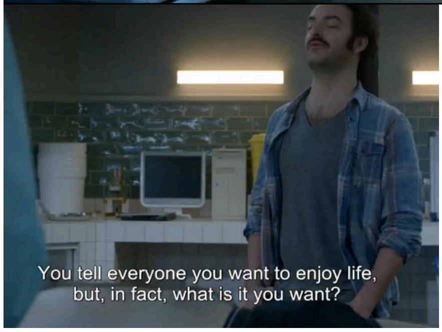

You were lucky enough to die.

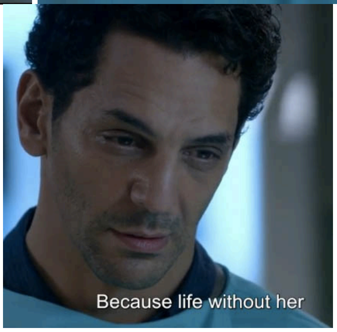

Those who stay deal with the heap of shit.

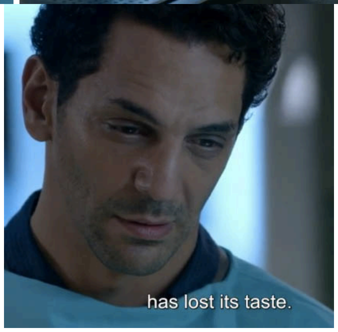

"The heap of shit." What do you mean?

Regrets, memories...


Your wife will deal with all this.
On her own.


You tell everyone you want to enjoy life,
but, in fact, what is it you want?


Because life without her


has lost its taste.

Wow. No shit. Life has lost its taste. It has meaning, yes, maybe … but except for being with Jacqui (and maybe Marshall) … there is no real genuine enjoyment, no “taste”.

Something else just came to my mind. My **dream** about **Sigi** and ***moving into a house with him***, and it was all about getting stuff like *clothes and stacks of fabrics* and *furniture* into the house, and he had to go get something like that too … and then that man who looked like him came skipping across a field next to a road, ***wearing some red, white and bright blue cloth …***

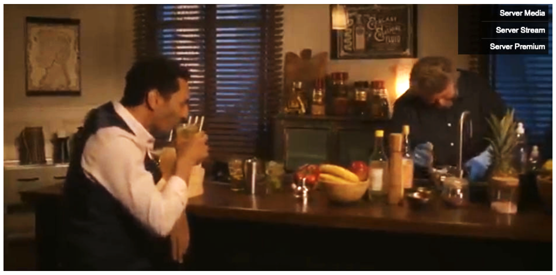
And then Ingrid told me a day later that she knew Sigi because her friend had told her how bad it was that “Sigi” had died, as ***he had been her fixer-upper in her house and had done tapestry!***

And the fact that he didn’t look like himself really when he came running towards me – kind of there, where that dangerous thing happened on the road, yesterday – may play on what he had written to me many years ago, that ***he didn’t feel like he was really himself*** or that his life really actually was his to rule, that he was rather living the way others wanted him to.

WOW! ***I had just looked at Sigi pictures***, and especially the **ice-cream photo** made me smile. It’s late (11.52 pm), but I decided to switch on the episode 2 of “**Balthazar**”, and *the first scene is* – him ***eating ice-cream, from a cup, like Sigi.***

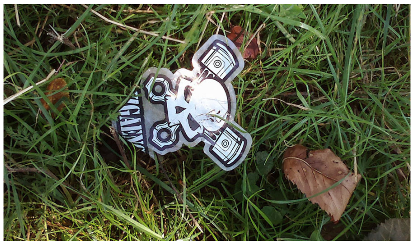
Also there is one more thing:

The story “Hulihuli Moon” starts with the main protagonist “Jeremy” cooking in his **kitchen** (and later he has a visitor) … and there is exactly the view and the kitchen I had imagined and described – in “Balthazar” … even including the **blinds** through which “Jeremy” keeps spying! This is not a coincidence … oh now.



July 30, 2020 –

Found a strange **sticker** today … in the middle of nowhere. These things are always strange, because there is never anything else around the stuff I find, no garbage, just the single finds ….

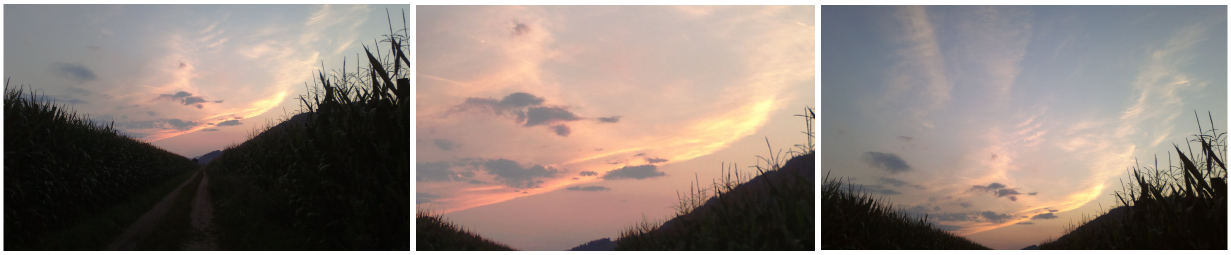


July 31, 2020

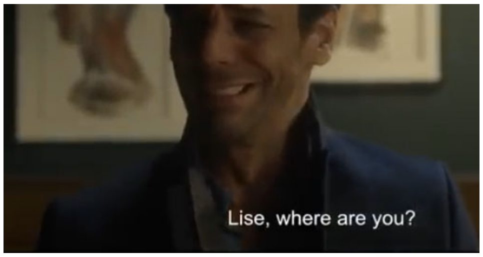
Again … doing the treehouse field walk … the **clouds** seemed to **mimic** what I was seeing, the **maize field’s outline!**

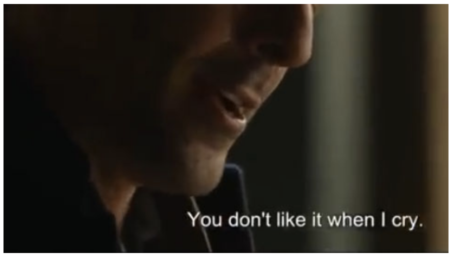
I feel drawn to this field, lately … and I'm always stunned by the impressions I'm getting there … I keep talking to Bob there and singing and crying … Jacqui, who is always wary of new places, is getting used to the round around these huge fields already and walks more relaxedly … The heavy rains have beaten down a lot of the maize plants … and the **gourd** fields aren't harvested yet, and there are single sunflowers in between. I can't help but think about Hawaii, and how significant the gourds were in the ancient island culture … for making the drums, for example, "ka 'ipu", very similar to "darling", "ka 'ipo".

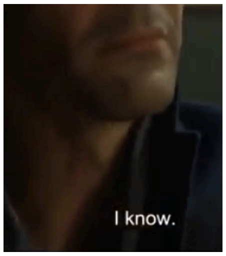
It's getting dark fast, everytime Jacqui and I are almost surprised by nightfall … but then, this brings wonderful sunset impressions … like those clouds that played "**puzzle**" … fitting together perfectly. Is this meant to tell me, that, indeed, everything is like a puzzle, and only when it's finished, one will see the value of the single pieces and parts?



(Later)
I was watching another episode of "**Balthazar**" last night, about that mourning doctor whose dead wife keeps showing up … it's very strange, he does exactly what I do, sometimes …







… like I'm cooking something, thinking of sharing it with Bob, and then I suddenly break out crying.

Or I'm talking with him … just in the movies the dead woman is visible to him … he does acknowledge that she is only a reflection of his imagination and memory, and she doesn't tell him who killed her, so it's not a "real" personal encounter (because as a real invisible she'd know everything, but as a real invisible she'd not be visible, then or able to just talk …) *Yes, it's all in his head,* but just like me, he kind of remains still, listening, thinking, finding himself alone …

He seems jovial and fun in "real life", but in reality he is only passing time … driving dangerously, sky-diving, drinking … I feel so reflected. How strange that I "found" that TV-series, I mean, it's in French. Also, there is no way to watch it on the side, as I must keep reading the subtitles …

And then, the **dream** tonight … so intense. I was **with Bob** in a place that was not Hawaii, but we were together and talking about it, and I kept wanting him to acknowledge how much he misses it and that he wants to return there as if this would make it possible for real (Right now I had one of those deep chilling insights that Bob is dead, Bob is dead.) …

But he, in my dream, was kind of dismissive, as if he didn't care about his "old" persona anymore. And then I said in my dream – and it brought me to the edge of lucidness – *"But Stoneman …"* and I don't remember the rest, but I also said *"Did you hear that, I just called you Stoneman?!"* And I knew in my dream how directly this relates to real life, so I thought in my dream that maybe it's somehow real, and awake, of course I'm thinking that my subconscious can only give me certain impressions of some actual encounters in the beyond …

So in the dream, Bob acknowledged *"Yes, I heard it"*, but his behavior – or maybe he even said something? – expressed that he doesn't see himself as my "Stoneman" anymore … and it made me so very sad and disappointed in my dream.

Just now, that I'm writing this, I can't belief – again – that the days are over. That I will never be with Bob again in this life. So often I flash back to being with him in housie … I see and feel everything, I hear everything, right now, I hear the wind chime and the sound of the blinds and the rustling of the Ti-leaves on the lanai … and the view of Maui and the feeling of the wind … and how much at home I was there …

Many times I really have the feeling I can't bear this mortal phase anymore. Like right now.

There was the **ocean** in my dream, close by … and there were other people, but not involved in the conversation … and Bob was grumpy and reluctant and not really Bob …

Just right now there is such a strong urge and need to know that / if he really is with me right now and I only can't see or hear him. Mortal life is a big heap of shit.

Just to mention it … even "Belladonna" showed up in "Balthazar".

August 1, 2020 – **The Plate & the Silverware**

August again. Almost two years since I saw Bob step out of housie after not having seen him for so long … barely living anymore. August 7, 2018.

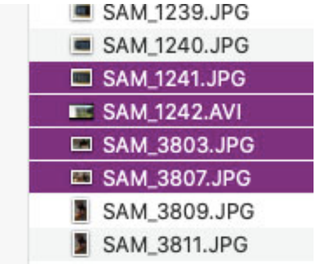
So this morning I noticed that the pitching for Netflix is open again, via Impact, a company by several famous directors. And first I thought, well "A Lotosfish-Oil Production" will just be suiting, until I realized that – of course, it's "Hulihuli Moon" that I must submit, as it fits the lead perfectly. I got excited, I must say, because the story just seems perfect. So I already started to talk out loud the 30-seconds pitch-video that every applicate has to submit, in that window from August 15 on. And I thought how I'll record it with my little photo camera, that I've used for several projects already, it's a Samsung camera, and even Bob knew it. So I talked to Bob about how to say things short and concisely in the video …

I drove to Velden to see my mother.

And on the way … I practiced the pitch again, out loud in the car, thinking about that little camera and it would produce the proper video format and I'd be able to trim it in **Quicktime** … I was in a way talking to Bob in my mind … and suddenly, a car drove by on the highway, with the license plate number "**SAM 99**", JUST as I was saying "**Hulihuli Moon**". And I stopped short, simply baffled.

Why? Because when that little camera records, all the files are named "**SAM**". Video or photographs. SAM. And I read this just when I was imaging recording producing a "SAM"-file.

Wow, I thought … can it be that it's such a direct and clear message-day?



SAM_1239.JPG
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SAM_1241.JPG
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SAM_3807.JPG
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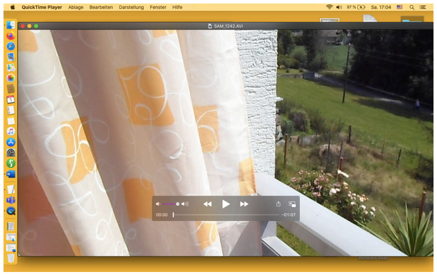
SAM_3811.JPG

SAM_Rainbow.AVI


QuickTime Player
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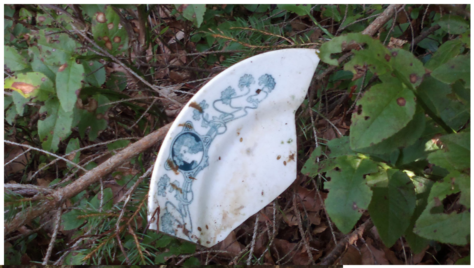
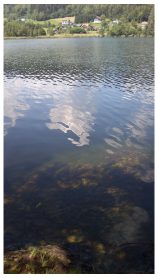
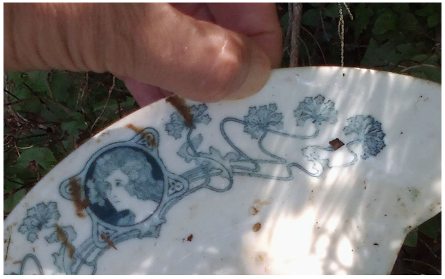
SAM_1242.AVI

I decided on a whim to go for a swim to Saissersee lake first, even though I had planned to go after the visit … and I headed for a certain spot, that I like. A little steep, but perfect to enter the water and hidden from view, so that I can go naked. And what was there? A **shard of a plate** (for food!) with a woman's head/face on it! Wow. I thought immediately, "Wow, I'm dealing with submitting a show about a TV-cooking show and I find a shard of a plate with a woman on it in a forest on that very spot that I was heading for?!"





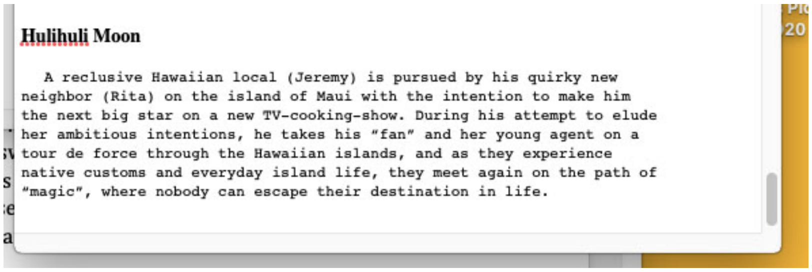


BORSA PORTA PRANZO
ORGANIZZA IL TUO PRANZO...
A SCUOLA, IN UFFICIO,
IN VIAGGIO O NEL TUO TEMPO LIBERO.
MANTIENE LA TEMPERATURA
DEI CIBI

Coincidence. Yeah, right. So Jacqui and I swam. Jacqui kept looking into the brush where the shard was, as if he was seeing something. But nothing was there. Not much swimming, though, because the water was way too warm. But Jacqui had fun bringing wood pieces from the water and running playing fetch.

And on the path back … I thought I don’t see right: A **sticker** from a **container** to transport – **dishes**! With a **cutlery** symbol on it, too! Again – “Hulihuli Moon”!? I have never ever found anything like this before.

Here is the “Hulihuli Moon” logline again:

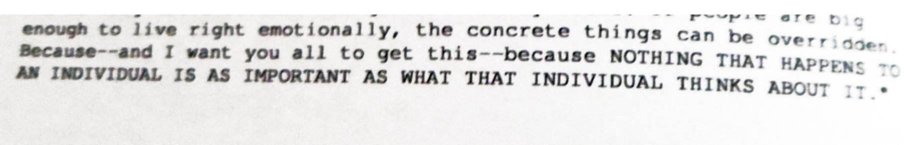


Hulihuli Moon

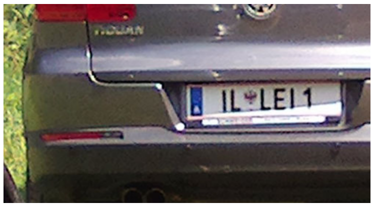
A reclusive Hawaiian local (Jeremy) is pursued by his quirky new neighbor (Rita) on the island of Maui with the intention to make him the next big star on a new TV-cooking-show. During his attempt to elude her ambitious intentions, he takes his “fan” and her young agent on a tour de force through the Hawaiian islands, and as they experience native customs and everyday island life, they meet again on the path of “magic”, where nobody can escape their destination in life.

Wow, I did feel communicated with.

Of course, people may think it all is random or coincidence, but … it’s perfectly expressed in “The Unobstructed Universe”:



people are big enough to live right emotionally, the concrete things can be overridden. Because--and I want you all to get this--because NOTHING THAT HAPPENS TO AN INDIVIDUAL IS AS IMPORTANT AS WHAT THAT INDIVIDUAL THINKS ABOUT IT.



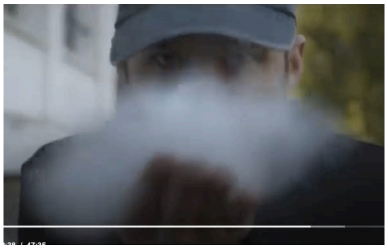
I also encountered an interesting license plate number on the parking lot.

Visited my mother … she was fine, looked good, directly from the hair dressers, who she goes every three weeks, and I’m glad she is getting human company that way.

And on the highway, as I was crying and trying to sing Hawaiian songs and to think of everything Hawaii and “**Hulihuli Moon**”, a car drove by with a “**shaka**”-hand as a sticker on it (never before ever saw that in Austria!) and with “**101 DW**” as a license plate number. I stopped short singing and crying … that’s how baffled I was. And then came, right after it “**222 ID**”. I read “ in Maui you were the real you” and that I must keep on that path. Those were greetings from Hawaii, they were!

Let alone the amazing rainbows right in front of my window everytime it rained in the last weeks.

Very interesting … even though I want to revise “Hulihuli Moon” for submission, I decided to watch another episode of “**Balthazar**” …



Belladonna and datura.

… and there it is: **Herbs** hung up upside down to dry … like I've been doing … and one of them "**Belladonna**" … like I've found and photographed just a few days ago at lake Klopeinersee!

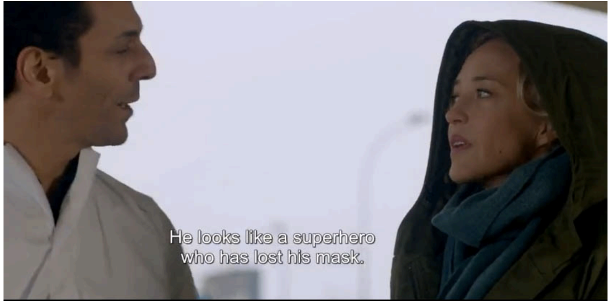
The criminal makes a powder from Belladonna and the other herbs, and blow it into people's faces and make them kill themselves … the **powder** … somehow I have the feeling that I'm supposed to understand the thing about the powder … does it have to do with drugs? With Sigi's drug use?

No! The thing that comes to mind is that *just this morning I was thinking* about **Bob** and how he had ***hated*** the **dust** in "housie", and I thought that of course there was dust, because the carpet-floor was so old and had been falling apart for years. When I entered Bob's house after four years, my things were still in place like I had left them, in 2014, but there was dust everywhere … the light blocked out in the living-storage-kitchen room by an old, incredibly dusty blanket … and today, the herbs and the "dust"? And the big show-down? ***Takes place on a bridge***, called "**Arsenal**" …

By the way, a "**face**" appeared in "Balthazar", too:

It's as if his face...

As if the skin had slid down,


He looks like a superhero
who has lost his mask.

You're in that jar now.

Joyce had told me that Bob had asked her that if he were to move in with her on the mainland, if it would be a dust-free environment …

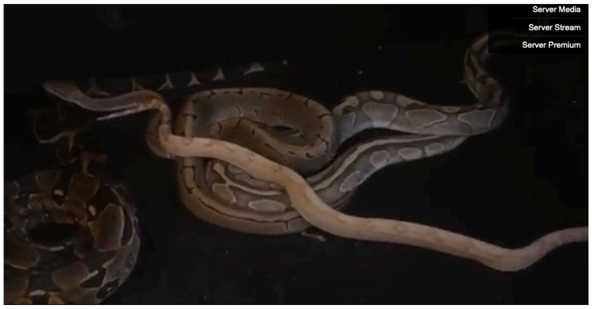
I think Bob is talking to me, his way, but clearly telling me that he is around. Sees what I'm seeing, knows what I'm thinking. And now …?

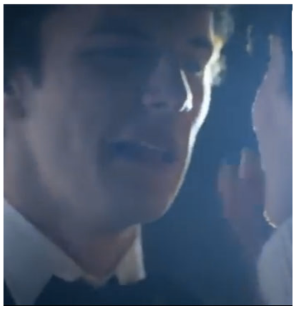
August 1, 2020 **– Snakes**

Okay. They day isn't over yet: So I went with Jacqui for an evening walk, nice and cool. I had left "**Balthazar**" (with a case of the Plague) … I didn't bring my phone, which I regretted, because after a lot of self-talk about how I hate how those fuckers treat Marshall (went for a week to the mountains for holidays without the dog!) and how much I want us three to do a long tour again, I saw exactly three clouds in the sky, one looked like a person carrying a backpack, behind her a small speck like a rat and then a bigger speck like a dog. No other clouds. And those clouds above the house where I live.

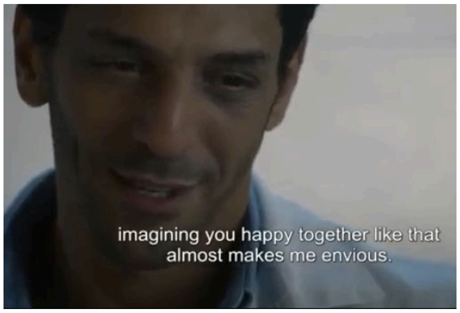
Then … a **snake** crossed our path! She was right on the street where J and I were walking, and she *hurried very much to snake away* into the grass.

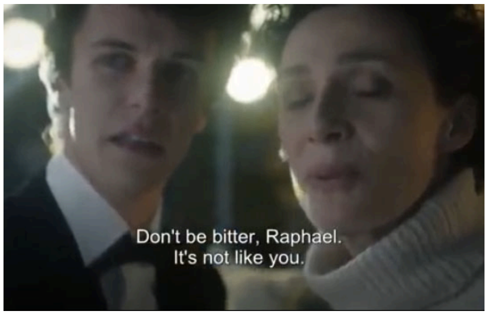
I wanted to continue watching that “**Balthazar**” episode, but the server said that there was no link anymore. So I had to *skip episode 5 and go to episode 6,* and very much at the beginning, Balthazar opens the trunk of a car, and there are several – wait for it! – **snakes** in it!





Something that touched me very much in “**Balthazar**” was a *dead son reuniting with his dead mom,* and when he (his first name is “Raphael”) expresses his jealousy … I can so relate.





August 2, 2020, Sunday –

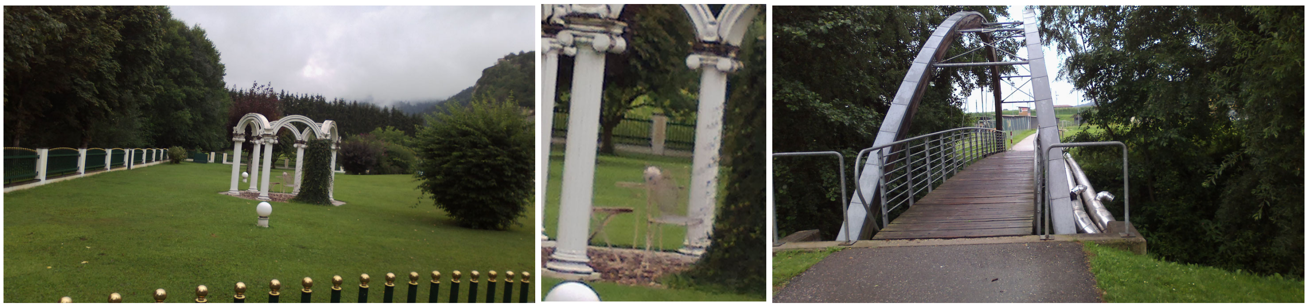
I couldn’t bear poor Marshall all alone, on a Sunday, again, and me not allowed to walk him, and the landlady and her hubby out somewhere since early in the morning. The other family members across the street - all out! Marshall entirely alone, and when I saw him and heard him cry, I simply took him into our garden and let him and Jacqui play for an hour. Then I put him back … and only then the family members came back. Nobody noticed that Marshall had been out. He was so happy! Then I considered telling A., the landlady, that I’ve seen Marshall whine after a total stranger, who turned back to him … but that’s when I came …

I can’t believe the brutality of these people ….

They did come around 3 p.m., and I can only hope that they then walked Marshall. It did rain a lot. He must sleep all alone in the corridor in front of their apartment (his owners are on holiday in the mountains in their mountain hut! Without their dog! In the mountains! How can this even be!) A flight of stairs up away from my apartment door. I could just throw up, with frustration.

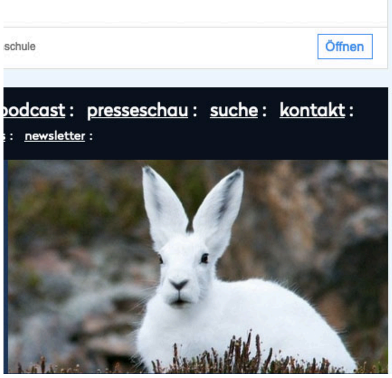
I hate them all so much. I wish for them to be punished and made see what they are doing to that poor animal. His fur is in clusters of dirty entangled hairs …

Took Jacqui for a walk … and there it was: Again, an **old-fashioned table** with old-fashioned **chairs** … as if I was again in another century, with Betty and Stewart.



A few steps further … a bridge.

Also … during my online browsing for interesting articles, another **rabbit** showed up … and most interestingly right next to a guy with a saying on his chest that was one of Bob’s and my “running gags” along with the “toes in the sand”, because it’s another line from that song, “*Somebody gotta do it, **it might as well be me.***” And on the guy’s t-shirt it reads “Wer, wenn nicht ich”, meaning “Who if not me?” There.


schule
Öffnen
odcast : presseschau : suche : kontakt :
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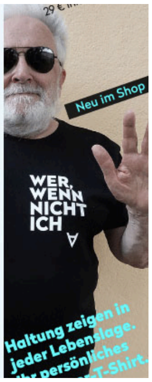

Neu im Shop
WER, WENN NICHT ICH
Haltung zeigen in jeder Lebenslage.

August 3, 2020 **– Plumeria Flowers**

I called animal services and told the situation with Marshall … the woman told me that as long as basics are met, they can do nothing. I’ve heard that before. That’s animal protection?

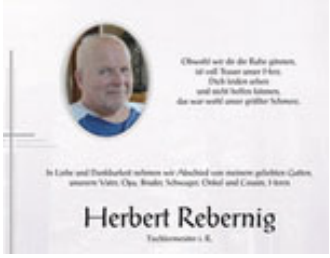
I went shopping … and there it was: **toilet paper with Plumeria flowers**! Tropical scent! Geez, I bought it, just to reminisce of all the thousands of times that I listened towards Bob’s room and bathroom to find out if he is already awake. And I love Plumeria flowers. I love them.

SUPERDURABLE
Tento
Aroma
TROPICAL FLOWER

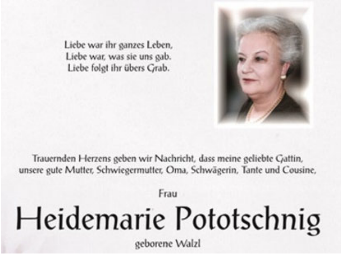
Drove to lake Klopeinersee via Tainach today, wow, what a stress, all the speeding cars cutting curves coming over to my side … I was scared for Jacqui’s and my life. The swim was wonderful, though.

The next door neighbor died today, named Herbert R., one house down from the house I live in, and I’ve seen his wife, a lovely blond one, many times, always alone. I thought she was nice and always wondered if she lived alone in this big house; I know she has birds, that sing all the time or croak. The man died from a long disease.

(It may mean nothing, but when I looked at the ***obituaries***, actually this is a later additional entry, I did it on August 4, I realize that I drove by a place where a man had committed suicide, when I drove back from lake Klopeinersee the other day, St. Peter am Wallersberg, the day when I had passed by the place where my uncle Karli has likely died … I also happened to find the obituary of Heidemarie P., the late wife of the nice man I met in May when I walked with Jacqui and Marshall, who was repairing a fence and who really liked the dogs and talked so nicely; I then had told my landlady about him, and she recognized him and said that his wife had died only in winter, February 11, actually, and that she had looked a bit like me; turns out, she was right.)



Herbert Rebernig



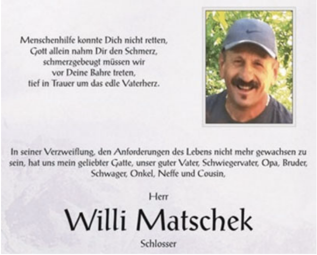
Liebe war ihr ganzes Leben,
Liebe war, was sie uns gab.
Liebe folgt ihr übers Grab.

Trauernden Herzens geben wir Nachricht, dass meine geliebte Gattin, unsere gute Mutter, Schwiegermutter, Oma, Schwägerin, Tante und Cousine,

Frau

Heidemarie Pototschnig

geborene Walzl



Menschenhilfe konnte Dich nicht retten,
Gott allein nahm Dir den Schmerz,
schmerzgebeugt müssen wir
vor Deine Bahre treten,
tief in Trauer um das edle Vaterherz.

In seiner Verzweiflung, den Anforderungen des Lebens nicht mehr gewachsen zu sein, hat uns mein geliebter Gatte, unser guter Vater, Schwiegervater, Opa, Bruder, Schwager, Onkel, Neffe und Cousin,

Herr

Willi Matschek

Schlosser

I walked up the hill today, close to the house, and I thought of the dead man who I had never known, and suddenly the impression of a ***Lotos flower*** was on my mind, later I thought it could have been a lily. Maybe it has something to do with the dead guy?

Marshall has been alone most of the time, howling and whining a lot, and today when I came home from the lake, at about 2 p.m. I asked my landlady A. if Marshall and Jacqui could play in the garden for a bit. She said no, because she’ll only be back at about 8 p.m. When I said that I could just take him into the garden, she said no, that was not possible. I got so pissed off.

Later, Toni, her hubby came home, and he was totally fine with me taking Marshall into the garden. He even went into the orchard and picked apples for me. I expressed my frustration about the dog with him, and he agreed, but he said the owners “must figure it out”. I was very close to saying that this attitude goes on the cost of the dog, but I didn’t, because T. is somewhat of an ally.

Then, it started to rain, and it got dark, and a thunderstorm came with lightning. I took Marshall into my apartment to dry him off … it was already 7.30. But of course the landlady did not come at 8 p.m., like she had said, but at 9.30 p.m. – would have been way too late to play, and Marshall would have been all alone in the garden in the storm.

When she came and I told her that the dog was with me, wow, was she pissed off. I totally ignored it and remained friendly … and I told her that I had watched Marshall try to pull the hair clusters off his fur with force, and there are inflamed and sore spots already. She said that her daughter, the owner, “had seen” the entanglements … oh, fucking really. And just let it grow like that? There are not supposed to be entanglements, they just never brushed the dog properly. I hate hate hate hate them so so so much.

Marshall was so happy to be allowed to sniff around in the apartment, try out Jacqui’s bed and take his toys and just wander around and cuddle. My god, he cuddled, and fell asleep right away. His heart was racing at every thunderclap, I felt so sad for the little guy.

But at least he had had a short good time … I gave him some soup I had made for Jacqui … and he loved it so much.

I’m glad that A. is now aware that I really know the condition Marshall is in, she might realize that I have taken pictures. She said they have an appointment on Monday (that’s in a week!) to take care of it. I think Marshall will go crazy meanwhile. Pour guy. Just ten months old and his owners leave him alone when they go on a holiday. Nobody bonds with him, nobody cares about his needs. I love the little dog … I don't know what to do.

I wish for punishment for them, I do. Sincerely.

After watching standup-comedy clips to avoid working on my screenplay, I did start to revise "Hulihuli Moon" for the Netflix-pitch-program. it really hurts like hell to see and think all the Hawaiian things that Bob saw and loved too.

August 5, 2020 – **"Miracle Stone & a Dog's Head"**

Intense **dream** tonight, about Jacqui and me in a forest (similar to one I know around here), and I saw a very bright yellow egg-mushroom in the dark between the trees, but as I started to go in there, there were all dark brown wooden huts all of a sudden, all around … and as I tried to walk between them, bees came swarming out, kind of aggressively, in a warning, and I retreated and gave up that one yellow mushroom.

Then I must have woken up … I didn't sleep well at all tonight … but fell asleep again, and had a totally **different dream** … it was about Hawaii, I have that in my feeling, but there was not Bob, but it was Rudi, my first long-term boyfriend, who I'd written weeks ago via text-messaging about whether or not he had info about rentals in Velden. And the strange thing was that I was at St. Egyden, where he lives, somehow I got there, into the middle of the crowd in the typical pubs and in between … And just now I remember that I've dreamed that kind of stuff before, me appearing in the village and going through the pubs, and people recognized me … just now, I recall those dreams distinctly, sometimes they even involved Rudi's then wife Evelyn, and also big fish ponds with huge fish (for some reason that suddenly gave me a flash of emotional joy), and in those dreams it was always about Rudi and Evelyn separating. Which they did, in real life, but years later …

Anyway, in tonight's **dream**,

I went through the village of St. Egyden, somehow from the North-East, down a hill, and it was kind of gloomy and rainy and dark, and I did find Rudi in a warehouse kind of setting, and it turned out that he was homeless, but he was working on a big project in video-production! Two women where there, his assistants, and I didn't know them. Other people from the village were around, but they didn't have anything to do with Rudi, they were just there.

So there was an editing computer in something like a shed on a makeshift table, kind of totally out of place, and then it **happened**! For some reason Rudi sat down in front of the computer, but in the dream, I saw this from a little distance behind the screen, like looking through the film, and facing "Rudi" who sat down … but it was Bob! Like he had always been, actually in a typical outfit I had kind of forgotten, his light-blue jeans shirt over a gray t-shirt … and there were his sideburns that I had loved so much, his long hair, his handsome and a bit stressed face, and like so often, he had sat down on the editing chair kind of with an air of "it's not avoidable, I got to do it", and just before his butt hit the chair, he turned back into Rudi.

It was like a window – also the feeling of it, even right now, as I'm writing it down, the morning after, in the middle of editing "Hulihuli Moon", was different than the rest of the dream – in which my subconscious "switched" the realm or the program or whatever one could call it, so that I saw Bob because he was behind that dream! It went on like this: Rudi saw me, and he was kind of distant and bitter sarcastic about being a failure in life, and when I said that I could work with him because I was very experienced in video production he kind of refused because it was only a shack … He was working on something important, though … and I insisted … and then I don't know the details anymore, just that we suddenly felt a very strong connection, even an erotic connection, and I looked at him and thought that even though he is old now, he still is handsome, and I really liked his butt in the light pants he used to wear and was still wearing.

I must admit that I've been thinking in the last day that if there was something like a feast like they always take place in summer in the area where Rudi lives in real life, I'd go there. But because of Covid-

19 nothing is going to take place, as it seems, I did even talk with my mother about it, yesterday … she said there won’t even be the Villach Carnival because of government rules … the governments are ruining people’s spirits … the normal people’s spirits, because the idiots are celebrating the restrictions … I’m not getting into this.

So in the end of my **dream**, I knew that there was a chance of being with Rudi and accomplishing something …

I woke up missing Bob so much, and there was a feeling of him being close, but also a devastating feeling of loss this morning … I really have to struggle, editing “HM”.

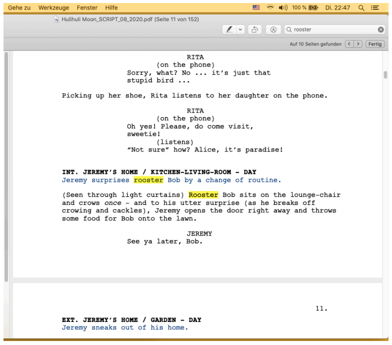
There was another **dream**, though, very adventurous, very dangerous, too, I was pursued by someone, I had to protect or retrieve something … I don’t know … and I was on a good way, but it was very hard … the dream only comes back in batches of emotional memories, no images … strange.

Last night, watching stand-up comedy like a crazy person, avoiding to start editing “Hulihuli Moon”, I came across a comedian, **Sam Morril**, who looks like **my brother Peter** could have looked like, had he lived beyond 27. I miss him so much. What a shame … all that our families forced us to endure when we were just kids … and we were doomed from early on. I had to think of other dead folks that I haven’t thought about in a while …

During a **walk in the forest** I practiced my *Netflix-pitch of 30 seconds for “Hulihuli Moon”*, and when I got it just right, I stood in the forest *high-fiving* all kinds of dead invisible folks, calling them out by name. I was going nuts, I think. But then … the fact that I had distinctly asked Fe, the lady because of who I have Jacqui, to help with Marshall, and then I did manage to play with him secretly once in the garden and I managed to give him a good hour in my apartment with Jacqui … that seems to tell me that she is in fact around. I shared some food with her, too, some milk chocolate …

I do feel that if I would really go for the “contact to the discarnates”, I could totally advance in that … but: No can do right now. My focus must be on “Regents of Clouds”.

And … I changed the name of **the rooster** in “Hulihuli Moon” from “Harry” to “**Bob**”. There, Bob.



```
                          RITA
                    (on the phone)
              Sorry, what? No ... it’s just that
              stupid bird ...

     Picking up her shoe, Rita listens to her daughter on the phone.

                          RITA
                    (on the phone)
              Oh yes! Please, do come visit,
              sweetie!
                    (listens)
              “Not sure” how? Alice, it’s paradise!

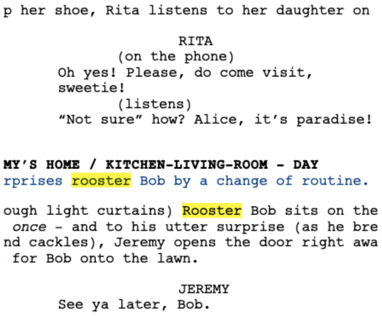
     INT. JEREMY’S HOME / KITCHEN-LIVING-ROOM - DAY
     Jeremy surprises rooster Bob by a change of routine.

     (Seen through light curtains) Rooster Bob sits on the lounge-chair
     and crows once - and to his utter surprise (as he breaks off
     crowing and cackles), Jeremy opens the door right away and throws
     some food for Bob onto the lawn.

                          JEREMY
              See ya later, Bob.

                                                            11.

     EXT. JEREMY’S HOME / GARDEN - DAY
     Jeremy sneaks out of his home.
```



```
p her shoe, Rita listens to her daughter on

                RITA
          (on the phone)
    Oh yes! Please, do come visit,
    sweetie!
          (listens)
    “Not sure” how? Alice, it’s paradise!

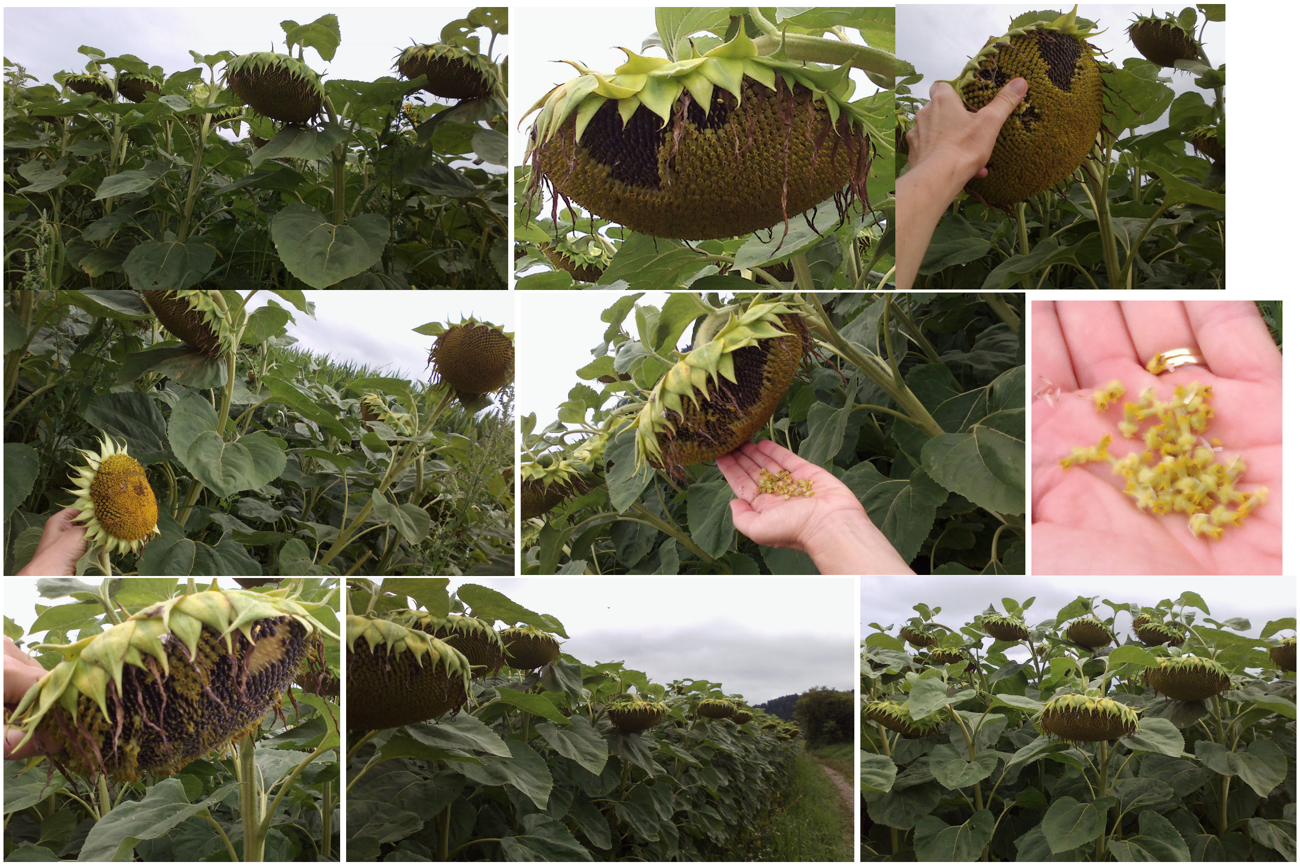

MY’S HOME / KITCHEN-LIVING-ROOM - DAY
rprises rooster Bob by a change of routine.

ough light curtains) Rooster Bob sits on the
 once - and to his utter surprise (as he bre
nd cackles), Jeremy opens the door right awa
 for Bob onto the lawn.

                JEREMY
    See ya later, Bob.
```

Today I took Jacqui on a long walk through the fields, and I was baffled by the crops, the **beans**, …

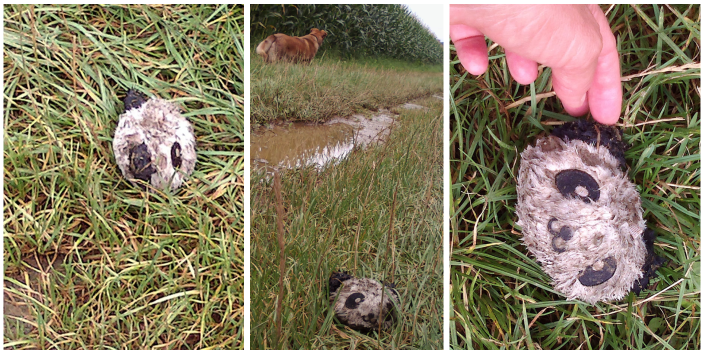
… all the affluence, the **sun flowers**, the way those creatures are just here with us, for us … Wow, every single sun flower plant is such a strong tall creature, amazing, with its sturdy hairy stem, that heavy large head and those wide leaves … wow, every single plant a miracle of complex natural construction … the way the seeds are stuck in that "hive" type enclosure, under those tiny flowers … and we don't really value the personality of those grandiose plants … I begin to find it entirely proper for people of ancient days to have worshiped plants as "Gods" … as in Hawaiian tradition a "God" is an "Akua", and that means just something that has effects … so anything can be "Akua" … Oh, just now I have to think of my series "Native of Owhyhee" with all the Hawaii-knowledge … so much work, such precious information …



I was fascinated by the way some **vines climb up crop plants**, as if they were entitled … or using the stronger plants as support … as means to an end …

It was so quiet there, and I was in some kind of communication with those plants. Jacqui is always the patient companion, just sitting down at a distance and watching me doing strange things, talking and photographing …

And: I found the **head of a stuffed animal**! Can be a **dog** or a **panda bear**! Had I not walked that path, I wouldn’t have seen that creature! I know it means something …



Also … on the way back! A **red** and a **green stone** on my path, in two different places … and again I had to think how strange it is that the “stone game” had just started last year … strewing my path with stones all over the place when I least expect them. The **red stone** as “**Wunderstein**” written on it, meaning “**miracle stone**” (and “Jakob 2020 Kärnten”).

Also, walking by a creek I came across a tree with **red sweet plum-like fruits** … and wow, did I eat many of those! Perfect fruits! Perfectly red, plump, fresh, sweet … just amazing that this grows wild next to a creek and nobody even thinks of harvesting those fruits.
This year, there is an affluence of fruits everywhere! Living in the countryside after a long time, I got to witness how fast everything grows and ripens … I remember the empty winter fields, and now some of them have had two or three harvests of different plants or crops already, with yet something else growing again! People have gardens full of apple trees, and they don't harvest the apples! They let them fall and rot and then rake them together and throw them away! I recently saw a *garbage bin* next to the street *filled with perfectly fine apples, "Kronprinz Rudolf", they are expensive in stores! People throw them in the trash! I wish I could teach a lesson directly to such people, no matter if they're old or young*! I sometimes pick up apples and pears from the street, and I eat or make some pastry from them, or I feed them to the wild pig on the path to St. Kollmann.

Three geese … yes, almost forgot: Jacqui and I met three **geese** on Schlossberg today. We did a longer walk, just the two of us, where we used to walk with Marshall. And the geese where just there, not sure what to do. So we walked by, and they simply watched us.

Klettersteig P

And in the evening … **curly clouds like ocean waves!**

August 6, 2020 **– Bob, the Comedian**

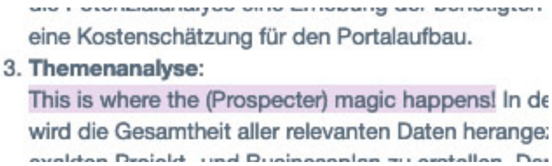
This morning I found a stand-up comedian, who could be channeling Bob with his way of speaking, his intelligence and sense of humor … listening to ***Drew Barth*** comforts me**.**

Wow (I’m watching right now), he just *dropped his wedding ring*! He goofed around and gesticulated (and it was Bob’s thing to gesticulate really wildly sometimes, kind of out of proportions!) and his wedding ***ring*** slipped off and fell to the stage! Then he said, embarrassed “Is that an omen or something?” and played cool, only to look into the camera saying “You guys can edit that out, right?” ***Editing***! Bob’s métier!

*(Note: I’m editing this on November 21, 2020, and yesterday I found a **ring**!)*

He also talks about going to the produce section of whole foods and discovering a new fruit he’s never heard of before … that’s so Bob, too! So much!

It really hurts so much when I come across typical ***“Bob-and-me-on-Maui” stuff***, like a slogan that he and I said so many times, of one of Bob’s clients … and one of the first things I did after having started to help Bob out on productions, was to build a *sand castle* for that client, whose slogan was ***“Where magic happens”.*** And that’s what showed up in an editing job today …



eine Kostenschätzung für den Portalaufbau.

3. **Themenanalyse:**
This is where the (Prospecter) magic happens! In de
wird die Gesamtheit aller relevanten Daten herange

Went for a ***forest walk*** with Jacqui … and at a spot where I was supposed and had planned to turn, I felt drawn to walk on further … and sure enough: **mushrooms**!

Also, I saw the plants that I had just happened to read about, last night, “**Jakobskreuzkraut**” (meaning Jacob’s cross herb, Stinking Willie), and it’s supposedly totally poisonous. And as I saw how immensely much of that herb is around, I couldn’t help but think how this is true for the mortal world, too … so much “poisonous” stuff everywhere, in mortal humans’ minds!

(A half day later:)

After work, I continued watching ***Drew Barth*** … and as he talks about getting sunburned, he plays ***“rubbing skin off his elbow and blowing it out”*** saying “take a piece of me with you”! What are the odds! That was Bob’s thing … with his **heavy psoriasis** … always peeling, always skin falling off him, the house full with skin pieces and skin dust … him, ***always rubbing his elbows!***

I saw Bob do that a thousand times … and here is this guy who reminds me of him, and he does the very gestures I miss so much … Bob rubbing absentmindedly skin off his elbow …

The comedian used to have a 1998 Honda Civic, that was stolen. Wow, Bob had a Honda Accord from that kind of time, and he loved that car. Couldn’t afford to fix it anymore.

August 7, 2020 – **The Rabbit & 78 US**

The dreaded day. The day my dog Kimba died in 2001. The day I arrived on Maui in 2018 and saw Bob in his dying condition.

Last night I continued editing “Hulihuli Moon”, and I realized that in order to make the script shorter, I had edited out some majorly important charming plot details … I put them back in. I kind of felt Bob next to me … the memories that keep coming with working on the Hawaiian story are at times almost unbearably painful … but I’m telling myself that Bob suffered, so many people suffered, and I must continue what I’m doing to make sense of all the shit we’ve been through on our quest to bring about “the bridge”.

Last night I saw that at the bottom of ***the tall lit stone***, at the artist’s home, is a smaller stone, that looks like a “*tumor*”. I can’t remember having ever seen that!? But maybe it was always there. Also … ***a nice older man*** came walking out of that house, white hair, dark sunglasses, tall, *he resembled Bob a little* with his tallness and the longer full gray hair and the loose shirt he was wearing, with a white dog with black ears! I’ve seen the two only once before, in winter. We greeted each other friendly … I kind of felt drawn to the man. It’s the artist’s property with all the stuff outside and *with rock and techno music playing all the time.* I’m so glad I don’t live near there, I’d go nuts over the continuous music. Strange, that this is even possible … what do they neighbors say? Maybe one of the inhabitants has some condition so that *they need to hear music all the time?*

Bob was very fond of music … ***and Joyce played music for him in his last weeks all the time.*** The fact that this tall stone stands next to a bed with a smaller stone chained and hanging from a tree and another one on the ground … just where I live, it gets me everytime. How is it possible to “find” such a place? I know – the invisibles somehow guided me to that place.

Of course the strange ***white and black animal head*** that I had found the other day came to my awareness again, when I saw that *white-black little dog* with the artist who looked like Bob … things seem to fit together so perfectly, sometime. And it’s all based on my constant need to be “proven” that Bob is here, with me and sees what I sees …

After doing some editing work, I took Jacqui on a **short walk up Schlossberg** today, even though it was hot high noon. I just felt drawn there. So I was thinking of tonight’s **dream** – of (real life) *Bud, the birdman*, who I met when I arrived on Maui in my dream, and I was very resentful because he hadn’t ever gotten in contact with me to find out how I was, and in my dream, I ended up behind him, and he had shoulder-length hair, and he was very feisty and almost fat and round, and when he looked around (to his right), I saw that he had a very round pinkish face, and when he turned around, he let his tongue stick out like a “sniffing” snake, and I realized that he looked more like a lizard than Bud. I don’t remember what the dream was all about …

So walking up Schlossberg I thought of Bob and how I don’t want to live without him, only to remind myself that I don’t have to, and that I’m only making use of my remaining time in my body. I realized that my heart and breathing are so much better now, and I’ve lost a little weight, too, I think. I do fit into the beige linen trousers that I bought on Maui in about 2002, and that was always too tight for me in those days … so I’m not fat, just I have developed body fat on certain parts, like over my stomach. Not much. All trousers still fit.

So today is August 7, “7/8” in my culture zone … and as I walked down Schlossberg, I walked by the **rabbit** that has been sitting right by the road for a while. I had discovered him right after moving here, and he used to be inside the garden near the gate. So this time, I photographed him from close-up … right while talking to Bob, like “On this special day you really fucking need to give me some kind of very cool greeting!”

And after that rabbit … the most beautiful **purple hibiscus!**

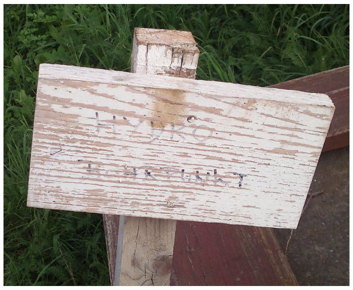
And then:

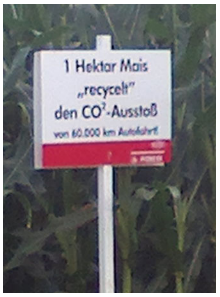
And just at that moment, a van drove up the hill right by me, and the license plate read "VK 78 US". I mean "**78 US**" … it can be read in several ways, and all relate to **Bob and me.**

So I said to him *"This counts, I guess"*. I'm open for more, though.

I got to mention that sometime I picked up an odd **purple flower,** somewhere, in a forest, with no other flowers around at all, a while ago, and because it was Bob's favorite color, I kept it in my car, where it dried. I threw it out on the treehouse field, the other day … but I photographed it, too.

Something else (during the late afternoon walk): On the spot where Jacqui and I usually take a break when we walk treehouse field and where I had found the small stones (with the amazing sky reflection) … just where we'd sit, was a sign saying "**Hydro Bohrpunkt**". Which means a drilling spot for a hydro project. I was shocked. Because fucking John W.'s business is "hydroelectric plants". F*ck him so much. I just received a notification that "his" "Taylor Camp" film is now streaming. This means Bob's film. Was that his way of telling me that he noticed? I mean "hydro drilling point"? What the f*ck?





Plus, there was a **sign** next to a maize field saying that "1 hectare of a maize field recycles the CO2-output of a car drive over 60.000 kilometers". Wow.

And then the **clouds**! Just the perfect "**fit-in"-pattern** … ***Note**: And here I got to get back to the **ring** I found yesterday … just look at this ring's "fit in"-pattern!*

(Later)

Watching *Stand-up-comedy* again today I came across an artist, ***Jeff Allen***, who struck me because of his drastic aging appearance. And that’s what happened to Bob, too. It was like he started to age heavily from one year to the next (2013 to 2014) like it’s happening with me now, compared to two years ago I look very old now) …

August 8, 2020 – 2nd Anniversary ,”Bob ok” & a “Lei”

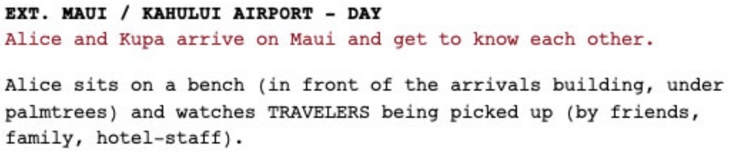
Today is the “real” August 7, two years after the day and time that I found Bob dead sick on Maui, because of the time difference between Hawaii and Austria. This morning, I woke up about 8.30 am and immediately thought how, two years ago, that was the time when I’d arrived at Kahului airport … and then, I had hitched a ride with two Filipino women up to Pukalani, something that Bob really got a kick out of … and then I went in the dark from Pukalani Foodland to Haulani Street, dragging my suitcase (one that I had received as a gift from Bob years ago), towards housie … and then, the moment when I knocked … and Bob opened, in his blue checkered pajamas that I had bought him many many years ago … and he was so much Bob but not Bob anymore at all. And I was in shock.

So I said to Bob this morning, today, that he better give me some real good greeting today to prove that he is alive and well …

I’m planning on driving to Forest lake today to hike and swim and then to visit my mother …

So I took my time and kept editing “***Hulihuli Moon***” a little. I had done some last night, coming from visiting Ingrid who needed help with deleting video from her camera, and suddenly her daughter and grandson and soon-to-be-son-in-law showed up, and we ended up chatting about motorbikes and Percht's masks (goddess in Alpine paganism) and Hawaii … it was strange. I didn’t feel like chatting, but it somehow was possible for me … with Jacqui under the table … I felt a little bit like a younger me. But this morning … look in the mirror, yikes.

So I ended up *editing exactly the section of my screenplay where “Alice from Austria” ended up arriving at* ***Kahului airport*** and realizing there that her mother wouldn’t pick her up …



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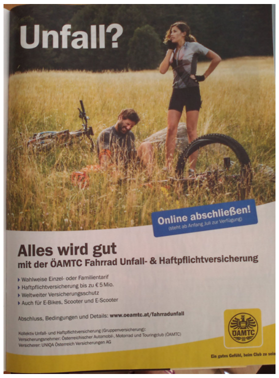
EXT. MAUI / KAHULUI AIRPORT - DAY
Alice and Kupa arrive on Maui and get to know each other.

Alice sits on a bench (in front of the arrivals building, under
palmtrees) and watches TRAVELERS being picked up (by friends,
family, hotel-staff).
```

… just like that horrible night two years ago, when I watched everyone being picked up, but Bob wouldn't come this time, like he had done so many times before … strange, how this fits. Again: Just today, two years after the time I arrived at Kahului airport I read in my own screenplay how a woman arrives at Kahului airport at exactly the time, two years later (because it's now 10 a.m., August 8, 2020, and I arrived at 9 p.m. August 7, 2018).

Then, I sat on my toilet and grabbed an old magazine that sat on top of a basket, and I'd meant to throw it out for a while … and I opened it on a random (!) page … and there was an ad for a help service (OEAMTC, like tripple A) … and the image struck me! It was not about the man sitting in the grass, obviously having fallen from his bike, it was because behind him and his partner, there is a **big stone in the grass**! And "**Stones in the Grass**" (Steine im Gras) was the title of a novel that I wrote many years ago, before I even had ever been to Hawaii and whose title kind of sounded strange to me, too, and I had told Bob about it, so many years later … and today, it came back to me! I later turned the novel about a woman's love to an autistic man into a German language screenplay and into an English language screenplay … and I changed the title into "Regenlicht" respectively "***Rainlight***".



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Yesterday, watching the standup-comedian ***Drew Barth*** some more, I noticed his strange stiff and repetitive hand motions, the way he holds his finger … exactly like Bob did it. There was something about ***Bob's way of gesticulating*** that was very endearing, but it also was slightly "off" in a strange way, sometimes it felt like his hands were doing things that he didn't even know about.

AND:

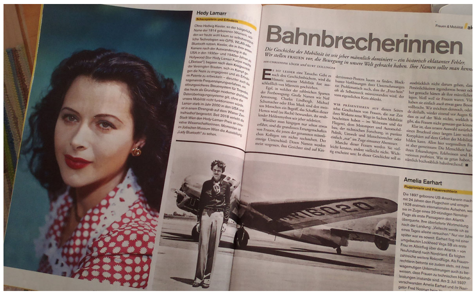
Also, my landlord is doing some tree cutting in the garden this morning with a friend, and just earlier they sat down to chat, right below my window … and I caught just a snippet of their talk, and he said something about someone (I think the neighbor who has died a few days ago) who had just **worked his ass off** *all his life, only to die way too early.*

Suddenly I flashed back to me talking to myself and Bob *during a walk yesterday*, when I had been stricken with great bitterness and said "*Now I know what it means* **to work one's ass off**, *you really did, literally, because your ass really disappeared and now it's gone, because your body is no more.*" And Bob's "**ass**" was always a kind of "concern" as he thought it was too big. I didn't think that. And when he was deadsick, his **butt** was all but gone, nothing there anymore. And Bob himself mentioned that. Kind of in a bitter sad sarcastic way, typical for him.

And among the standup comedians that I've been watching is **Trevor Noah** … and one of the first jokes I ever heard of him was about his family is "blessed" with **big butts**, because he really also has a big butt.

(***Note***: *Something funny just happened, as I'm editing this section, Nov. 21.* Relating to the butt-section I talked out loud about how a "friend" of Bob's would come to our home whenever he pleased, and he went to crap in my toilet, he broke stuff of Bob's, and Bob never called him to it, never gave him the shit that he deserved about it. The only person he ever gave shit, was me, and I didn't deserve it in any way at all … and just as I had said that, I automatically and without thinking repeated what Bob had said to me in one of our last weeks together: ***"I was such an ass to you."*** And this "sounded" in my head as if it didn't come to me. As if this was a sarcastic and funny contribution from Bob right now … He had said that, literally, embracing me, apologizing.)

As I thumbed through the magazine some more, I found an article about **women of consequence**, women, that changed the world. It's like Bob patting my shoulder and saying … *"Dani, I am in fact right here, and you are right, you still have a kuleana".*



Hedy Lamarr

Schauspielerin und Erfinderin

Ohne Hedwig Kiesler, so der bürgerliche Name der 1914 geborenen Wienerin, würden wir heute wohl kaum so selbstverständliche Technologien wie GPS, WLAN oder Bluetooth nutzen. Kiesler, die in ihrer ersten Karriere nach der Auswanderung in die USA in den 1930er- und 1940er-Jahren als Hollywood-Star Hedy Lamarr Furore machte („Ekstase"), begann nach dem Kriegseintritt der Vereinigten Staaten, sich im Kampf gegen die Nazis zu engagieren und als Erfinderin Patente zu entwickeln – darunter auch das sogenannte Frequenzsprungverfahren, ein störungssicheres Steuersystem für Torpedos, das heute als Grundlage moderner drahtloser Datenübertragungssysteme gilt, ohne die unsere Mobilität nicht funktionieren würde. Lamarr starb im Jahr 2000 in den USA und ist in einem Ehrengrab auf dem Wiener Zentralfriedhof beigesetzt. Seit 2018 verleiht die Stadt Wien den Hedy-Lamarr-Preis an innovative Wissenschaftlerinnen. Momentan ist im Jüdischen Museum Wien die Ausstellung „Lady Bluetooth" zu sehen.

Frauen & Mobilität

Bahnbrecherinnen

Die Geschichte der Mobilität ist seit jeher männlich dominiert – ein historisch eklatanter Fehler. Wir stellen FRAUEN vor, die Bewegung in unsere Welt gebracht haben. Ihre Namen sollte man kenn

von CHRISTOPH LÖGER und KURT ZEILLINGER

ES IST LEIDER eine Tatsache: Geht es nach den Geschichtsbüchern, wird die Historie unserer Mobilität fast ausschließlich von Männern geschrieben. Egal, in welcher der zahlreichen Sparten der Fortbewegung: Große Namen wie Neil Armstrong, Charles Lindbergh, Michael Schumacher oder Elon Musk sind den meisten Menschen ein Begriff, das Schaffen dieser Herren wird (zu Recht) bewundert, ihr strahlender Heldenmythos seit jeher zelebriert. Worüber man hingegen nur selten etwas erfährt, sind die grandiosen Errungenschaften von Frauen, die jenen der genannten männlichen Kollegen um nichts nachstehen. Der einzige Unterschied: Deren Namen werden meist vergessen, ihre Gesichter sind auf Kinderzimmer-Postern kaum zu finden, Blockbuster-Verfilmungen ihrer Unternehmungen rar. Problematisch auch, dass ihr „Frau-Sein" oft als Selbstzweck missverstanden wird, der vom eigentlichen Kern ablenkt.

WIR PRÄSENTIEREN AUF diesen Seiten zehn Geschichten von Frauen, die zur Zeit ihres Wirkens neue Wege in Sachen Mobilität beschritten haben – im Weltraum und der Fliegerei, dem Motorsport und Automobilbau, der technischen Forschung, in punkto Politik, Umwelt und Menschenrechte oder einfach „nur" im Zuge einsamer Abenteuer. Manche dieser Frauen werden Sie vielleicht kennen, andere vielleicht nicht. Wichtig erscheint uns: In dieser Geschichte soll es

ausdrücklich nicht darum gehen, das
Persönlichkeiten irgendetwas besser od
her gemacht hätten als ihre männlicher
legen, bloß weil sie Frauen waren. Vi
haben sie einfach *auch* etwas ganz Beso
vollbracht. Wir möchten dennoch, oder
de deshalb, wieder einmal vor Augen fü
dass es auf der Welt nichts, wirklich n
gibt, das Frauen nicht genauso gut könn
Klar ist, dass unsere Auswahl natürlich
einen Bruchteil einer langen Liste weibl
Koryphäen auf dem Gebiet der Mobilität
bilden kann. Allen hier vorgestellten Fr
ist aber gemeinsam: Die Menschheit hat
ihren Erkundungen, Erlebnissen und In
vationen profitiert. Was sie getan haben,
nämlich buchstäblich bahnbrechend. ■

Amelia Earhart

Flugpionierin und Frauenrechtlerin

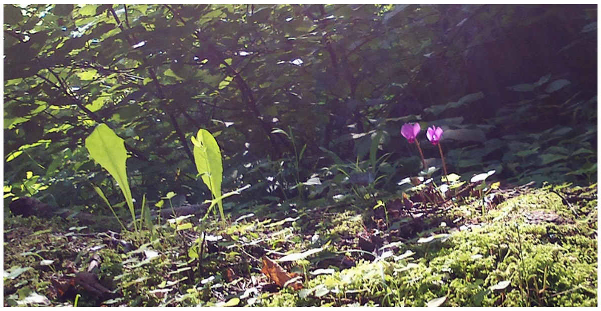
Die 1897 geborene US-Amerikanerin mach
mit 24 Jahren den Flugschein und erregte
1928 erstmals internationales Aufsehen, we
sie im Zuge eines 20-stündigen Nonstop-
Flugs als erste Passagierin den Atlantik
überquerte. Ihre überlieferte Wortmeldung
nach der Landung: „Vielleicht werde ich es
eines Tages alleine versuchen." Nur vier Jahre
später war es soweit: Earhart flog mit einer
umgebauten Lockheed Vega 5B als erste
Frau im Alleinflug über den Atlantik – von
Neufundland nach Nordirland. Es folgten
zahlreiche weitere Rekordflüge. Als Frauen-
rechtlerin betonte sie zudem stets, mit ihren
wagemutigen Unternehmungen auch zu be-
weisen, dass Frauen zu technischen Höchst-
leistungen imstande sind. Am 2. Juli 1937
verschwanden Amelia Earhart und ihr Navi-
gator Fred Noonan beim V

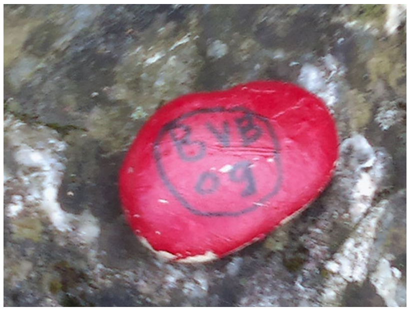
(*The title reads "Female Trailblazers")*

And that after I woke up in the night and felt so ***dizzy*** and ***nauseous*** and ***sick*** like not in a long time. Not sure, why. So we'll see what this day brings.
*(**Note**: And this is "funny", too … as **today**, Nov. 21, is the first day in a long time that I've been feeling really **sick and dizzy and nauseous all day!**)*

(Later)
Okay. It's evening now. And I feel greeted. By Bob. And his folks.

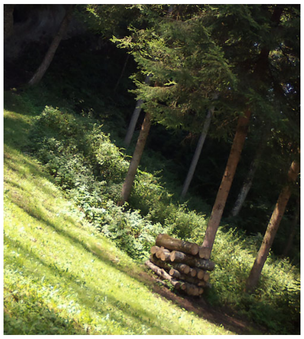
I started my Velden trip with a small trip to Schlossberg, so that Jacqui could relieve himself before the drive … and as I walked by that **ridge** again where I had imagined all the "invisibles" standing lined up the other day … where two sweet backlit tiny **cyclamen** flowers and to leaves … it was quite the sight, unusual … like Bob and me on a romantic stroll through a fairy tale forest.





And right there, at the entrance, was a **red round stone**, with “**BVB og**” written on it. Today. When I’ve been asking Bob intensely to communicate with me that he is fine … so I can’t expect that “*BOB ok*” will be written on a **stone, but “BVB og” sound just like it, in German!**

stanatou
L.K.



I was stunned. Somehow, the **woodstack** a little further up the hill also fascinated me.

On the way to Velden, on the highway, I talked intensely to Bob … I talked about how I understand that I’m a part of a project, and that really everything had to happen the way it has … Bob was “sacrificed” just like my brother … and in many ways, all of our lives … so the usual insights, but on a deep level, somehow.

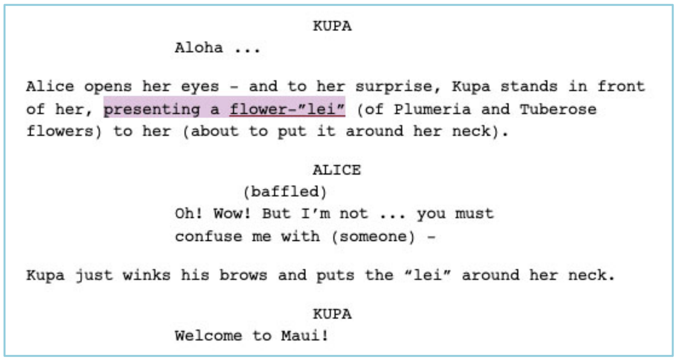
I found myself driving behind a ***truck*** with an **ice bear picture** on it, and I had to think intensely about my maternal grandmother, Maria, who loved ice bears.

CHENCZKE LOGISTIC
TIR
SCHMITZ

Then I decided to pass by the truck, but I waited for the car behind me to pass by me and the truck, and as I changed the lane just after it, I read the license plate number “**SP 88 IO**”. So “Stoneman Productions”, today’s date “8/8” and “IO”, the highest “divine form” in ancient Hawaiian lore. At the same time “IO” is like “JO”, and that’s me. It also means “falcon” in Hawaiian.

Then: A car with the license plate number “**SYLT 1**” drove by me, startling me, because I remember distinctly many months ago, I saw “SYLT 1” already, and it stood for “island”. Yes, my beloved island, Maui …

So I arrived at Forest lake and found the parking spot that I had been thinking about empty, between two cars. The front one was had an **Italian** license plate number, and **a colorful Hawaiian “lei”** was hanging from its front mirror. It felt like magic.



KUPA
Aloha ...

Alice opens her eyes - and to her surprise, Kupa stands in front of her, presenting a flower-“lei” (of Plumeria and Tuberose flowers) to her (about to put it around her neck).

ALICE
(baffled)
Oh! Wow! But I’m not ... you must confuse me with (someone) -

Kupa just winks his brows and puts the “lei” around her neck.

KUPA
Welcome to Maui!

A **“lei”** … right after I had been editing “Hulihuli Moon” and come across my own writing about a “lei”.

Coming back, two hours later, I found a ticket on my car for wrong parking, but that’s bullshit, there were no no-parking signs, and it was an actual parking space … I hated to read that I had to get there to the police until 7 pm today until they’d process the ticket and I’ll get a high fine. No. That’s so not fair. Not sure what to make of it. (***Note***: *This story has an aftermath – an utterly baffling one! Just wait for it!)*

There was a car with the license plate number “**48 UP**” … which fascinated me. 48000 Hz, the audio for video … Bob had told me so often to be careful about it … And I’ve been saying repeatedly in the past days, “I’m your words, and you’re my tune” … so I’d really like to hear Bob’s voice. So much. Invisibles “speak” of course in a way higher frequency …

So after a swim in the **Forestlake**, Jacqui also swam, I did the “play me” game very intensely, and *I sat there “as Bob”*, felt like having his size, his legs, his posture … his vision and his self-feeling, and it felt like I nailed it. I hope I’ll get feedback. Also, I sat down **on a big stone at a crossroads**, in the forest, just sitting there, and I felt very close to Bob or … Bob very close.

I picked flowers for my mother, “Heath”, “Heidekraut”, Calluna vulgaris (see the “call” and the “luna” for “moon”?) … and there were bright yellow mushrooms under the flowers …

I visited my mother, she was sweet, but her range of topics of speech seems to have shrunk … I could barely stand listening to her, saying always the same things to me, stuff, that she always says … **“cognitive decline”** is what a character in the movie *“The Old Guard”* just now (!) said, as I was writing about my mother … well, it’s sad. But for now, she seems fine. I’m heartbroken, still, that she is only 76, and I so much want to do things with her like other people do with their elderly mothers, taking her out for dinner, go for walks, swimming, traveling. And all that only because she doesn’t get treated. She doesn’t feel that she has a problem, and I can’t force her. I really feel so helpless. She could be treated maybe, her mind could be so much better …

But anyway. I had something small happening this morning … I was working on safety-copying some files and was quite intensely in my thoughts, then I got up to get ready for the trip to Velden, *and suddenly I didn’t know anymore what my bathroom looked like and kind of also not where it was.* And that said, it wasn’t like that, so simple. It was like I was stepping out of the kitchen, knowing that there was the bathroom to the right, but at the same time, it was like there was a wall and no opening, and I tried to remember what the bathroom looked like, and my mind was blank. It was tiny, that ***episode***, but it happened. Either it was simply a lapse, or at TIA.

So after visiting my mother, I took Jacqui on a short walk through the forest close to where my mother lives. And I found another stone, in **Bob’s favorite color, purple, with gold,** and black writing, sayin**g “Jesus ist dein Fürsprecher”,** which means **“Jesus is the one who puts in a good word for you”.** Kind of great … and it reminded me of the last music video Bob had worked on, *“Stay Gold”*. The Stone was in the middle of the forest, and I took it with me because I didn’t have my phone on me. And the way I held it, it felt like “holding hands”. And I took it as that, I held a stone in my hand, I **held hands with “my Stone”**.

JESUS
ist dein
Fürsprecher

On the way back, driving through Velden, a car turned into my path, and the license plate number was “**AND 22222**” … and I photographed it while driving … I also looked over to my father’s house, saw a car there, so I'm assuming they have their summer guests like always and likely want nothing to do with me. I do think of my father and Edith often, though.

… only to *drop my phone*, on the floor of the passenger's side … and I cursed! Especially because the amazing messages kept coming, and I couldn't reach my phone … but then, if anyone would have seen me use the phone while driving, I'd have gotten another ticket today … "**P 911**" drove by me, "**KI DA 5**" and "**KI AO 78**"! "Ki" means strong energetic force in Hawaiian. Like in many other languages. The "P" in "P911" could mean "pau", a word that I had just put into my "Hulihuli Moon" script yesterday, and it means "finish" or "over". And on the 11 of September 2018 it was over, for Bob and me. In the mortal realm.

I thought about how my body is needed a little longer and that I must keep it well … the waking up dizzy and nauseous tonight, and I feel so stiff, so often, and everything seems to hurt. My heart stings sometimes, and my breathing is off. Only when I'm swimming, I feel great. On the way back to Griffen from Velden I did a short swim in in the ***Wörthersee lake*** … that's my childhood feeling, the depth, the strength of the waves, they feel familiar … like the ocean. Swimming in that lake and in the ocean makes me feel really "me".

But I feel weak and empty so often. Only sometimes, glimpses of "me" appear … Mostly, I don't know what to think.

And on the highway: "STA 10". "132 DA". Don't know what it means.

(Evening, August 8)

Just watched some standup comedy … and I got to "see" Bob again. In a way:

Another comedian, **Tom Segura**, seemed to mimic Bob in his *facial expression*. Bob used to make that wide-eyed "surprised" goofy face all the time … Soon after the beginning of our relationship it began to bother me, that Bob would make some kind of ironic joke of pretty much *everything*, of issues, big and small, and I was wondering if they would take anything serious at all. (He did … and now I know that what he called "the tragedy of his life", his emotional set-up, was part of a "Cosmic plan" that he and I are involved in.)

Yup. That's a Bob face.

In the afternoon I also had a funny thought when getting off that stone Jacqui and I had been sitting on. In my beloved "*Pitch Meetings" by Ryan George*, he keeps saying to the producer ***"I'll need you to get all the way off my back about that"*** (when the producer expresses doubts about a movie). So as I slid off the stone I said ***"I'm getting all the way off your back now"***. And maybe the thought was in my mind because Bob had inspired me to come up with it. It would be totally his humor. Too bad we didn't get to watch "Pitch Meetings" together. In the flesh. Both mortals.

August 9, 2020 (Sunday) – ***Fucking anniversary, too.***

The anniversary of the day when I realized that Bob had cancer, when I saw the tumor for the first time. In Hawaii, it was August 8, but in my European time, it was August 9. Taking a walk with J in the morning, I remembered so intensely walking that morning on Maui, again, shopping … in the heat, in the so beloved smells and sounds, through housie, Bob still sleeping, me worrying that he was still alive, listening all the time … then I walked up Haulani Street and to Foodland.

It feels like my heart wants to break … and I keep saying to myself "Don't think about it, this is gone, over, for this life, don't do it …"

I try to recall my **dream**, it was very strange, but it was *with a cheerful Bob in it.*

It was about danger and being daring … there was an ***animal enclosure***, like a wildlife reservation, but it was like a big house at the same time, at least the entrance, there was some big hallway of a white house with sharp lines and edges, from where doors let into the space of the wild animals. And there was a group of ***lions*** that was running around and that was very dangerous. And Bob was there, smiling, and we had some business there, but I don't know what. I only know that I let an animal into that wildlife refuge behind those doors, and it was in life danger because of that, and so was I. I think it was a sheep, but can also be a dog, like Jacqui or Kimba. I was so worried, but I had to do it, no way around that … and I kept trying and wanting to sneak into the reserve to check, but I only made it to peek around a corner and would see a lioness run from right to left … and Bob was there, but that was it, he didn't do anything but being there, I think in his blue jeans shirt, in a way encouraging … and I had to figure out how to make sure the animals were fine.

There was a *shift in the* ***dream***, as there was suddenly a young black haired **woman**, exactly like the French actress Juliette Binoche, and a young man, and they seem to have been working at the wildlife reserve, in that house, were my assistants … but suddenly the young woman came out of some kind of closet and she wore a **crocheted white long dress** with her décolleté free and a crocheted kind of band wrapped around her neck from one side. She looked beautiful, and I was wondering how that kind of crocheted dress fit there, it was made from *cotton thread*, which is very heavy, and it was totally white, squeaky clean. That young man came out of nowhere, and they held hand – reminds me of the handholding I did yesterday, with the purple and golden stone – and walked off, totally happily. I said to the young woman that the ways she looks now I remembered seeing her at movie award ceremonies … strange, the movie reference in there … feels like a dream message about encouraging me to move forward with my film stuff? … and she turned to me and smiled beautifully. I thought that they were probably going to the bushes to have sex, so that she could just pull up her dress, and in my dream I was wondering *why I would think something like that.*

I was left there, though, with still the problem that I didn't know how to ***figure out how to reach that space behind that wall***, as there wasn't only the way to walk through the door(s?), I could also walk around the wall where the door(s?) were, because it was only a wall, not really a room. And I kept peeking around that wall, to the right, but there was no way to see whether or not the lions were close by and would attack, as I wouldn't have a chance to escape in time.

The ***dream*** *shifted again*, because suddenly there was some kind of impression of success and accomplishment … the danger wasn't there anymore, **Bob** was there, but unclear, and **other people**, too, and I was in the middle … and there was a lot still to do about those animals, but I think the sheep or dog that I had let among the wild animals, was **safe** …

I can't recall anything more clearly …

But it sure was an intense dream that lingers like containing something I should "get" or "know" … and I'll just let go of it for now and let the insights come.

Just that … the being on Maui feeling is so strong today. It's very hot and stuffy and cloudy right now. I miss Maui and my time there with Bob so much. So much. Makes me feel very … I don't even know. Like not even here. But then I see Jacqui, and I know I have to stay.

I'm editing "Hulihuli Moon", "Alice's arrival on Maui", and it's like I'm really there. I can feel and see and hear it all.

(Later)
I began to watch “***Pitch Meetings***” to have something cool to listen to while I work on sizing the photographs for this contact diary. And sure enough, in “***Deadpool 2***”, something interesting came up.

Screenwriter: **“… he can’t join her in the afterlife until his heart is in the right place.”** Producer: “That’s pretty vague.”

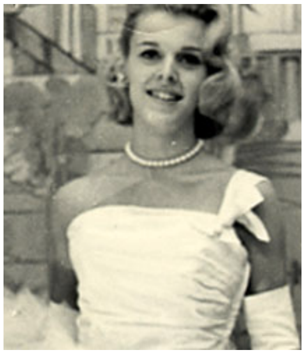
Screenwriter: **“Yeah, I guess people are pretty vague in the afterlife.”**

Deadpool 2 Pitch Meeting

Deadpool 2 Pitch Meeting

Something interesting just happened …

Watching stand-up comedians, I came across **George Carlin**. Bob had been a big fan of his … and I haven’t heard much from him, so I watched a video. Pretty intense and smart. I googled his life on Wikipedia, found out about his wife having died of cancer and him having remarried, and as I was looking for photographs of his first wife **Brenda** – I found her in a **white dress** that struck me! It reminds me of the dress that woman in my dream hat! A white dress with an a***symmetrical kind of strap! On one side! Just like in my dream!*** In *white*! (Not crocheted, though.)

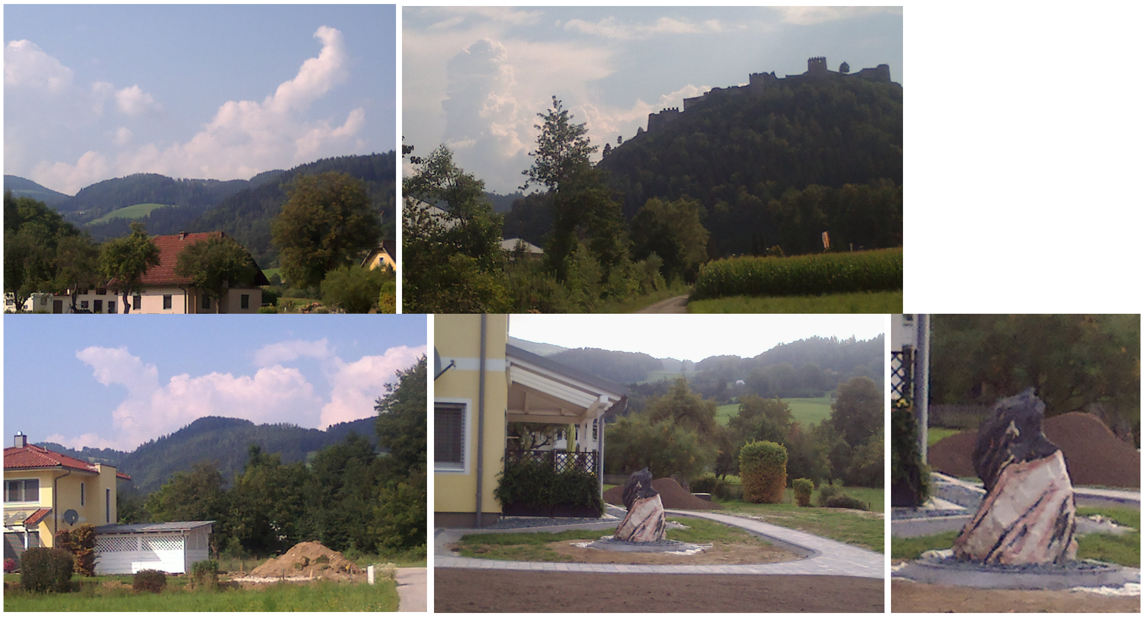


Did I foresee in my dream what I’d look at many hours later? Did Bob let me know that he knows what I’m doing and looking at?
Wow. That’s intense.

Note*: Just now, editing this on Nov. 21, I remember that I had a* ***dream*** *of a* ***white crocheted dress*** *before! On June 28, Bob’s mother wore such a white dress, too!*

(Quote:) “So his mother was there, short brown hair, in her mid 50s, and she was very heavy set and wore a **white kind of crocheted asymmetric long dress,** that kept shifting. For some reason she came with Bob and me as he and I were on the way to that spot where I was supposed to go ... (…) she was constantly busy adjusting her **white dress.**”

Today also brought very touching **cloud formations** …

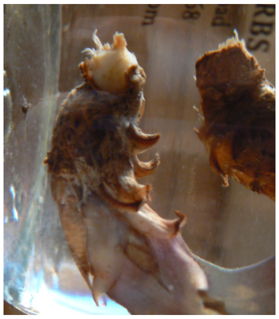


(Interesting thing about this "penis cloud" picture: Right there a big gray, pink and white marble stone would be placed a few weeks later, around the beginning of Sept. … I put it there for comparison, a photo from Sept. 18.)

The **corn stalks** seemed to talk to me along the path that Jacqui and keep walking every day, and we've seen the plants grow as when we moved here, the field was empty … and now there is a **pathway** through the corn.

… and even my own **tomatoes** have a message for me … let alone the **evening clouds.**

August 10, 2020 – **Aloe Vera & the Sparkling Slippers & the Sex Doctor, the Bike & the Quilt**
My ***Aloe Vera*** is growing back!
That's something I'm sure Bob is enjoying … because I always had **plant projects on Maui** …



… and when I moved in here, there was a huge Aloe Vera from the previous renter …

… but in winter, I drowned it by too much watering, I think, and it rotted. I didn't throw away the last rotten stump but put it into some soil in a pot … and suddenly, it began to grow again! ***I left Bob with a small stalk of a plant***, don't remember if it was ginger or Aloe Vera and told him to take care of it … I put it right onto the table on the lanai so that he'd see it every morning … maybe the Aloe Vera is now the Griffen-version of the Maui-plant that Bob didn't get to raise for me anymore?

Very amazing, yet again.

So I decided, after calling the police, who told me that I had to pay the fine directly or have it go the bureaucratic way and get much more expensive, that I had to drive all the way back to ***Pörtschach*** (the town Forestlake belongs to) to pay my parking ticket fine. It's Monday, I thought, normally not too much work for me, so I went rather early, around 11 a.m. I thought I was going to visit my mother and then go to lake Saissersee close by, for a swim, also because I know that Jacqui likes to swim there.

In Griffen, I drove by a parked car with a strange license plate number, “**MOAO 1**”. That sounded so Hawaiian.

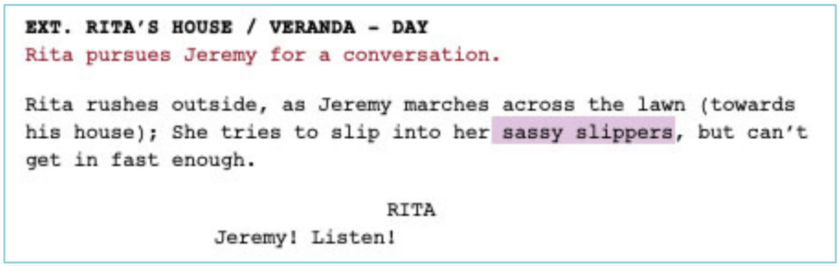
Driving on the highway, I was debating with myself whether I should go to the police first thing, or first go visit and swim. But it was too early (11 am), and I know that my mother goes shopping in the morning, so I decided that I go to the police first. I did that … paid 20 Euro, and then I *suddenly decided* that the **Forestlake** was much closer and nicer to swim, and Jacqui and I could do a fast tour around the lake … so I drove to Forestlake.

I paid 3,50 Euro for parking, which I find outrageous, but well. It felt right.

So Jacqui and I had a nice hike and a *nice swim in Forestlake* … and we went the opposite direction around the lake than usual.

And there it was … ***in the bushes***, **a sparkling fancy sassy slipper**! Seriously! In the wilderness! One single shoe! Propped up there as shown in the picture!

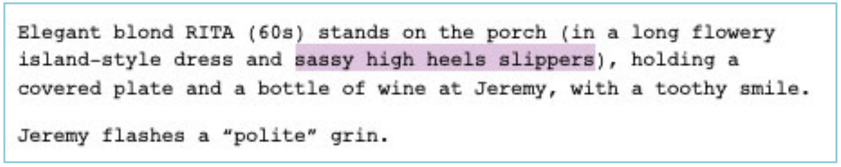
I was so baffled, that I wasn’t even baffled. It was like some surreal sight, that slipper in the bushes … I thought, calmly, “*Oh, here is the slipper I’ve been thinking about in the last days, thanks Bob, good one!*” … had I not parked wrong, gotten fined, then decided to drive back there and pay the fine and abandoned my Saissersee lake plan for going to Forestlake again, I would not have seen that fancy slipper. And why is it so significant as synchronicity, as clear message from Bob? Because I’ve been editing “***Hulihuli Moon***”, and that stands for dealing with Hawaii and suffering and missing Bob and talking to him … and the main character Rita’s main feature is her love for sassy sparkling fancy slippers!



EXT. RITA’S HOUSE / VERANDA - DAY
Rita pursues Jeremy for a conversation.

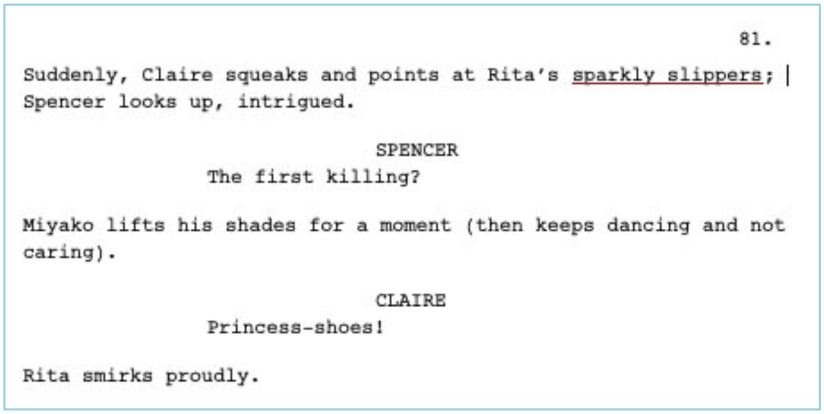
Rita rushes outside, as Jeremy marches across the lawn (towards his house); She tries to slip into her sassy slippers, but can’t get in fast enough.

RITA
Jeremy! Listen!



Elegant blond RITA (60s) stands on the porch (in a long flowery island-style dress and sassy high heels slippers), holding a covered plate and a bottle of wine at Jeremy, with a toothy smile.

Jeremy flashes a “polite” grin.



81.

Suddenly, Claire squeaks and points at Rita’s sparkly slippers; Spencer looks up, intrigued.

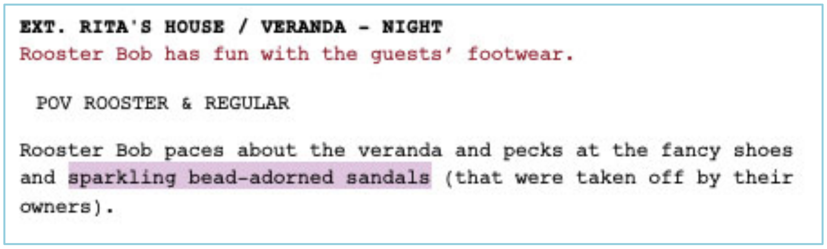
SPENCER
The first killing?

Miyako lifts his shades for a moment (then keeps dancing and not caring).

CLAIRE
Princess-shoes!

Rita smirks proudly.

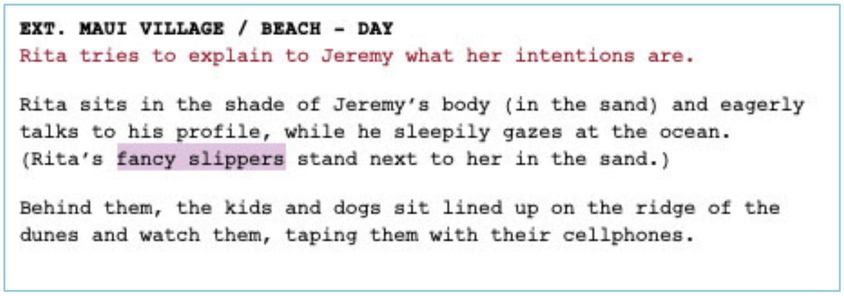
There’s more: *I renamed the rooster who is part of the story*. His name used to be “Harry”, and now his name is “Bob”. And one particularly funny scene has **rooster Bob** peck at the sparkling bead-adorned slippers that were left on the veranda by their owners before entering the house!



EXT. RITA'S HOUSE / VERANDA - NIGHT
Rooster Bob has fun with the guests’ footwear.

POV ROOSTER & REGULAR

Rooster Bob paces about the veranda and pecks at the fancy shoes and sparkling bead-adorned sandals (that were taken off by their owners).



EXT. MAUI VILLAGE / BEACH - DAY
Rita tries to explain to Jeremy what her intentions are.

Rita sits in the shade of Jeremy’s body (in the sand) and eagerly talks to his profile, while he sleepily gazes at the ocean.
(Rita’s fancy slippers stand next to her in the sand.)

Behind them, the kids and dogs sit lined up on the ridge of the dunes and watch them, taping them with their cellphones.

Bob is telling me that he sees everything. That he is right here. I believe it. I mean … ***how often does anyone find a sassy sparkling slipper in the bushes while editing a script*** *in a section that deals with a fancy sassy sparkly slipper?!*
Bob loved “Hulihuli Moon”. We were supposed to do a casting in summer 2018 …

Everything seems to be in place. And it works because I’m able to follow my “na’auao”, the wisdom in the gut. The script also deals with it a lot.
On the way to Forestlake, on the highway, there were amazing license plate numbers, but strangely, I don’t remember.

And then … on the way to Griffen, several amazing things happened, it was like talking to Bob real time, but through synchronicities, too:
First, “**EA 1**” drove by, and I said spontaneously the Hawaiian state motto “***Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono***”. (The independence of the land was reinstated in righteousness.)
Then, “911 CP”.

So I was talking to Bob about the slipper incident … when I found myself driving behind a truck, with a colorful sticker reading “**THE DOCTOR**”.

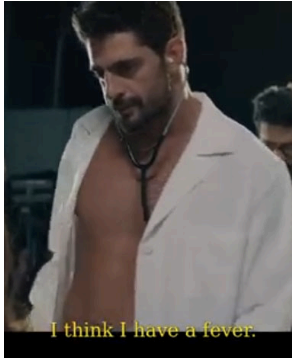
I gazed at it for a while, because it felt familiar and like something I should recognize … now, yesterday, I had watched one and a half episodes of a ridiculous Brazilian series, but it’s kind of intriguing: A woman, Sofia, inherits a **porn movie production** business from her later husband. The title of the movie is “**Hard**”.

Now, I almost worked in the porn biz once, as an editor, but the man, a former boss of mine, with who I had a strange love-hate relationship, died of a heart-attack a few years ago. Bob knew that, I was offered an editing job many years before I even had any interest in Hawaii. Yesterday, when I watched “Hard”, I thought that Bob would not have liked to watch this, because he was kind of shy in that way. And I find it difficult to watch, because I must read the subtitles, can’t understand that strange Portuguese / Spanish. *But I kept talking with Bob (while eating corn, now I remember) about how crazy that story is …* and I always want to know if he is here with me, watching TV-series and movies … like we had wanted to, but didn’t get to do it anymore.

So besides the female lead, Sofia, there is a main male character, also the main porn star, with the name “*Marcello Mastroduro*”, and most importantly, he is called “**The doctor**”!

Need I say more?

Another Dr. Duro movie.


I think I have a fever.

Did anyone call Dr. Duro?

Oh, there is one more thing: In the *first episode, one of the characters holds – a* **chicken**, who plays parts in the porn movies! Remember the **rooster Bob?**

So I realized what **“The Doctor” on the truck** meant … and I was so excited that I began to sing Hawaiian songs. And *the entire highway came to a halt, literally, as just a few meters before a tunnel, the lights above the tunnel began to flash, and the tunnel was closed.*

There were other cars before me, maybe ten, but then there was me. I was stunned. Stop. All cars stood there in a row ***in front of the tunnel that we couldn’t access.*** It has always been a dreadful thought for me that something would happen in a tunnel. So it was a very strange situation, with the gazillions of other cars behind me, just standing there in the scorching sun, waiting for the tunnel to say (via writing) that it’s not closed anymore.

The anonymous people suddenly were “comrades”, it all felt so close and private … like when you stand in line at a car ferry … anyway. One woman in a big van drove onto the second lane and blocked it, when the highway administration car finally came. It was unbelievable to see, how she did not manage to really get out of the way, and how the car next to her and in front of me was not able to move back a little to give way, … the highway patrol honked, angrily, and I almost jumped out and pulled the fucking idiot woman out of her van … and I thought, my god, this is one of the people driving at high speed.

Now I need to add something. Aside from the tunnel “fear” I have, I have a “***deer fear”***. I really really do not want any deer jump out on the street, ever. That’s a horrific thought for me … so today, **driving back from Forest lake**, *very slowly*, along the narrow winding forest road, almost back at the main road, **a deer ran across the street right in front of my car!**

(photo from internet)

There was no danger, because I drove so slowly, and there was enough distance … but geez! Does that mean that I got two of the highway dreads taken care of, the tunnel and the deer, today?

As we drove on, through the tunnel, I saw a car that had broken down on the side of the road, likely the highway admin-patrol had towed it out of the tunnel …

So as I drove on, I sang … and suddenly I had to burp really loud. Bob and I had always had a lot of fun with burping, when it just came over one of us, or when we did it on purpose as much as possible.

So now I have the habit of “looking over to Bob” as if he was sitting in my car, when I talk to him, and also when I burped, I looked over and said “Oh, sorry!” giggling. I noticed that right then, in front of me, the towering clouds formed a sudden outburst on one side, and it looked like a “cloud burped”. I said to Bob that I really really would like to hear him burp … And in that moment, a car passed by me, not very fast. But behind it, came a **Porsche** Carrera, and it had to slow down drastically, just one car length ahead of me, on the other lane, and in slowing down, it made a really really **loud burping sound!** It really felt like it was the “hearing Bob burp” as an immediate answer to my wish!

And then, as I drove on, just flabbergasted, I thought that it was okay that I had talked with my mother on the phone (at Forest lake, after the slipper encounter), and she had told me that she didn’t want me to come visit, because she was all cozy and had a plan for the day, watching TV and resting), but that still I really wanted to do things with her … and I said out loud something about her … and at that very moment, a car drove by, with the license plate number ending with "**MU**". And that's what I used to call my mother, always, "Mu". It was right exactly in the moment that I thought "Mu" when I saw "MU".

That's no coincidence.

It's just too bad that I don't recall the other amazing license plate numbers of today.

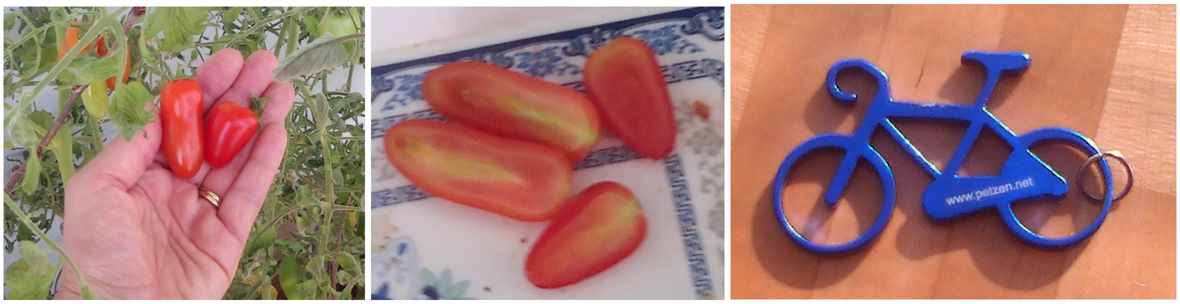
In the forest around the lake I went to the big stone again, on which Jacqui and I had sat two days ago. And I looked up to it, coming from the other side today, and I imagined Bob sitting there. I did imagine it, consciously. But it felt like he really was there. It was funny, then, because Jacqui jumped "onto Bob" … well. He is right here.

Because he has watched the porn TV-series "Hard" with me, yesterday and let me know today.

Also, interesting … kind of. This morning I *saw* myself opening a letter from the health insurance, and I was thinking that they may ask me how high my income really is … and today I found their letter in my mailbox (but just for 3. quarter payment).

I jumped into lake Wörthersee, too, after Forestlake, it was grand. I feel so myself in that lake. I said "play me" while swimming. I want Bob to enjoy it too.

I'm sharing my self-grown tomatoes with him, such a wonderful smell, and yes, I think of him, when I harvest a **tomato in the shape of a heart** … like yesterday. This morning I also found a little **blue bike pendant.**



Funny, because just this afternoon there was a small incident at my job, where I didn't think that I had actually caught a mistake by one of the authors, but I mentioned it anyway, as a joke, really, and it turned out that it was, in fact, a mistake. ***It was about a type of bike.*** I found my blue bike on the ascent of the hill where I live, two houses down, and where I had met a group of e-bike riders several times now. *The story today concerned an e-bike!* Does this count, too, as a message?

I've told Bob that I want him to be involved in my life and I want to just "chat" with him.

Today it sure feels like chatting. And I love it.

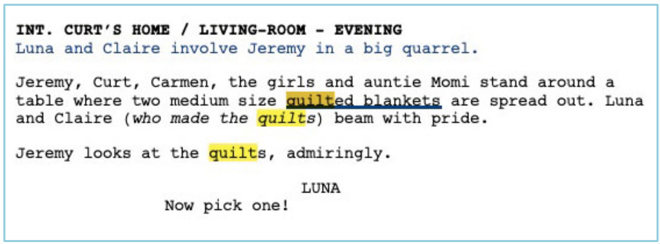
(Later)

Seriously! I watched a *random stand-up comedian,* ***Kellen Erskine***, who I've never heard of … He has a wonderful way of speaking and a kind of humor that reminds me so much of Bob … and I kept listening to him while sizing the new photographs for this CD on the other laptop … and sure enough, a section comes, where the guy talks about ***having a "minimalistic" apartment***, as of furniture, *just like me* … and then, he talks about a "**quilt**" on his bed, and ***about folding the quilt together with the lady who is in his apartment!***

And in "Hulihuli Moon", a major story is the **quarrel about a quilt** … originally two quilts that two young Hawaiian girls made for a beloved relative! And here he talks about a quilt?! What are the odds?!

d be illegal. Kellen Erskine - Full Special

Bike locks should be illegal. Kellen Erskine - Full Special

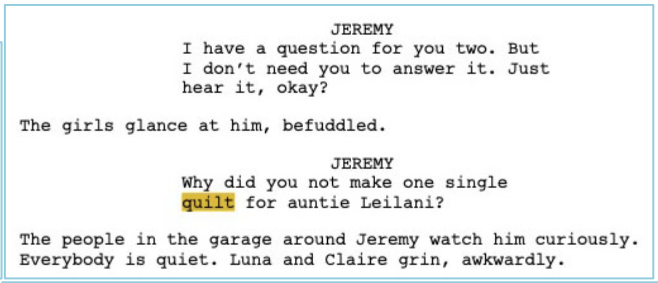


INT. CURT'S HOME / LIVING-ROOM - EVENING
Luna and Claire involve Jeremy in a big quarrel.

Jeremy, Curt, Carmen, the girls and auntie Momi stand around a table where two medium size quilted blankets are spread out. Luna and Claire (*who made the quilts*) beam with pride.

Jeremy looks at the quilts, admiringly.

LUNA
Now pick one!

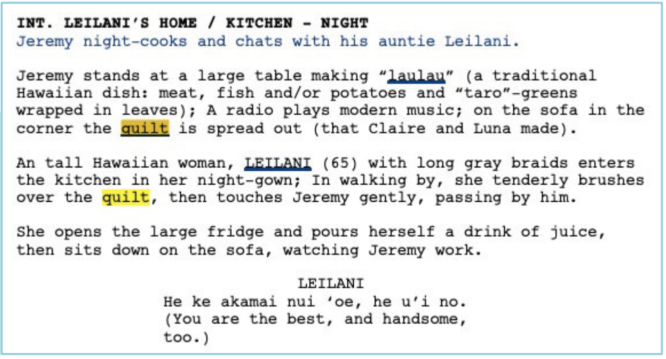


JEREMY
I have a question for you two. But
I don't need you to answer it. Just
hear it, okay?

The girls glance at him, befuddled.

JEREMY
Why did you not make one single
quilt for auntie Leilani?

The people in the garage around Jeremy watch him curiously. Everybody is quiet. Luna and Claire grin, awkwardly.



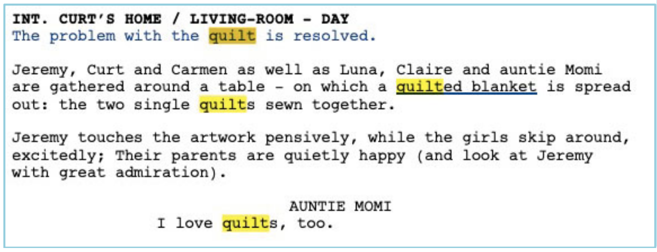
INT. LEILANI'S HOME / KITCHEN - NIGHT
Jeremy night-cooks and chats with his auntie Leilani.

Jeremy stands at a large table making "laulau" (a traditional Hawaiian dish: meat, fish and/or potatoes and "taro"-greens wrapped in leaves); A radio plays modern music; on the sofa in the corner the quilt is spread out (that Claire and Luna made).

An tall Hawaiian woman, LEILANI (65) with long gray braids enters the kitchen in her night-gown; In walking by, she tenderly brushes over the quilt, then touches Jeremy gently, passing by him.

She opens the large fridge and pours herself a drink of juice, then sits down on the sofa, watching Jeremy work.

LEILANI
He ke akamai nui 'oe, he u'i no.
(You are the best, and handsome,
too.)



INT. CURT'S HOME / LIVING-ROOM - DAY
The problem with the quilt is resolved.

Jeremy, Curt and Carmen as well as Luna, Claire and auntie Momi are gathered around a table - on which a quilted blanket is spread out: the two single quilts sewn together.

Jeremy touches the artwork pensively, while the girls skip around, excitedly; Their parents are quietly happy (and look at Jeremy with great admiration).

AUNTIE MOMI
I love quilts, too.

And he talks about ***Costco, too!***

Oh, I just notice the ***name of his program: "Bike locks should be illegal" …*** and I found ***a bike-pendant today!***

August 11, 2020 **– Dream Synchronicity With November!**

Tossing and turning in the night, strange pain in my right upper arm, this morning, the spot is sensitive where my tick bite was.

Dream of Bob … so sweet and at the same time so bitter. The wonderful part: ***He was there.*** So clear. Like in real life. Like we'd really be together, looking at me, being with me, listening to me with his typical serious listening-face … but the story was garbled. In the dream, I knew that we had been separated because he had died, but that we now were together again! And while I told Bob about many places I had visited for a project, like "Native of Owhyhee", the Hawaii-documentary we had made together (kind of, mostly me, as in real life Bob quit several times, frustrated with his own stuff), we even went to some of those places, and they were in **Hawaii**. We were tender and gentle with each other, and I was so happy, just that there was the *looming threat that we'd be separated again.* We were to do something together in my dream …

… but then I woke up! Oh no. Immediately I thought of the events of the dream as of memories of real life, and I tried to recall when and where that was. But … they never took place in real life. *But I had been* *telling Bob about and showing him places I had been to* ***in other dreams!*** And we even were in a spot that connected two or three locations of other dreams! Bob there, so tall, so serious, so sweet and calm … and he expressed that ***he regretted that he hadn’t been there with me.*** But now all was good, I knew, in the dream, we’d be doing everything together again.

And then I woke up, during my tossing and turning, fell asleep again, another **dream**!

And this time I was in a **movie** I had written or was planning to shoot, and Bob was there too, but kind of watching from the sidelines. At the same time, the plot was real and concerned me, but it was all seen from my point of view, I wasn’t in the dream myself. It was about a ***blond woman like Kim Basinger*** who was a prisoner and had to be brought to some kind of trial. The plot intermingled with me being in some kind of school environment, yes, actually, in a classroom, and there was a very smart teacher, who’d then play a role in the other part of the plot. The other pupils sat way up to the left, kind of on a hill, while I and another person, I think a woman, sat on a desk right in front of the teacher’s desk, and it seemed like he was only talking to us. The **teacher** was a white haired handsome man, about in his late sixties, more a sturdy type, nobody I knew, except for several movie characters who looked like him.

No, now I see it, it was that woman, the Kim Basinger type, who sat next to me like a pupil (and that part I saw from behind us, at times, not always from my perspective) and who was on some kind of trial, and yet it still was in a school classroom, and she had to answer the teacher’s question. For some reason she couldn’t, but I could, but I wasn’t asked. When the teacher asked me, finally, *the questions had to do with* ***Bob*** *and my life with him and with his death.* This is vague, but I was very reluctant to answer, and suddenly, the woman took off. She was chased by authorities, and I knew it more than I saw it. She was chased by the teacher too, and somehow he found her, and we all suddenly were in a big court room, and she tried to escape through the huge door – just when the teacher came in. So she saw that there was no way out, and suddenly – although they were bitter enemies – she hugged the man and kissed him ….

(Just now I have ***another impression of a dream*** … on a ridge, outdoors, in nature, very green, were people, standing and watching, and I had something to do with them … reminds me of the real life ridge on Schlossberg where I always assume the invisibles to be)

So she kissed him – to give the judge (who I knew was there) and the other people the impression that they had had an affair. And in the dream I felt like being on a movie set. Because the man, who was that teacher, and he seemed to the be accuser in the trial story, realized her intentions and her trickiness and he immediately let himself drop to the ground and played having a heart attack. Now she couldn’t go on with her scheme … and I think she was taken into custody. Because I then saw her sitting on a bench in that courtroom, brooding.

The dream wasn’t over, though … but I can’t remember more details, only I have the impression that I had a very big role and status, then, and I accomplished something … it had to do with the woman and with being with Bob and what I had to do for it.

(***Note***: ***An amazing case of timeline-busting synchronicity again*** … I’m editing this on November 23, and I just watched the movie “Just Mercy”, a courtroom drama, before I had known that I would end up ending this section still today … and that movie and the real life story behind it reflect what I described here as my dream! Like … ***the people standing lined up in the background,*** that’s significant in the movie! And in the afternoon, today, I had practice something and had seen the impression of a ***Kim-Basinger type!*** Wow! This is just breathtaking! Even the people “standing and watching” appear in the movie I just watched!)

gettyimages
Sunset Boulevard

When I woke up, I heard the voices of the people in the house where I live … and my heart dropped. Only realizing that my dog was close-by, waiting for me in his never-ending patience to wake up, got me going.

Last night, I saw, when checking emails that “C” had again sent me amazing imagery and stories of synchronicities … and Zoly, my Hungarian friend from Vienna who had moved to Tulln months before I had left Vienna, had to suffer the loss of one of his dogs, **Vita**. She had died at ten years old of cancer, and he was devastated. I hope she didn’t suffer. She was a very sweet very wild dog, and she loved to apport anything one would throw for her. And I’d always do it when we met, back in Vienna, in the dog parks, together with Zoly’s other dog, Bonita …

Just weeks ago we had emailed and he had said that he is happy with his “girls”. And I had written to him that since they both were mature dogs, he’d have to get used to the thought that one day … Sweet Vita. I’m sure she’s very happy now, maybe playing with my Kimba.

August 11, 2020 – **Hawaii Paradise, Winstone & Dogman**

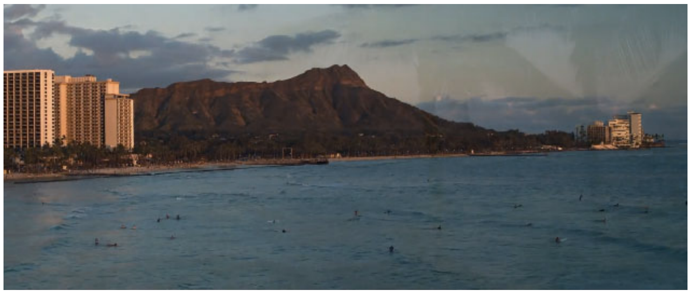
Picked a random movie, ***“The Wrong Missy”***, because it said comedy. Turns out, it plays mostly in Hawaii. The plot is crazy and not tasteful, but as the two main protagonist arrive in Hawaii, we see them walking through a hotel lobby, and the woman, “Missy”, says:

“Oh my God, this is absolute **Paradise**!”

I might as well drop dead.

(Remember? “Paradise” is the title of the Hawaii series Bob and I wanted to make about a hotel concierge at the hotel “Paradise”.)

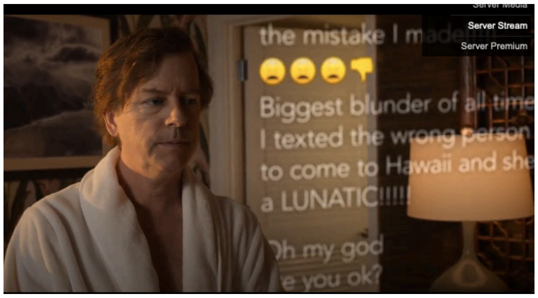
I saw a few glimpses of Hawaii … and I feel numb.



I can't believe that Bob and I didn't get to make all the movies we planned … we had the perfect background … It's unbelievable …

Okay, the main character's boss' name who got them all for a retreat to Hawaii is "**Winstone**".
(Later)
Geeeez! There is the first scene of "**Dogman**" in this movie, where a woman hates a man who she is having sex with, being on top, and ***she calls him a "dog"***! (In this case, the man hates the woman … he thinks, but really, he loves her … well, if that's not a reference to Bob and me, too!?) ***What are the odds?!***

ALOHA
ALOHA
ALOHA



the mistake I made
😩😩😩👎
Biggest blunder of all time
I texted the wrong person
to come to Hawaii and she
a LUNATIC!!!!!
h my god
e you ok?

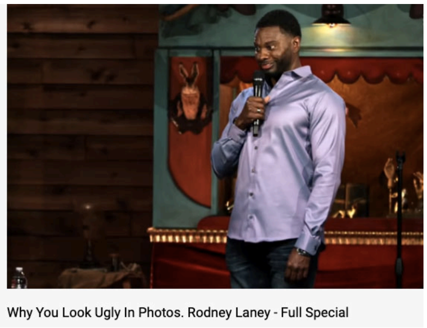
That's all in one Netflix movie! And I'm in the process of preparing "Hulihuli Moon", a Hawaii-movie, for Netflix submission!

Okay, there is even a scene where a **woman read a text that the man had written about her to another woman and that broke her heart** … and that's exactly what happened to me. Geez, the movie is so bad … but this collection of things … I was obviously meant to see it today. I can't make myself watch it to the end. It really sucks as a movie. Made by Adam Sandler, full of tasteless exaggerated shit.

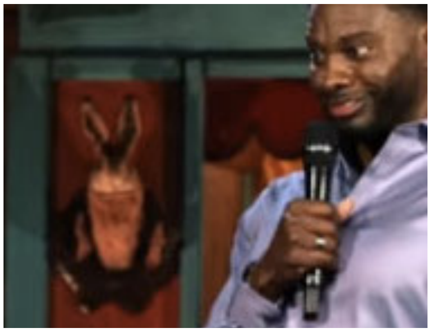
A strange (real life) **sky image** seemed to acknowledge my intense experiences, too …

(*Add on October 28, 2020, as I'm reading through this doc for rough editing:* Also … I kept watching stand-up comedians, ever again, in summer already, just a few minutes … I came across **Rodney Laney**

… and the weird thing is, that I named the picture “**Rodney Laney Rabbit Wolf**”, but I can’t remember what it was about …



Why You Look Ugly In Photos. Rodney Laney - Full Special



… but most interestingly, the picture in the background of Rodney has relevance now, months later … you’ll see when you get to it … Plus: the name of the program: Bob and I both mostly look really ugly in photos. Especially Bob who had the habit to pull abysmally dumb grimaces when photographed …)

August 12, 2020 – First Self-Trance Session with Portal

Thought of recent hikes: What if there is no crime, because every murder is, somehow, a way of the soul to get rid of the body. What if humans are, in fact, born with “original sin”, because we all come from a certain “quality of consciousness”, and it might as well be “evil”?

What “We are doing this together” didn’t mean Bob’s survival and our life together in the mortal realm, but Bob’s death and my subsequent following?

I feel so strange in my body, at times. Weird pains, my heart acting up, many many tiny blood sponges.

Last night, *I put my t-shirt over my eyes,* grabbed my own risk and decided that I’d develop a method of **“self-trance to meet Bob in the beyond”.**

Just earlier I felt dead-tired (mid afternoon) and lied down, T-shirt over eyes, grabbed my own wrist (the left one with the right hand), and immediately I dove into a very strange half-sleep half-wake stage, and eventually I saw a **portal** in a wavering reddish-black “ocean waves”-like environment, and I could actually with my inner eye “consciously” look at that portal, there was stuff happening in there, it didn’t change … but I got immediately aware of what I was doing, and my dog moves … so I thought, okay, I must learn to trust that my dog will “get me” when I’m being to weird.

I dove back out of a myriad of impressions and faces and events, including a golf club used in a landscape or water … and when I was “back”, I felt different.

Okay then. I’m going to train this.

*(**Note**: Editing this on November 23, I got to say that I’ve totally forgotten about that portal episode.)*

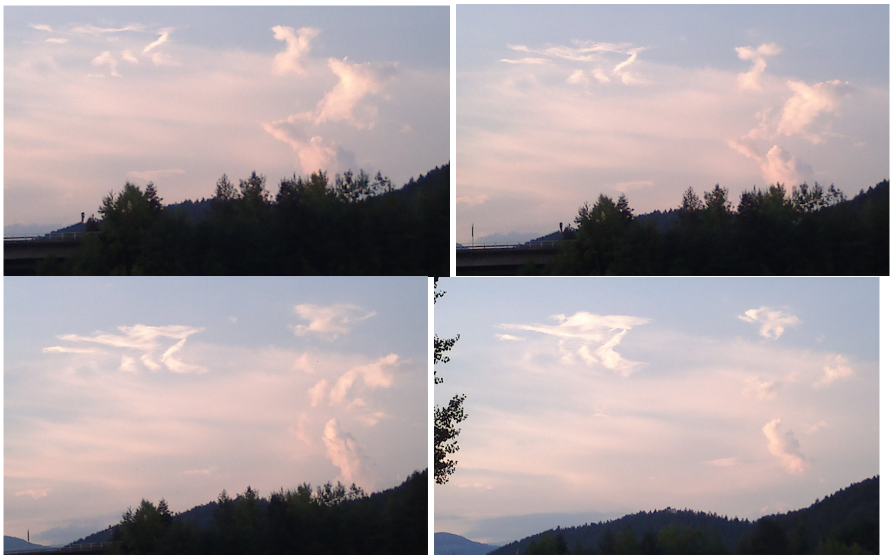
August 12, 2020 – The Baby Rats & the Sky Images

Okay. Took an evening walk with Jacqui, to the pig field, and sure enough, the wild pig in the enclosure saw me coming and immediately came out. I threw several apples into the enclosure, and it jumped. What a life, I thought, alone, day in day out. But paradise compared to the pigs that live just two kilometers away in a stable, raised to be eaten, and they never see daylight. I could vomit everytime I go by there. I think it’s okay for humans to eat meat, as long as the animal had a good life.

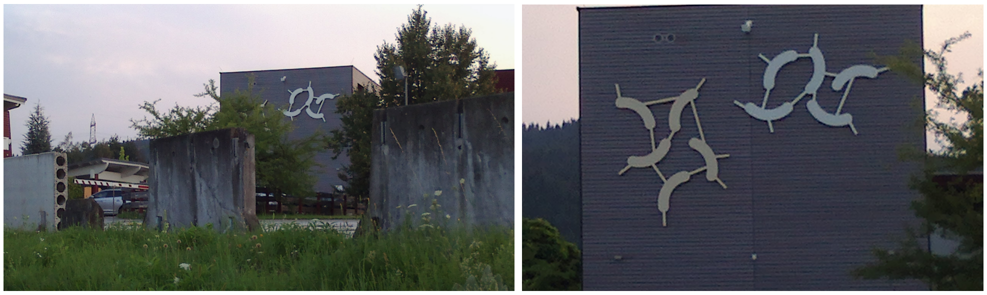
I saw a puddle that reminded me of that **painting** that I’ve mentioned before, the ocean reflections by a Japanese painter, a friend of Pundy Yokouchi’s … Bob and I worked for Emme on an episode of her “Island Moments” TV-show about Pundy, and that’s when I met Willie K for the first time …

Also … there were wide fields with **single plants sticking out high** … like "guardians" or "aliens" … turned out those were hemp plants …

I saw amazing and very **strange cloud formations**, that kept changing … and I thought that maybe they reflected the license plate "**S 111**" that I had just seen. Sure looked like it.



So then … I didn’t want to walk back by the ***wild pig*** again, and I took a road that *I had only walked once before,* very shortly after I had arrived at Griffen. Then I suddenly saw a house with the very strange twisted metal symbols that look like ***sausages***, and I walked up there and photographed them.



So … right now I must mention that I’ve been playing “mousie” with Jacqui every day, as he loves it, the little purple mouse that has been his favorite toy for years now.

I sat down there because the **cloud formations** kept amazing me …

And as I walked along that road, with barely any traffic, but with tall **maize plants** and **lots of hemp plants** right between them …

I suddenly saw something that looked like a big snail on the road, and as I looked, it was a **baby mouse** or **rat**! In the middle of the road! And right next to it, *another one*! I saw a woman with a small dog walking ahead of me, so maybe the dog dug out the mice? Or the mother mouse had tried to carry them across the street but failed? Unlikely. I picked up the mice, because there could have been a car any time, and they’d be squished right away … and a jogger (a blond woman I had met earlier) jogged by and asked me if I had picked up the sweet little mice. She had seen them on her way before and had thought that they’d sure be run over. I thought, great … and she had just left them there, not even put them to the side of the road?

I was thinking of doing it, putting them on the side of the road … but it was getting dark! The mice are not that young, their eyes aren’t open yet, but they aren’t naked! So I took them with me!

What in the world am I supposed to do with two baby mice? I have no idea how to raise them!

I’ll google the shit out of this, though. And then?

Geez, every day now I’ve been thinking that I might something helpless living along some of the paths. I never ever walk along that road that I picked today on a whim … and there they were. ***Two baby rats.***

Maybe the clouds were pointing at my find already, half an hour earlier?

From ordering dog food I have very nice straw, and I made the mice a bed of straw and put a small plush toy lion next to them, and they are cuddling and sleeping. They won’t starve to death right away. I think they might be able to drink oat milk. But they don’t have the concept of drinking, I don’t think. Geez, I know nothing about baby mice.

Time to read up!

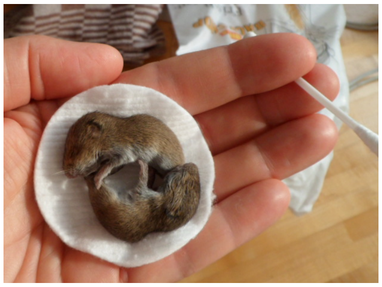
Jacqui doesn’t care about them. He doesn’t really sniff at them.

And I thought the baby kittens I keep feeding are tiny. Those two mice kids are teeny-tiny.

August 13, 2020

Joe and Jim, the two ***rats****, are dead.* I read and read online last night, and my heart kept dropping … for many reasons. I began to doubt that what I had done had been right. Should I have just put the baby mice or baby rats on the side of the road? Maybe their mother had been in the process of moving them and dropped them on the street, because she got disturbed? Maybe even by the jogger who later said she had seen the mice on the street, like half an hour before I got there? Now that I think about it, the babies sure didn’t get onto the street on their own. Well, I thought about that last night too, when I first thought them. But there was that woman with the small dog ahead of me as I continued (with the mice).

And so I thought maybe the dog had dug them out or found them and killed the mother? And if the mouse mother had transported them – didn't know what side of the road they'd been heading for. And there was the danger that they'd be run over by cars or motorcycles of mopeds … I met several of them along that road, when I walked to my car with the mice.



They were so incredibly sweet and perfect. And they were very active. So I really thought they'd make it through the night. I tried to feed them, according to what I had read in the many advice websites, but they didn't want to. They did open their mouths wide though, but turned away when I tried to give them the oat milk with a little tea that I had prepared. I tried everything as of tools, from pipette to cotton swab to a natural fiber string that I soaked in milk, letting a drop come down and held it to the mice's little mouths … they wouldn't drink. I made them a nice bed of straw, and they cuddled up and seemed to sleep. But I did read that they have to be fed every few hours when their eyes aren't open yet … and there was no way I could do that. So I could only hope they'd make it through the night, and I'd go to the pharmacy and store first thing in the morning to get goat's milk and a pipette.

I had wild wild **dreams**, about animals, and it had to do with the mice, clearly … it was very hard to stand up against other people who wanted to tell me what to do or hindered me, in my dream …

And I woke up just a bit after 7 am, which I never do, but I needed to get up that early today … long story short: One little mouse was dead when I looked what they were doing, and the other one was still kicking, literally. I really wasn't sure what to do. It's very unlikely that the mice that young survive, anyway … so I thought the other one would likely die soon, too. But I did get the goat milk and tried to feed it to the little mouse. It opened its mouth wide, the drops went in … and then it was dead.

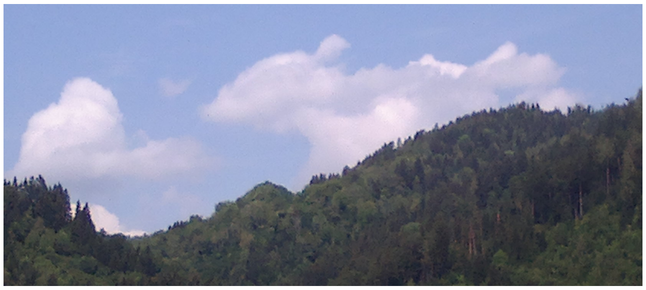
I was kind of stunned, it really looked like it would make it, it was so active.

I brought them to a field and put them there, in the open, on a soft tissue, …

This was a strange experience.

Walking with Jacqui I was really wondering if I had fucked up. But the only thing that comes out of it is … I had to do what I had to do. I followed my gut. Maybe I was those mice souls' "way" to get rid of the body? I don't know if mice function that way. But it's strange to have that experience, because so often in the last days have I thought about how in the big network of things, in a way, every death is justified, and we are all tools in each other's life and death?

A **rat-shaped cloud** took me by surprise on the "treehouse field" later …



… , so that I stood gasping, because it was ***a big rat on the ridge*** … by the time I photographed it, it was nearly gone.

There is a reason why I chose that road last night. Why I tried so hard, was so close to the little ones. I keep thinking that they were so loved, the two mice, by me. And I did what I could, but I could not "save" them. Maybe I wasn't in the process of saving them. I was their destiny.

Maybe they would have survived if I had left them on the road, maybe not. I will never know.

It was heartbreaking to see the dead little bodies.

I kept thinking and still do how nature is just one big miracle. Those tiny bodies, that big potential, but it wasn't lived out. Where they "doomed", Joe and Jim?

Is it the "invisibles" way to demonstrate to me how mortal life is seriously fragile? And that it depends upon decisions? Decisions that were made way before I came into the picture?

I don't know. I was intense. At least, they weren't alone. There were together. They felt each other. One lived longer than the other, but in the end, both went the same path. And I was a factor in it, I witnessed it. Maybe their mother was and is looking for them. Maybe she's dead. I'll never know. What I know though, is, how confused I was last night, reading online about mice and rats (because likely they were to baby rats, actually), when I read about all the many ways people have to kill (!) mice and rats! And there I was, trying to feed and rescue the two babies.

Have a great life, dear mousies or ratties!

Of course I had to think about my nickname for Bob, back in the day, in our first years: "**mousie**". I always thought he had "mouse teeth".

(Note: A few days later I went by that spot again, where I had found the baby rats, and there was a third one, a dead one. So that seemed to tell me that the third one also had tried to make it across the street, but if the mother had been around, she would have carried it on, wouldn't she? Too bad that I didn't see the third one … it died out there, all alone.)

(Evening)

So is Bob telling me, through the mouse-story, that he would have died anyway? That he "died in my hand", in a way, even though I wasn't there when he actually passed on.

On the field, I thought about the possibility that Bob now has and nurtures the two little mouse or rat babies! How about that? Is it possible? The thought came to me only after I had seen the rat-cloud!

Also the little **toy head** that I found on the field path the other day seems to "speak" to me some more, too.

Today, I just thought, millions of creatures passed on.

The most important question is: Did Bob receive the little mice as they died? Wow, that's a very nice story.

Today when I called my mother and she didn't answer, I felt so bad, everything dropped inside of me, but I made myself eat my ***steamed corn*** that I had stolen from the treehouse field … and then called her again. There she was, like always, kind of in a good mood, very content with her life in her little apartment. I pray that her dementia comes to a complete halt. She sounds content. I want to do things with her, see, visit stuff. Take walks. Travel, maybe. I've never actually really "seen" that happen. What if I put my mind to it, really?

Big thunderstorm today. Gave Marshall a treat through the fence, he has a huge tick on his nose! Does nobody ever really look at him?

I think of Maui all the time and of being with Bob.

Now something just came back into my mind: Last night, going to be with the two live mice in their nice little bed (so sad to think how they struggled last night, and one died, and the other made it barely until morning …), I lied down – and suddenly there was a **huge piercing pain** in my right **lung**, as if something had **popped**. It was so sharp and strong that I immediately turned around again and made the "breathing"-mudra … and I felt better again. Something is there in my lung, no doubt.

But after that … nothing. Except for the strange intense dreams … but can't remember.

I was just working on editing "***Hulihuli Moon***", the Netflix-submission begins on Saturday, August 15, and suddenly, I had to think of Kumu Rubellite Kawena Johnson, one of my speakers in my documentary series "Native of Owhyhee" … and that just above my head, as I'm sitting here, is a chain of (fake) rubies. She had told me that her mother called her "light of the ruby".

And suddenly I thought that I don't know if she is alive in this mortal realm, but maybe she's watching over me? And another thought just came to me. The kahuna to whom this dangling piece relates mainly (I've written about it, his name was Kahu Abraham), has been dead for a long time. Of course he's around, too. He was a major influence in my life. He saved my life when I had the flesh-eating bacteria, actually, by giving me colloidal silver and telling me how to make Noni-juice. After two years, I used what he suggested, and my infection was gone within a week. And I had refused to join his class, totally upsetting his wife. And there are more things that relate to Hawaii and even to me getting to know Bob … that have to do with the "kahu Abraham", who I met only once in this mortal phase. And I didn't like him – until he told me how to heal my infection. When he talked to me about that, he was different than when he was the big kahuna among the students, he was gentle and serious and helpful.

Anyway … lots of thoughts today.

I should work more on "Hulihuli Moon", really, there is much to be edited, I'm improving the script a lot, actually putting back in scenes that I had thrown out for cutting it down … But I really want to watch movies … my mind wants to, kind of, escape, I think. I have to discipline myself better. It's hard. I feel like diving into some story a lot ... Today I tried ***"How to Fake a War"*** … kind of interesting in terms of video production behind-the-scenes … but an unbearable storyline, and just not nice filmmaking, with weird close-ups and so apparent stunts, that one could see how the stunt people held their faces away from the camera and recognize the wigs … brr.

*(**Note**: Wow, even the topic "**war**" has huge relevance today, November 23, that I'm editing this! Talk about intermingling-timelines-synchronicities!)*

August 14, 2020 – **Summerland & the Rat**

I picked a random movie today, "***Summerland***", based on the picture, I wanted to see something not brutal, and it's about *a writer-artist who lives alon*e and has to take care of a young boy during World War 2. First, I was baffled about the ***place*** where the woman lives, that's the place I'd like to live at, the way I’ve imagined it … *and I’ve described that imagination previously … that house at the ocean, a bit gloomy, a lot of wood … vitrines, dark shelves!*

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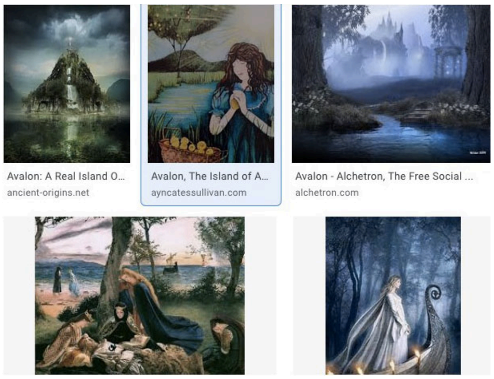
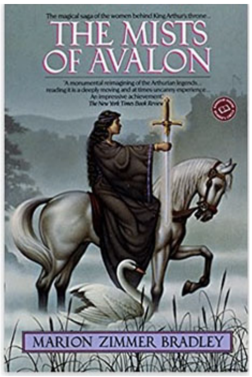
And then … eventually she – “***Alice***” (in “Hulihuli Moon”, a main character is named “Alice”) – explains to her little guest, “Frank”, that “**Summerland**” is – ***the invisible realm.***

(Note: *Oh geez, the name of the leader of the mediality workshop I participated in yesterday, November 22, is “**Alice**”! And it was about learning how to communicate with – the invisible realm!)*

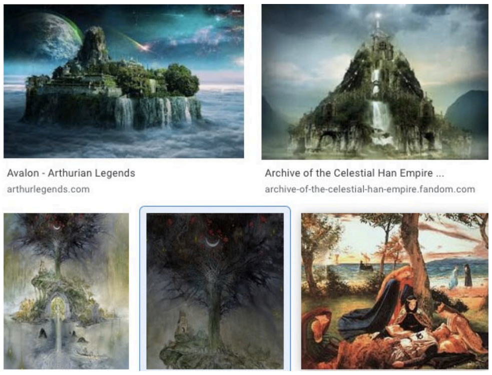
Geez, that was the last thing I expected … especially since after a few minutes I began to simply skip through the film … and there she was, saying:

“Do you believe in heaven?” Yes, says the boy. You shouldn’t, she says, it was made up by the Christians to make themselves feel better … How do you know, the boy asks. And she says, that if heaven existed, where did the souls of people go before there were any Christians. That’s kind of silly, though. But: That young woman, “Alice”, is writing ***a scientific books***, ***about the islands that appeared to people*** and some couldn’t see them, like “Avalon”.


Avalon: A Real Island O...
ancient-origins.net
Avalon, The Island of A...
ayncatessullivan.com
Avalon - Alchetron, The Free Social ...
alchetron.com


THE MISTS OF AVALON
MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY

2
TRUTH
The Tor
CONNECTION

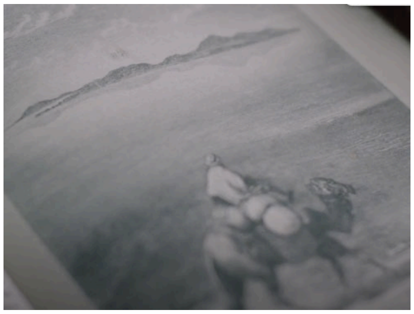


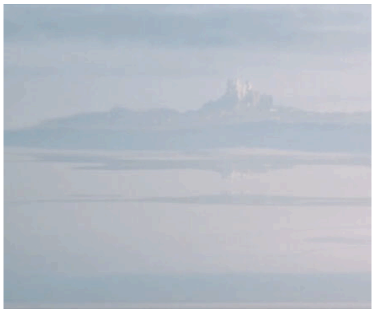
Avalon - Arthurian Legends
arthurlegends.com

Archive of the Celestial Han Empire ...
archive-of-the-celestial-han-empire.fandom.com

One of the first things in the movie is she talking about "**Morgaine**", and that is *my favorite female figure in human culture of all, the ruler of "Avalon", the island of the apple trees*. I've written about her, too, of course after reading the wonderful book "The Mists of Avalon".

But I've also read about "***Kanehunamoku***", the hidden island of Kane, that is somewhere around Hawaii, and not all people can see it. And I mentioned it in my own book "*We Creators of the World*" …





What are the odds that I pick one movie about which I know nothing, and those are the subjects?
I feel almost overwhelmed right now. (The story itself is a love story between two women …)
So … "Alice" also says, that there is no heaven, but there is … which took my breath away:
"Summerland." And "***Summerland***" is "***here***", she says, "***all around us. Like a layer that we can't see, until it gets disturbed by a restless soul … who is trying to tell us something***." And how? By "***disturbing patterns***". And in that, "***patterns in clouds",*** she says. And the pagans thought it was "*magic*".

There is discussion between the characters i***f it can be real, that the dead are giving signs through clouds and other phenomena*** … wow. My theme, huh. In a random movie.

In the story, the boy Frank can see the invisible island … and later he tells Alice that he thinks that ***someone who is dead is trying to say something to him***. And he doesn’t know that his father had died in the war.

And then: The boy learns that his dad is dead, and he looks at the **clouds**, and they change, and the boy “sees” his father or at least, a message from him, like a “**castle** of clouds” …

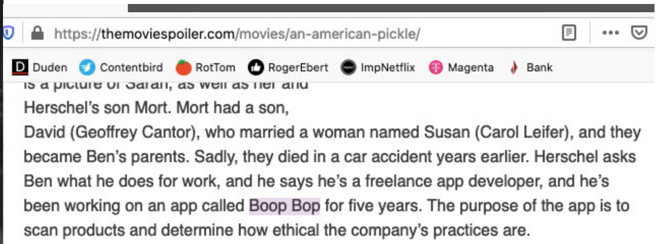
So today … as I was driving back from lake Klopeinersee (where suddenly there are signs of “Hunde baden verboten!” (Dogs forbidden to bathe!) where Jacqui and I always go swimming (I was very upset!) … and there were amazing **castle-like bulging clouds**! And I talked out loud how wonderful and beautiful they were, but I couldn’t stop to make pictures, because I was on a dangerous road with speeding cars and no way to stop!

And here they are, the clouds, in that movie! The clouds I saw today! Oh I wish I had taken pictures!

But – note! A few days later, on August 17, I ended up seeing a **cloud castle** again and even **castle clouds** above an actual castle, too …

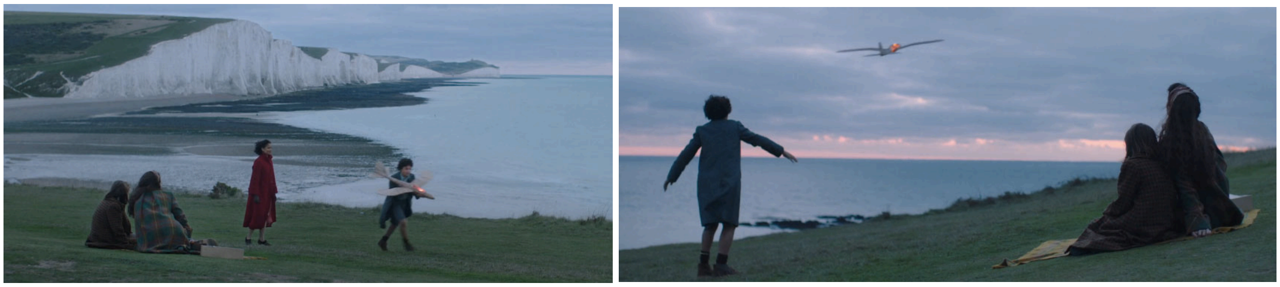
Oh – kay! Wonderful “**as above so below**” image, and then: A **rat**! A RAT! A day after my mice-rats-experience!

About rats: I did check out a movie I had seen the trailer for, “***An American Pickle***”, and I skipped through it … and I saw: **Rats**! They were the reason for the entire story in the movie to unfold … but I couldn’t watch the movie, it was stressful and silly. So I only read up on the plot.



is a picture of Sarah, as well as her and
Herschel’s son Mort. Mort had a son,
David (Geoffrey Cantor), who married a woman named Susan (Carol Leifer), and they became Ben’s parents. Sadly, they died in a car accident years earlier. Herschel asks Ben what he does for work, and he says he’s a freelance app developer, and he’s been working on an app called Boop Bop for five years. The purpose of the app is to scan products and determine how ethical the company’s practices are.

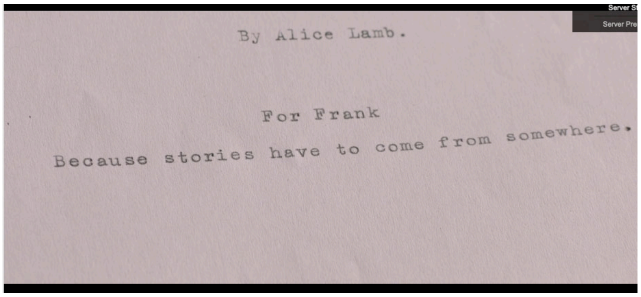
In “***Summerland***”, they even let a **paper plane** fly, with a **candle** in it … just like the ***blinking planes that Bob and I used to see from Pukalani as they took off from and landed at Kahului airport.***



Wow.

I think Bob is telling me that many times, what I’m seeing in the clouds, is actually exactly or almost what he wants me to see.

And much more. He tells me. *The title of “Alice’s” book* is “**Because stories have to come from somewhere**.” And that’s Bob reminding me how he always called me “his writer and storyteller”. And now he is a major source of stories.



By Alice Lamb.

For Frank

Because stories have to come from somewhere.

Time to cry. Again.

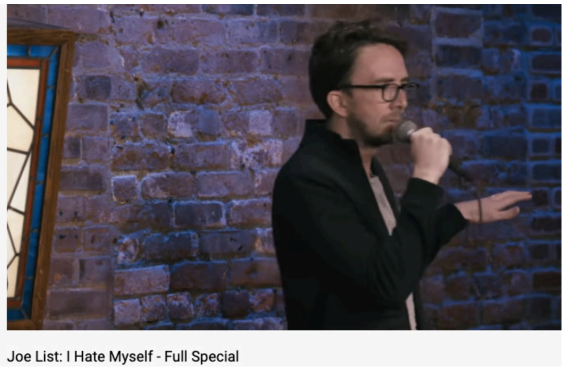
*(**Note**: It’s actually quite interesting, today, August 30, 2020, I’m putting the photos into this part of the contact diary, and just today I dreamed of having been part of a very intense, yet secret same sex relationship with a very interesting woman, a blond one, some kind of authority figure … and “Summerland” is a same sex female love-story, in one aspect!)*

(Elisabeth of all people called me this morning. I didn’t pick up. I thought of her intensely the day before yesterday. Will call her back.)

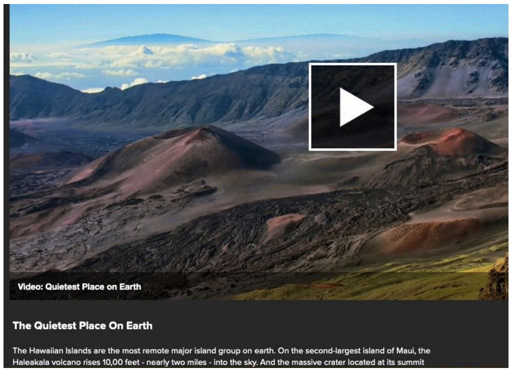
(Later)

Went for a walk, it got dark, I got cat food to the kittens, got back, ate some soup – and then I heard Marshall bark outside. It’s pitch-dark. Their house is pitch-dark. Are they not home? Is Marshall alone, unsupervised, lonely, in his little dog house – in the night? Did they go for holiday again? I hope not, I swear to God, I hope not. This guy is 10 months old. Alone in the pitch dark. His owner better come home tonight, or there will be a shitstorm.

Something strange just happened … I should edit "Hulihuli Moon", but instead I put on a standup comedian I didn't know, **"Joe List"**, the program is called "*I Hate Myself*". It premiered on August 7, one of the most important dates of my life.



Joe List: I Hate Myself - Full Special



Video: Quietest Place on Earth

The Quietest Place On Earth

The Hawaiian Islands are the most remote major island group on earth. On the second-largest island of Maui, the Haleakala volcano rises 10,00 feet - nearly two miles - into the sky. And the massive crater located at its summit

So sure enough … he talks *about watching movies on airplanes* (one of my favorite things to do … ever!) And how Delta miscategorizes the movies. He said that under "***documentaries***" there was a "movie" called **"A Quiet Place".** Of course there is a horror movie of that name. But: One of the projects that B*ob worked on in the last years of his life*, was ***"The Quietest Place on Earth",*** and he made it with Tom V., about the Haleakala Crater. And that is a ***documentary***. So I was thinking … wow, this is an interesting plunge in remembering Bob even more today. *And also I thought that in reality the comedian may have mistaken "The Quietest Place on Earth" for "A Quiet Place". Maybe the documentary is on planes now?*

Also John fucking W. included me in an email newsletter telling us that Bob's film "The Edge of Paradise" formerly "Taylor Camp" is now streaming.

Oh … but one interesting thought came to me during our walk: What if the Hawaiian principle of "***listening to the na'au"*** or the "feeling in the gut" so that everything you do is "pono", "right" and proper in a spiritual sense, has actually to do with the ability to receive guidance from the "invisibles"?

I asked Bob today "Did I do good? Was I a good girl?" I mean, after all I got "lead" somehow to an entirely random film of which I had never ever heard before, and there was "clouds and signs are the dead talking to us", with rats and all.

So to "listen to the gut" or "act upon a feeling in the gut" is actually our trust in our subconscious. And that is directly connected with the "beyond".

So it's our job to learn how to trust our guts and do "what feels right" because very often that's exactly working towards the outcome the "invisibles" want to achieve … and that's a message or a hint that they are "right here and working with us". Working on what? Well, that depends on our personal intentions, plans and visions for the future.

If one of the people included in our visions of the future passes on, of course she or he is still involved in those visions … just because they were always part of them. Now that leads way too far thinking that through. But I'm sure that whatever we "store" in our memories as of experiences or thoughts including dreams and visions, is shared with everyone who is part of it one way or the other.

And when I, as the mortal that I am, eat or drink something or enjoy something physical in other ways and then "share" it with my discarnate Bob, then this becomes part of his "immortal self" or his "spirit" too, because it's part of my vision, of my experience and he gets attached to it by my imagination.

It's all very fascinating.

It frustrates me to no end tha***t I don't have anyone to discuss all of this right when it happens.***

The only person in the world that I ever knew and who would be totally into learning about it and figuring it out and experiencing it with me, was the mortal Bob.

Yes, he may be around and listening all the time … but it's just not the same. I know I'm supposed to learn to "deal with it", literally.

(Later)

Drove to my mother … swam in lake Saissersee and then visited with her, then swam in Wörthersee … then, on the highway, cars with license plate numbers "**LUPO 1**" (wolf), "**LOI 21**" and several "**910**" as well as "**UI**" in a row. "***Lo'i***" is Hawaiian for "field where food grows", like "Acker" in German, and I've been saying so often, recently, ***"Are you doing the field with me, Bob?"*** So is that the answer, today?

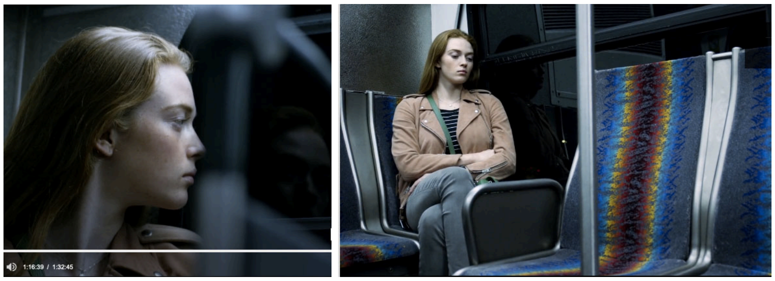
Back home, I picked a random movie, "**Pearl**", and it turns out, the main character's name is "**Jack Wolf**". Now I'm calling my dog **Jacqui** (Jack) "**wolf**" all the time. And "LUPO" means wolf! Yes, the first thing I did sitting down was picking some movie under "movies" at Putlockers, to go with my dinner. What are the odds?

But talk about dinner: I met my landlady Andrea in the hallway coming home, and we chatted a bit. After just a few minutes of me being home, she knocked and gave me a "**Zucchini Cordon Bleu**" and a big slice of **zucchini chocolate cake** … and those two food items were simply delicious. Those were chef's fare, no simple regular cooking. She had never done that before, ever. But she did it today, when I'm supposed to keep working on ***editing my screenplay about a TV-cooking-show project*** … that is meant to change the course of things for me?

My mother looked really good today, and she seemed very alert and bright, she even looked at me with barely concealed displeasure, and that means, that she is quite okay. I wish for us to do things together, go to Saissersee or for walks elsewhere.

Well … not gonna watch the entire movie "Pearl", but it is, just like "Summerland", about a person reminiscing their time with the love of their life … great. Took interesting picks … just reflecting what I've been doing day in day out. Is Bob telling me that he is also reminiscing. (***Note****: It's very interesting … just now, being in the process of putting pictures into the text, I realize that I mostly can't remember at all what the movies were about, that I'm mentioning, or the programs of the standup-comedians or the TV-series … it's as if I was really only meant to pick up those messages in there, the content itself never matters.)*

The bummer: In "***Pearl***" there is a scene of ***a woman in an empty bus at night*** …



… *and I will never forget the* ***ride from Pukalani down to the airport,*** *alone in the bus, in the pouring rain,* looking out into the paths that Bob and I had walked so often, knowing that he is alone in the house, probably crying, desperate, dying … ***that night of September 11, 2018,*** when I last saw Bob. And I remember trying to be absolutely sure that I'd be back, and he'd recover …

In the scenes from "Pearl" the colors of the seat in the foreground are so striking, Hawaii's "ali'i" colors red and yellow with the blue of the ocean … That's "me" sitting there.

The song playing with that scene in the movie "Pearl" has the refrain "I wanna be happy". I don't actually. It's not ever going to be about being happy for me anymore, ever. I only want to accomplish what I have to, in this mortal phase.

Still … to find a movie with exactly that scene … it's impossible, if you're looking. But Bob and I are on a roll, as it seems, in terms of communicating.

He knows how sad and devastated I am and that I'm struggling.

I wish I knew what I'm doing when I'm "out" during sleep.

Alright. "Pearl": Woman comes back from bus ride … and man (her father) says ***"Don't ever leave like that (again)".*** Oh – oh! And now he said ***"We get through this together!"*** (*Bob's words*) Nice, to have a father who cares.

1:27:39 / 1:32:45

> Okay … now … **the dead mom shows up and talks to them.** *The dead mom! Daughter says that she thought she had lost her, dead mom says no, that will never happen.*

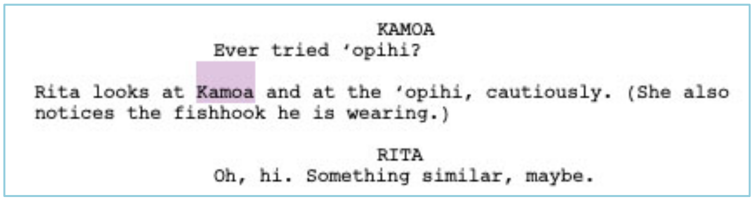
Daughter says ***she thought mom was in heaven, dead mom says yes, she is.*** *"It's right here",* she says and puts her hand on her heart.

Alrighty. That's a bit much for tonight.

(Later)

Actually working on editing "Hulihuli Moon", stunning, how I do find a lot of passages that need changing, improvement …

So just now I ended up at a section about “Jeremy’s” friend “**Kamoa**”, and I was wondering if the car license plate number I saw in Griffen a few days ago, “**MOAO 1**” isn’t very similar to “Kamoa”, in some way … but then I thought, nah, the letters don’t match at all, it only sounds Hawaiian.



KAMOA
Ever tried ‘opihi?

Rita looks at Kamoa and at the ‘opihi, cautiously. (She also notices the fishhook he is wearing.)

RITA
Oh, hi. Something similar, maybe.

While I was thinking that, I looked up my window, that’s open on the top, and cool air is coming in. I had to take my shirt off, earlier because of a serious hot flash … so I’m sitting here half naked, in the quiet, and just as I’m looking at that spot on my window, a very loud **crackling** is to be heard *right there, on that very spot, high up on my window!* Wow! It reminds me of what used to happen to me when I was younger, in my time with Sigi and Kimba: I would look up a tree, and at that moment, that fruit that I looked at, a peach, an apple, a plum, would drop. *That very fruit that I happened to look at. Would drop.*

So just now I just had to say “Are you kidding me?” when that loud crackling sounded. No crackling at all, the entire evening, not in the last evenings or days, never. *Just now, when I had* ***looked*** *at that spot.*

Before that I realized that for the first time in my life I have fat on my stomach that forms two rolls when I’m slouching. I’ve never ever thought I’d ever have that. Didn’t have it last year. And I’m still wearing my clothes in the sizes I always have, (38, Austrian system, 7 or 8, I think, US), but still, I feel fat. Yet, I’m now wearing the linen pants I bought on Maui at Savers in about 2003, and they were always too tight. And now they fit. How come? I fatter now!

Very strange. My body looks really old. And I touched it and realized that it’s deteriorating, and somehow I suddenly felt love for my body. It’s serving me. It was always nice and reliable. I owe my body. I think. It’s a good one.

I had to think about how my old friend Elisabeth (who contacted me because she is on rehab in Carinthia and will come see me during her drive back to Vienna) is now retired from her job, since March this year, she emailed me. That made me sad for some reason. Well, it proves, that I’m officially an old woman now, because I have retired friends with who I had adventures when we were young. An era is over. We are officially the elderly now. I’m thinking about what to do with my life, including a “career”, and my friend, who is about four years older than me, is retired, won’t ever work again?

And that without Bob.

I’m curious about how it will be between us, too, when we meet after several years. I think she did meet Jacqui … so can’t be more than five years. Still. We didn’t part on good terms. I felt very much disrespected by her, in many ways, and I was … but I won’t hold it against her. She had her life, and it was so different than mine. Now she isn’t working anymore. Because she is old, in terms of working age. She’s done her dues. How strange is that.

Bob told me on the phone, sometime early in 2018, that Tom and others were retiring and then maybe move away from Maui … and I felt horrible hearing that. Also because this wouldn’t ever happen to Bob, I thought and he said, he couldn’t retire ever. And he must have felt so exhausted and worn out … and there I was, trying to get him to be excited about our projects. And he was. But I wasn’t there to support him and to uplift him, when he needed me. Why not? I didn’t know or think that he really needed me.

He did say he missed me. And: “This is your home, too.” I’ll always have that in my ears, in my head, and it’s killing me slowly along with all the other stuff. And that’s fine. Just … did we mess up so big time, or is all going “to plan”? I need to know.

If so, that all is a big fucking plan, we’ve come far, I think, us, the team. And maybe every single person in my life is “in on the project”, from my parents to my friends and foes … all are playing roles, and together we’re trying to make “the bridge” happen, or at least, bring the awareness of it much forward, in the my remaining lifetime. The connection between the realms of the incarnates and the discarnates.

I don’t think there’d be any way to talk with Elisabeth about it. Maybe I’ll try a little?

Wow.

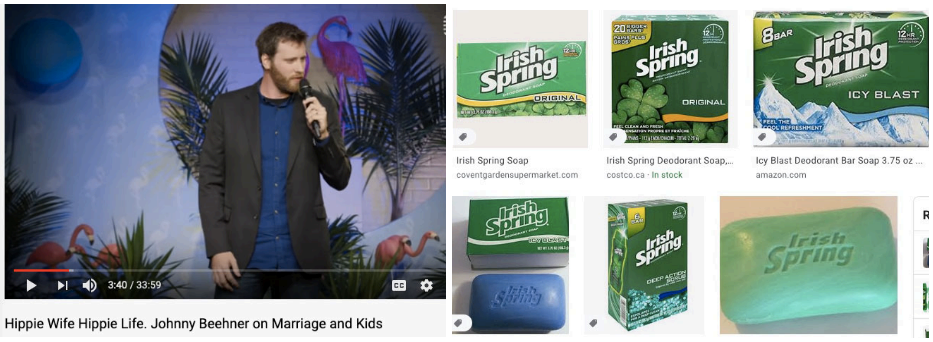
While editing, the phrase ***“This is Hawaii …”*** came to my mind, like it was said by one of the “kahuna” we interviewed, back then, ***Ka’ipo Kaneakua,*** Bob and I … I flashed back so intensely to the time I researched for the documentary, wrote the script, contacted all those people, traveled … also to the documentary itself, the way it turned out, great, actually, my “Native of Owhyhee” project that I loved so much and that Bob also was so proud of. What an effort. And now … *who watches it?* And suddenly I saw ***myself*** sitting here, with my ***bare boobs*** … and I realized that it’s *“island style”, as the Hawaiian women would not cover their breasts, but their thighs.* Very emotional, intense insight. Just yesterday, walking the treehouse field, wearing a skirt, I had pulled the skirt up over my knees and higher in the sun, and I said to myself, quoting another speaker of the documentary, Jocelyn Linnekin, “They’d be much more concerned to cover their thighs.” Wow, I can literally quote my own film.

What shall I do about that film?

I must get people to watch it.

Reading “Hulihuli Moon” … wow, I was immersed in all things Hawaiian. Totally. Absolutely. It was my life. It was me. And now I’m sitting in Griffen, writing this …

At some point I felt like watching some standup comedy again … and I discovered Johnny Beehner, who talks about the soap “**Irish Spring**”. Now, that’s special! It was my first soap in the States! And ***Bob had talked to me in 2018 about the very smelly soap*** that a friend of his had been using, I think it even wa***s “Irish Spring”!***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Hippie Wife Hippie Life. Johnny Beehner on Marriage and Kids
Irish Spring Soap
coventgardensupermarket.com
Irish Spring Deodorant Soap,...
costco.ca · In stock
Icy Blast Deodorant Bar Soap 3.75 oz ...
amazon.com
Irish Spring
ORIGINAL
ICY BLAST

He married a “Hippie girl”! Bob’s film “Taylor Camp” is about a **hippie colony** on Kauai!

TAYLOR CAMP
North Shore Kauai
More images for Taylor Camp
Report images

John Wehrheim's Taylor Camp: A look at ...
slate.com
Taylor Camp film 'The Edge of Paradis...
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Taylor-Camp auf Hawaii: Stoßtrupp der ...
Taylor Camp' to 'The Edge of Paradise ...
Homage to Kauai's Taylor Camp...
Taylor Camp Film Trailer - 70s Hippie ...

August 15, 2020

Remember how I wrote about that "window" for submitting to "Imagine Impact" for Netflix? From today that window is open, and sure enough, I got an amazing **"window"-view** into the "lani", the sky or heaven …

Also I visited my mother, she was okay, and I took a hike along lake Saissersee and a swim of course, with Jacqui … and there were **berries** that fascinated me … just with the fact that they exist the way they do in the obstructed sphere of human existence.

August 16, 2020

Elisabeth visited me. Of course she already had an appointment with her boyfriend later today in Vienna, so like it had always been, I was something like a "side note", a point in the schedule … she wouldn't take time for me after we hadn't seen each other in so many years and given my Bob-story and her retirement and all. Oh well. I tried to share with her about "survival of consciousness", picked some great examples of synchronicities and the "word"-incident with medium Dr. Alice, and maybe it made an impression, but even while talking I was aware how unlikely it was that she'd take it seriously. She'd rather see me as someone gone nuts. Whatever. She isn't the friend I was hoping, maybe, to re-gain.

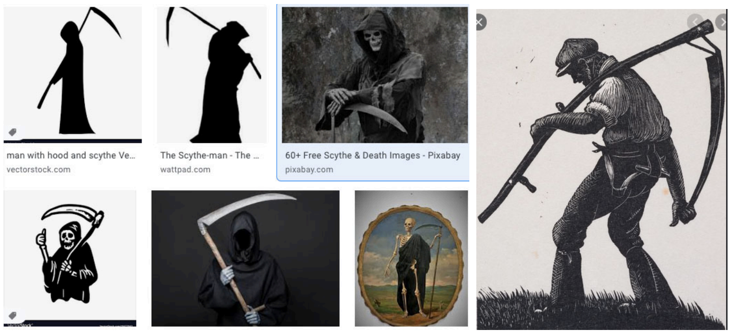
I had even thought that she might stay over, and I wanted to ask landlady Andrea if she had a **folding bed**, since I haven't bought one yet. I meant to, several times. But I thought that just in case I'd ask her. But then, Elisabeth told me right away, she only has a little time, *wouldn't accept anything to eat or drink except water* (I pretty much forced fruit juice with ginger on her).

She got herself a new apartment in Vienna (but wouldn't say I should come visit) now, that she's retired. Her boyfriend (in his 70s, with cancer) of 5 years didn't want to move in with her, get a place together, because he thinks just because she has never lived with anyone, it wouldn't work. Well … We took a walk, and that was it. I realize, I need a different kind of friend and confidante.

(Later)

After Elisabeth left, I felt so lonely and missed Bob so much, it hurt like hell.

I looked out on the balcony, and **a man with a scythe** (!) walked by. First, it was so strange that I had to look twice. That was "***death***" walking by my apartment! It was J., Marshall's idiot owner, who obviously had borrowed the scythe to go do some work in his garden. But it was so strange to see that. I have such hatred for this animal abuser, he does deserve severe punishment, I believe that, and I won’t stop thinking this … after all, I’m still mortal and have a mortal story, and that’s me … wishing I had the power to punish the evil-doers right away! I wish I was a witch with that ability!


man with hood and scythe Ve...
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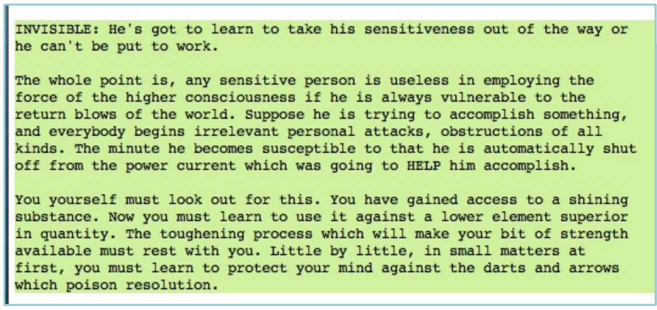
Very interestingly, I had talked with my mother at one of my previous visits about how people used the scythes to cut their grass, not those noisy idiot machines or the robots that are everywhere now. And that my grandfather Franz, my father’s father, had always used the scythe. It’s a scenario of my childhood, my grandfather and his scythe …

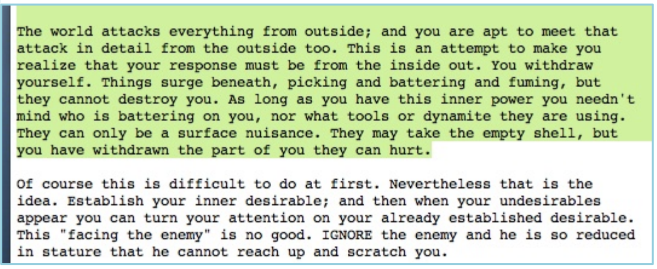
And today, that guy who I hate so much and who I wish punishment upon, walked by me with a scythe. Hm. And I know … having read “**Across the Unknown**” that I should really not react the way I do to the shit the asshole of a guy, Marshall’s owner, imposed onto me …



INVISIBLE: He's got to learn to take his sensitiveness out of the way or he can't be put to work.

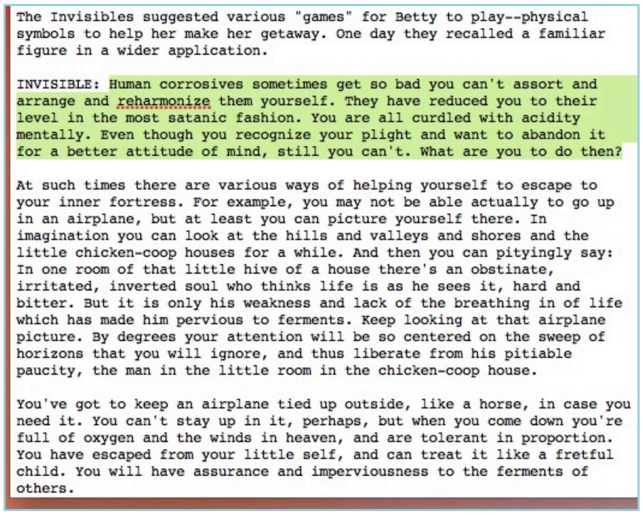
The whole point is, any sensitive person is useless in employing the force of the higher consciousness if he is always vulnerable to the return blows of the world. Suppose he is trying to accomplish something, and everybody begins irrelevant personal attacks, obstructions of all kinds. The minute he becomes susceptible to that he is automatically shut off from the power current which was going to HELP him accomplish.

You yourself must look out for this. You have gained access to a shining substance. Now you must learn to use it against a lower element superior in quantity. The toughening process which will make your bit of strength available must rest with you. Little by little, in small matters at first, you must learn to protect your mind against the darts and arrows which poison resolution.



The world attacks everything from outside; and you are apt to meet that attack in detail from the outside too. This is an attempt to make you realize that your response must be from the inside out. You withdraw yourself. Things surge beneath, picking and battering and fuming, but they cannot destroy you. As long as you have this inner power you needn't mind who is battering on you, nor what tools or dynamite they are using. They can only be a surface nuisance. They may take the empty shell, but you have withdrawn the part of you they can hurt.

Of course this is difficult to do at first. Nevertheless that is the idea. Establish your inner desirable; and then when your undesirables appear you can turn your attention on your already established desirable. This "facing the enemy" is no good. IGNORE the enemy and he is so reduced in stature that he cannot reach up and scratch you.

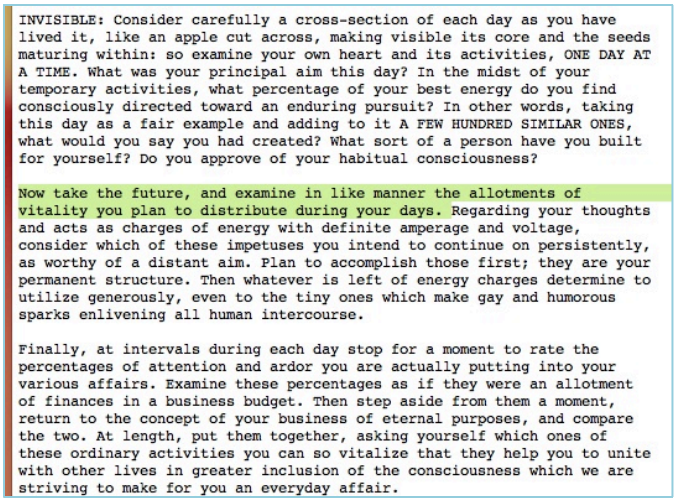


The Invisibles suggested various "games" for Betty to play--physical symbols to help her make her getaway. One day they recalled a familiar figure in a wider application.

INVISIBLE: Human corrosives sometimes get so bad you can't assort and arrange and reharmonize them yourself. They have reduced you to their level in the most satanic fashion. You are all curdled with acidity mentally. Even though you recognize your plight and want to abandon it for a better attitude of mind, still you can't. What are you to do then?

At such times there are various ways of helping yourself to escape to your inner fortress. For example, you may not be able actually to go up in an airplane, but at least you can picture yourself there. In imagination you can look at the hills and valleys and shores and the little chicken-coop houses for a while. And then you can pityingly say: In one room of that little hive of a house there's an obstinate, irritated, inverted soul who thinks life is as he sees it, hard and bitter. But it is only his weakness and lack of the breathing in of life which has made him pervious to ferments. Keep looking at that airplane picture. By degrees your attention will be so centered on the sweep of horizons that you will ignore, and thus liberate from his pitiable paucity, the man in the little room in the chicken-coop house.

You've got to keep an airplane tied up outside, like a horse, in case you need it. You can't stay up in it, perhaps, but when you come down you're full of oxygen and the winds in heaven, and are tolerant in proportion. You have escaped from your little self, and can treat it like a fretful child. You will have assurance and imperviousness to the ferments of others.

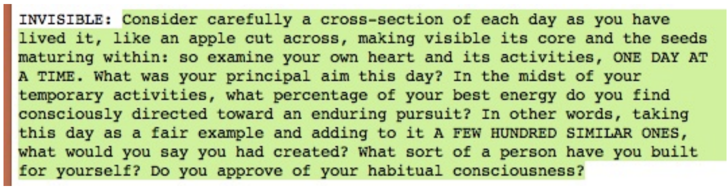


INVISIBLE: Consider carefully a cross-section of each day as you have lived it, like an apple cut across, making visible its core and the seeds maturing within: so examine your own heart and its activities, ONE DAY AT A TIME. What was your principal aim this day? In the midst of your temporary activities, what percentage of your best energy do you find consciously directed toward an enduring pursuit? In other words, taking this day as a fair example and adding to it A FEW HUNDRED SIMILAR ONES, what would you say you had created? What sort of a person have you built for yourself? Do you approve of your habitual consciousness?

Now take the future, and examine in like manner the allotments of vitality you plan to distribute during your days. Regarding your thoughts and acts as charges of energy with definite amperage and voltage, consider which of these impetuses you intend to continue on persistently, as worthy of a distant aim. Plan to accomplish those first; they are your permanent structure. Then whatever is left of energy charges determine to utilize generously, even to the tiny ones which make gay and humorous sparks enlivening all human intercourse.

Finally, at intervals during each day stop for a moment to rate the percentages of attention and ardor you are actually putting into your various affairs. Examine these percentages as if they were an allotment of finances in a business budget. Then step aside from them a moment, return to the concept of your business of eternal purposes, and compare the two. At length, put them together, asking yourself which ones of these ordinary activities you can so vitalize that they help you to unite with other lives in greater inclusion of the consciousness which we are striving to make for you an everyday affair.

… but then I can’t help but think, what the fuck? I’m fucking mortal! I am the way I am! I do wish I had superpowers and could smithe the ones that deserve to be destroyed! I would punish the people who deserve it, oh shit yes I would.



INVISIBLE: Consider carefully a cross-section of each day as you have lived it, like an apple cut across, making visible its core and the seeds maturing within: so examine your own heart and its activities, ONE DAY AT A TIME. What was your principal aim this day? In the midst of your temporary activities, what percentage of your best energy do you find consciously directed toward an enduring pursuit? In other words, taking this day as a fair example and adding to it A FEW HUNDRED SIMILAR ONES, what would you say you had created? What sort of a person have you built for yourself? Do you approve of your habitual consciousness?

I saw a “**puka**” in the clouds revealing **two lines** … and it said “We are living in parallel realms, but we are together.” How much I wish for this to be true.

Another **cloud** formation seemed to emphasize this by presenting a “**puzzle**” kind of scenario … saying “everything is in its right place and fits to create a meaningful whole” … (I was late photographing this, though …)

August 17, 2020 **– The Folding Bed**

Got out of the house this morning, to walk Jacqui – and a **folding bed** was standing next to the entrance. Geez!

Really! Not some day in the past, not some day in the future, but the day after I meant to ask Andrea for a folding bed! And I’ve been thinking about buying a folding bed for months, even talked to my mother about it.

I can’t actually describe the thrill of seeing this … as the odds are like “zero” that this happens by chance!

Working on some editing, I heard little dog **Marshall** whine, and as I looked outside, he was **tied to a swing** on a short line.

The little girl had played with him before, and obviously, *she had forgotten about him.* I got really upset, because what dumb mother doesn’t check on the dog after her toddler daughter played with him. I waited for an hour, then I texted her.

Then I drove into the village, to park there and take Jacqui into the forest to pick “**Ebereschenbeeren**”, the berries of Rowan bushes, also found egg mushrooms.

Marshall’s owner M. texted me that her daughter had practiced “going on the leash” with the dog, as a job from dog school (which they are obviously attending now, good) but then had to go to the bathroom. Right. That’s the explanation for forgetting the dog?! Jesus, I so despise of these idiot people. They don’t come into the garden for hours and hours, normally. Had I not been at home, Marshall would have been in the heat for hours … he was so patient, after some whining not a word anymore. Well, I hope it’s a lesson for the idiots.

On the way home from the forest, a car drove towards me with “**250 CV**”. And just the other day I saw “**8030**”, and it struck me and I thought that I’d see the missing part, soon. Which happened today. “**250-8030**” was Bob’s phone number. I hear him saying it in my mind … will always hear it.

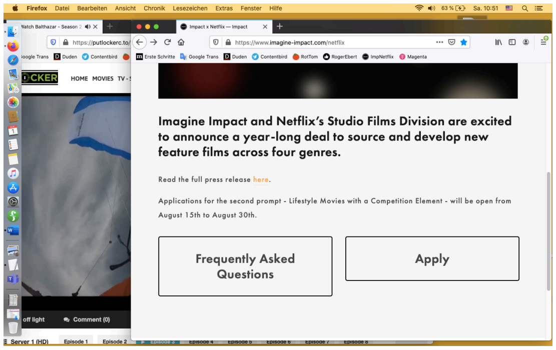
Coming home, I noticed that the **curtain** in my kitchen had dropped … what a wonderful image! Oh I wish for the curtain between the realm to be lifted for me!

Big **thunderstorm** in the late afternoon … with egg size hail “bullets”. It was very strange how they shot down, single ones, not a whole shower, because had that been a whole shower, all the trees and plants and cars would have been damaged! Wow, it was interesting! Feeling so helpless. All the lightning. The sudden drop in temperature … and then, nothing happened. All cleared up … and from my window I could see two spots in the mountain where ***white clouds began to rise***, like weird fog creatures. That’s where a lot of hail must have been lying on the warm ground. Very strange sight.

Then the most beautiful “**puka lani**”, “door to heaven” appeared … I enjoy seeing my **tomatoes** ripening …

August 18, 2020 **– Impact, the Rooster & Jehova’s Witnesses**

I did it. *I submitted “Hulihuli Moon” to Impact / Netflix*. That was hard work. Their questionnaire was huge, so many questions about the story, the characters, the intentions … so I wrote “from the heart”, without paying too much attention on perfect English. I got impatient right away, so I guess there are some funny expressions now in my elaborations. All the while I was in contact with Bob, told him that I can only do it the way I can, and I did feel inspired. I submitted, pau – done! Later, taking a walk with Jacqui, I realized that what I had just done was any screenwriter’s dream-come-true. Because not only did I get to describe and introduce a screenplay in all aspects, including submitting the script itself, I was also asked if I had other contenders to submit, if I could (but it’s only allowed to make one submission per prompt). So I got to submit the loglines of several other really cool films I’ve written! And I was asked who I’d have play the lead roles if I could have any actor in the world! Yay, of course Goldie Hawn and Keanu Reeves or Matthew Perry. And who would I want to direct the movie? Well, myself! Or Jane Campion. I even got to mention “Paradise” and “Regents of Clouds”! *(Note: Nothing came out of this.)*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Frequently Asked Questions
Apply

Imagine Impact and Netflix's Studio Films Division are excited to announce a year-long deal to source and develop new feature films across four genres.

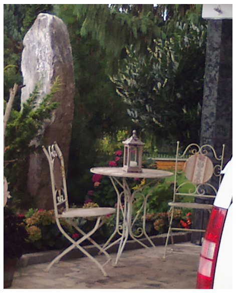
Read the full press release here.

Applications for the second prompt - Lifestyle Movies with a Competition Element - will be open from August 15th to August 30th.

Great.

So I was walking with Jacqui, taking a very unusual route, but just following the flow ....

I suddenly realized that I was heading for the place where the tall stone was standing behind the antique table with the antique chairs ... and I felt excited about seeing that again. All the while I was talking to Bob ... and then I was there, ***facing the tall stone and the antique table*** and the two antique chairs, and an antique lantern with a candle was on the table! And two cars were parked in the driveway! Just like at our house, our two cars – AND: Both cars had a **rooster** sticker! And I had just before the submission of the "Hulihuli Moon" script *changed the name of the rooster that's one of the stars of the story from "Harry" to "Bob"!* I know that Bob gets a kick out of "**Bob the rooster**", and roosters had been such nuisances for Bob on Maui, their crowing all the time ... so now no more dinosaur flag there, like the last time I had seen the place. No – today two roosters! And a license plate with "BD", like Bob and Dani.



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Just noticed that the carport of that house does resemble somehow our carport in Pukalani ...

I told him – just before I ended up there, that I really wanted and needed to see him, one way or the other ...! I also had said that I'm really ready for some big time movie "career", because the visit of Elisabeth and trying to make myself understood to her had shown me, that I do not want to spend the rest of my life working to survive and just pass time, like she is about to do.

I took pictures of the place and right then – ***"Ua", the blessing of heaven!*** And I said it out loud, of course, because any short sprinkling of rain just where you're walking is a greeting from the beyond. And Jacqui and I got sprinkled on!

Then ... I decided to not walk home directly (although I had to urgently check for jobs), but I took a detour to ***Schlossberg***. I just had to. And sure enough: On the way I saw something white next to the path that leads to the climbing tour, and it is really unusual that anything lies there at all. So I went to check it out – and I was stunned: **It was about Jehova's Witnesses!** And here it is: *Sweet Ingrid and her sweet husband Seppi* ***are*** *Jehova's Witnesses*, she had told me that a few days ago.

JW.ORG
Jehovas Zeugen Infoportal
www.jw.org
oder QR-Code

And last night I was with them, and they gave me veggies and more jam and showed me their motorcycles. Never would I have thought that those two elderly folks are riding heavy motorcycles. And one is a teal colored ***Honda Rebel***! And I thought of Bob so intensely when I looked at it …

And today – not only the rooster, but also ***a Jehova's Witnesses note*** … well, it's just a piece of paper, see for yourself. I've never ever found anything like that before. But today.

So … I feel … observed and like I'm really always in good invisible company.

I shared the sweet scent of forest **Cyclamen** with Bob. I'm sure he liked it.

Two years ago exactly Bob and I were so close and fighting for his life on Maui. Today I had a very intense distinct feeling of being on Maui, on the balcony, as if I was on the lanai of our beloved housie, to the point that I closed my eyes and imagined opening the screen door on Maui to return into the heat of the house …

I miss it so much that I sometimes think I just want to drop dead. But I can't do that, of course not.

I also thought when walking back from Schlossberg – actually right before I found the Jehova's Witnesses paper – that *Bob probably already knows* how everything will work out. But then, the thought came to me that it all still depends on the free will of several mortals, including me … and that they can, probable, anticipate an outcome, but maybe they can't really see the future?

(Later)

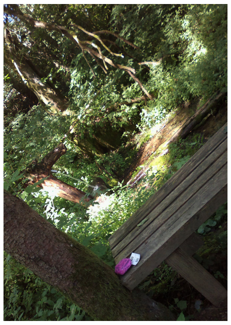
Okay, another amazing synchronicity: I kept watching "**Madam Secretary**", but I skipped several episodes, but watched season 1 episode 12, "*Standoff*". And sure enough: One of the characters talks twice about "*Mount Kailas*h" … and how taking a certain hike washes off the sins of one's life … Bob made two films about Mount Kailash with Tom V. Just yesterday I did open a new newsletter email from John W., who announces that one gets two movies for a good price for streaming, and one is "The Edge of Paradise" and the other one of the movies Bob was also involved it and shot, "Bhutan, Taking the Middle Path to Happiness". I thought that well, there are only the Mount-Kailash-Films missing. John is selling out Bob's work. Makes me want to vomit.

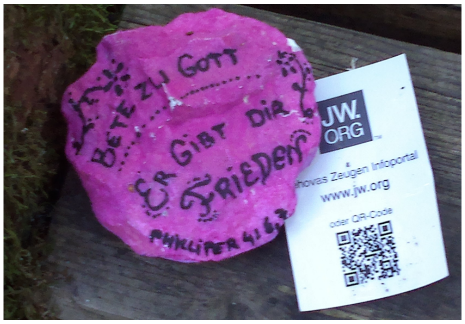
Okay … "**Madam Secretary**" Season 1 episode 14 "Whisper of the Ax" … minute 39, **a TV-cooking show** is on. MS: "I can't believe he's going for the risotto."
A *TV-cooking show*. Like the central plot point of "*Hulihuli Moon*".

So I asked Bob out loud, "Do you like watching this with me? Do you enjoy this?" And I answered myself, "You do, otherwise you wouldn't have strewn clues in it …"

August 19, 2020
Feeling very frustrated about seeing Marshall all alone most of the day. Something is going on in that family … They are just not normal. Hiding in their house, even on the most sunny and warm and nice summer days, not even the little girl comes, out, and she's about five years old! I feel it, something is off.

In a way, I don’t care, except for the punishment aspect … I just can’t get over the fact that they are neglecting the little dog. He didn’t ask to be bought into a family that doesn’t need or want a dog.
Took a walk through the forest again … and sure enough, I found another “**message stone**” – with **a Jehovah’s Witness paper** underneath! It reads *“Pray to God … He gives you peace.”* Yeah, right.





Then I cooked the green beans I got from Ingrid, cleaned the mushrooms I picked, steamed them in butter, made a salad with onion of the cooked green beans, ate everything with yoghurt, then half a banana, some plum marmalade with mold (will throw away the rest) and a whole chocolate pudding. Then I felt … well, accordingly, my belly bulging. Then I sat down, “looked at the invisibles” and reminded them that I have a physical mortal body, and that it’s “so much fun” to stuff oneself. Then I sat back and said out loud “*Being mortal* …” and I stopped, realizing that I had nothing to say, and one word just popped out of my mouth: “… ***rocks***”.

Rocks, huh. That’s Bob’s dry sarcasm. Yes, Mr. Stone, “being mortal rocks”. Got it. Good one.

I should work on putting the pictures into this contact diary … and somehow I really can’t work up the motivation.

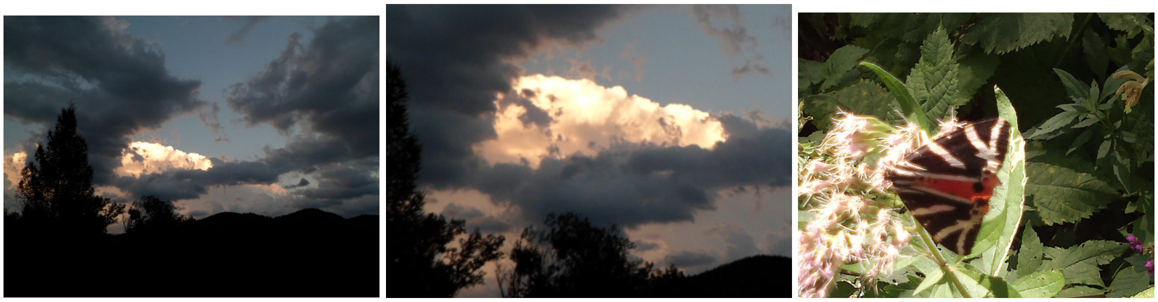
Not sure what’s going on, but I just feel … empty right after feeling inspired and back to empty again. The **clouds** … like the ones in “Summerland” …

And then: A **writing in the sky** appeared? Was I supposed to understand or only “get it”, that “someone” is doing their best to communicate with me? It sure looks like **“I AM …”** Could be literally that, a discarnate telling me that he or she exists, “is”. *(Note: It’s not like I picked this gathering of clouds out of a whole sky full of clouds that all looked conspicuously like writing … no, the remainder of the sky didn’t have “writing” … this is true for all my cloud photographs, they are always stand-alone cloud formations in the whole wide sky at the time.)*

And it dispersed …

That **cloud line** seemed to signal "connectedness and at the same time separation"?

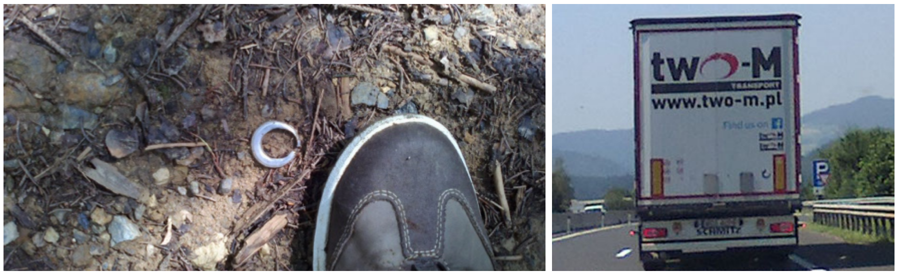
Clouds seemed to give me some **"glimpse into the beyond"** … oh, I know, I want to see these things. But what if they are there just because I'm willing to look?



There was a cloud **"M"** (like "Marshall"?) and a **scorpion**, too! And the **butterfly** … a very unusual animal, displaying a perfect ***mirror image*** on its wings.

I also found a small **moon-shaped silvery ring**. I was wondering where I had seen it before … it was **on a truck, *on August 8.*** Two years ago, *that was the first day I spent with dying Bob,* after we hadn't seen each other in so long … and the kind of **"thin" and "waning moon"** ***totally reflects what I saw back then …*** the remainder of a once full "moon".

*(**Note**: Just now I'm actually seeing the "M" on the truck, today, that I'm editing this, November 25!)*



"I'll never be again the way I was, physically" said Bob, I will never forget it.

On one hand he refused to see that he was dying, on the other hand he must have been very clear about it for a long time. And then, I think, *his mind did what human minds do when the body is close to dying off:* It began to withdraw from the obstructed realm as much as possible. Of course – I was there, and I was his connect to his free will's urge to keep living his mortal life. But his spirit or soul had already made the decision to get rid of the body. Because Bob's "job" was done …

That's why ***elderly people*** seem "confused" and "hallucinating" and "not really here" … because they aren't. To them and to the dying it's more important to *prepare for the next phase* and the "transition": when the consciousness that developed with all its individuality in this mortal phase changes over into the energetic or "spiritual" body to live on there, *while the material aspects of life in the obstructed phase must wither away. To become "Earth", literally.*

August 20, 2020

I had a horrible night. Everything hurt, and I barely could get out of bed. That's so very strange. So I spontaneously took a half day off and drove to **Forestlake**, swam twice and hiked around. Jacqui swam too. I drove back to Griffen without visiting or even calling my mother … Many times I feel so very sad that she is comparatively young, and she seems purposefully aging, and I can't do anything with her. I can also not even get a cup of coffee from her, or she'd never offer me anything, like sweets. Well, she did offer me stuff, at times … but I declined, thinking that she only said it and didn't mean it.

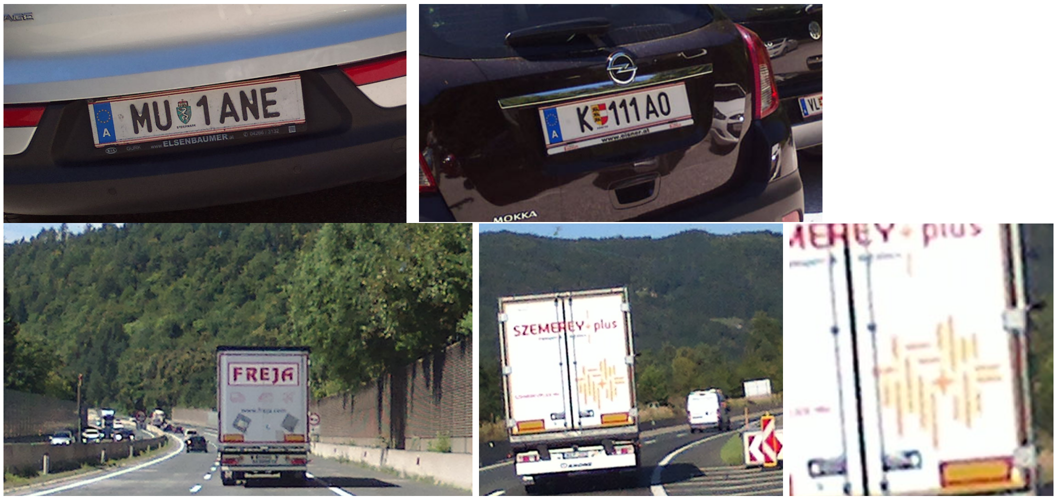
I'm feeling so very strange. Not sure what to think about myself, even.

I had odd thoughts while driving today. Like what "human sacrifice" really means: That some mortals have to suffer and died early to forward other mortal's plans or even jobs in life. On the spiritual level, in the beyond, the "souls" know about those plans … and today, again I had to think about how Bob had to suffer for me to … I don't know, do something about the project "the bridge". I also thought about how disease and dying it's really everytime and in every case about the soul finding a way to get rid of the body.

And something else I thought in that regard … but can't remember right now.

Being "creators" …

I saw very impressive **car license plates**, but somehow I feel too tired to interpret them. "Mu", of course, is my mother, "Ao" is the realm of the mortals, "**Freja**" is a character in "Regents of Clouds", and more …



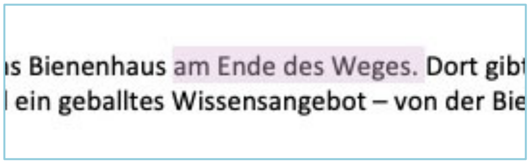
This really painful body … this morning, I could barely move in my bed! And when I looked at Jacqui, he also seemed to have a hard time moving …

Later, when driving, walking or swimming, I didn't feel anything, no pain, nothing.

This time I didn't even take a dip in the wonderful turquoise Wörthersee lake, because I wanted to spare Jacqui the distress of having to wait in the car after our relaxing hike.

Still, I keep thinking over and over how my parents are so distant, and how I am so alone.

Online I came across something that got me thinking (*__note__: but only when I was in the process of putting in the pictures, now, in early November 2002)* …



s Bienenhaus am Ende des Weges. Dort gib
ein geballtes Wissensangebot – von der Bie

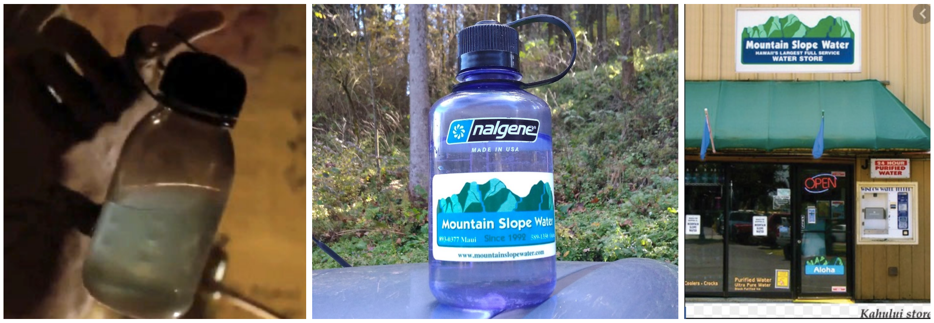
The titles of Bob's film that turned out so fatal, "**… the end of the road**" (in German: **"das Ende des Weges"**) not only applies to the actual location of "Taylor Camp". It was also the end of Bob's "road" in this mortal realm. And then they renamed the film into "The Edge of Paradise" … how suiting, working for over ten years and going nuts in the process, was the edge of paradise for Bob, and now he is fully there, in “paradise”. Makes me want to vomit.

August 21, 2020 – A Water Bottle

Just thinking … Losing one’s eyesight in old age forces one to “withdraw” in a way, into one’s own being … like all the pains that come up … it’s truly a preparation for giving up the body.

I saw a whole lot of sweet smelling **Cyclamen** … they are so sweet. I like to look at them and to share their scent with Bob.

I also got aware that I always go to refill **my purple water bottle** that I got as a gift on Maui at one of the commercial shoots Bob and I did … right there, where the Cyclamen are and where the ridge is, where I keep getting those “vibes” of Bob’s and other discarnates’ presence, is the water spring.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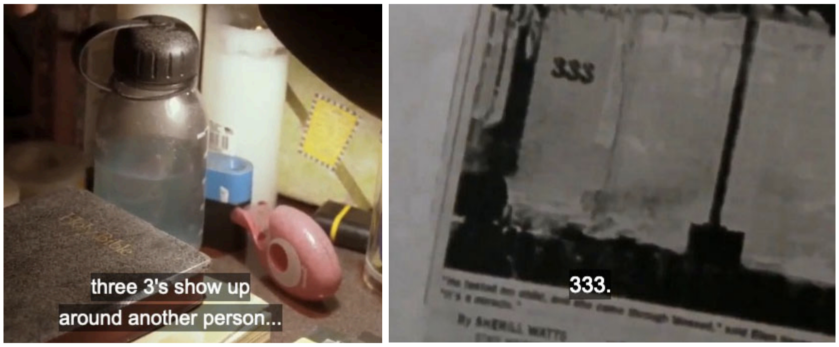
Aloha
Purified Water
Kahului store

Interestingly, in a “***Criminal Minds***” episode a **water bottle** *just* showed up … so similar, isn’t? And by “show up” I mean very close-up, as a clearly visible significant prop … and just now, when I’m dealing with my water bottle, that brings me so close to Bob, as I remember exactly the day, place and mood when I got it on Maui, at a shopping mall … oh, Maui … the sun, the city mood of ***Kahului*** with the mountains and the ocean and the breeze always there …. It was pure paradise. There is the number “333” that’s significant in that episode too. Just to mention it.


three 3's show up
around another person...
333
333.

August 21, 2020 – **The Magical Mountain Closeness & the Apparition**

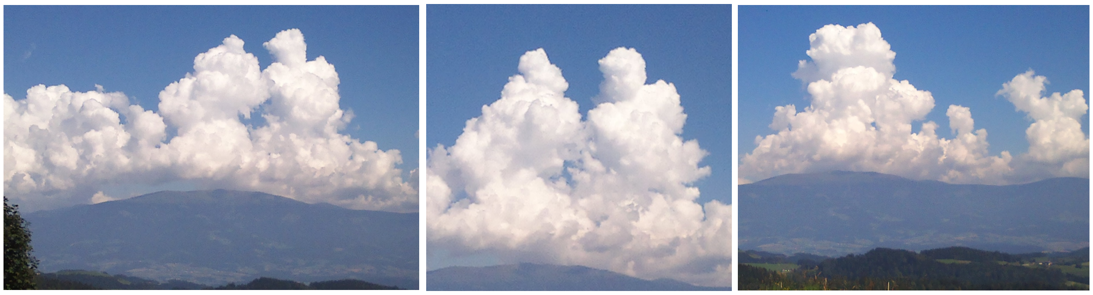
I had a horrible night. My head was going to burn up, I had to get up and take an aspirin. Poor Marshall was barking outside in the middle of the night, after nobody took him for a walk or anything … my hatred against those fuckers of owners of his made me sick.

This morning, I think I noticed that Marshall was in the house briefly, and I suspect that A., the landlady, had taken him for a walk. So I suspected the fuckers aren't home, and that maybe Jacqui and Marshall could play in the garden. Turned out they are home, just invisible, like so many times, leaving the dog outside, alone. And Andrea and Toni went to spend a few days on the mountain, in their alpine hut again. My frustration … just growing all the time. No wonder I look like a geriatric emergency case with all that frustration.

So first I thought I'd drive to see my mother, but then I drove in the other direction, up the mountain, following Rakounig street all the way to **Greutschach**, which is a **village** on top of that mountain range.

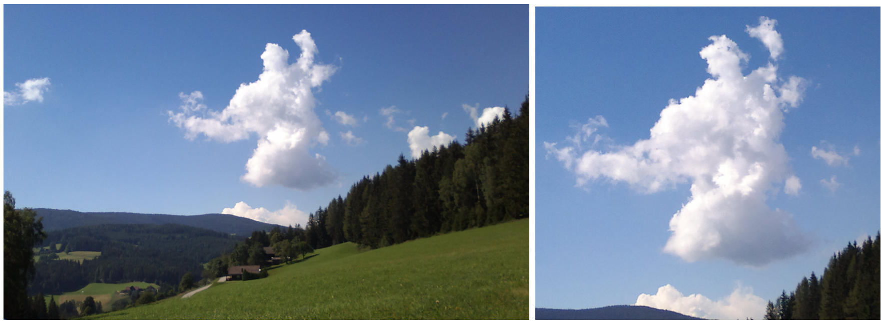
I stopped at a beautiful scenic view **resting place with a shrine and a bench,** and I sent a message to my mother and really enjoyed the quiet.

Then, driving further up, I stopped several times on the way to walk around, along a meadow, which Jacqui really enjoyed and also into the deep forest, feeling so alone and meditative, in a way … found a few mushrooms, ended up deeply in thoughts. The thunderstorm clouds are bulging … at some point I stopped to take a picture because I realized that I had a view of the mountain **Koralpe that looks just like Haleakala**, and a village halfway up the mountain, just like Pukalani … and two cloud "figures" towering above it … **connecting**. I felt "greeted" by Bob. But then I thought, shit, I'm making all this up, wishful thinking, just because I'm feeling so weak and desolate.



On the top of that little mountain in **Greutschach** I stopped. I didn’t see any hiking route, so I went up little ways on a forest road with a “access forbidden” sign, then returned to my car. I had parked just on the top of that mountain … and instead of driving on, which I intended, I stood there and enjoyed the airstream … a lovely breeze. Somehow I entered a **very very intense state of closeness with Bob**, with the memories of him, it was like I was there with him, as if I could see and hear him … and I closed my eyes in that total silence up that mountain except for the wind in my ears. Jacqui also sat there, quietly, and …. I entered a state of “closeness” with Bob ***like never before.*** All the while I was thinking that I had to recall the impressions of Bob in order to “be there” again, so that they were so real to me … and I realized (again?) that only when one is so close to someone and observes them and spends so much time dealing with them, observing them, longing for them, that one has those intense close memories that can serve as “blueprints” of the former mortal. I got so sad, or maybe just emotions, because it was so immensely intense … and I felt at the same time so lost in the mortal world.

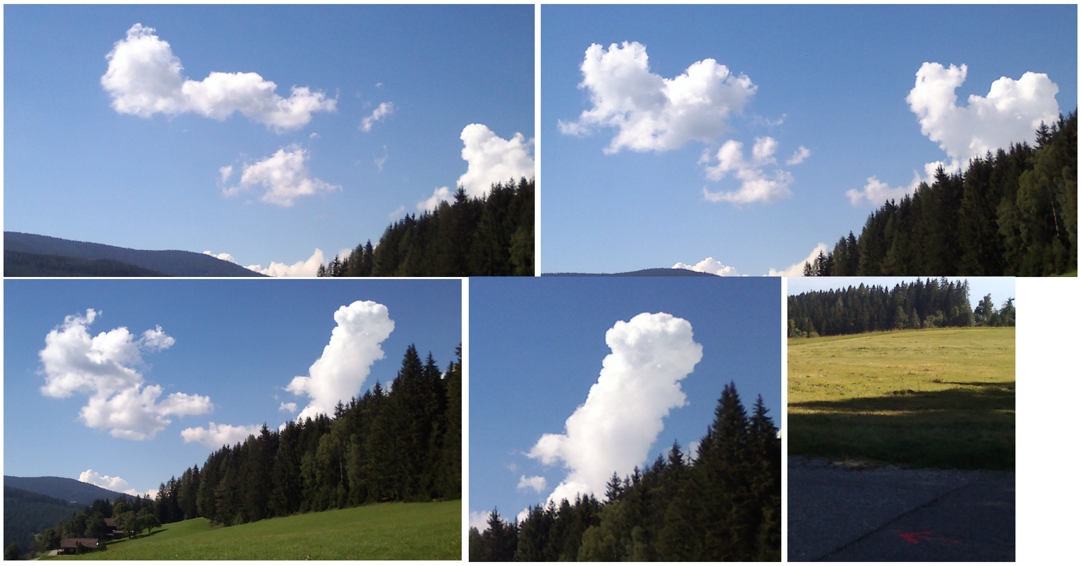
Then … I turned around and I looked to the North-North-West … and the **clouds** gave me an **amazing “waving man”** … and I was wondering why I hadn’t turned around earlier.



The man was already dissolving. And I realized that it was exactly the *direction Bob and I would always look towards Kahakuloa* … and the intensity of the connectedness grew … it seemed, there were “others” peeking out and watching, too …

Mimicking the hay balls?

And then! The „**penis**“! From where the „waving man“ had been, a „penis“ formed, *one that’s fully functioning*! Bob and his penis and me … alone on a mountain top!



I was mesmerized … When I turned around, there was an **arrow** on the ground behind me …

Then I turned around again, and something else had formed … like an ornament … like something goofy that Bob would do … the way he did his goofy hand gestures often … Reminded me of “hula”. I cried. A lot. The wind, the quiet … ever again I closed my eyes and just “felt” Bob. (Now, that all happened within a few minutes.)

At some point I said out loud to Bob “An **apparition** would be nice today” … and the clouds did their amazing thing … forming letters, even!

I was mesmerized. Eventually I felt hungry and weak, and Jacqui also looked exhausted, so I went into the car and drove back towards Griffen. But *only around the next curve.* Because there was a perfect spot for parking, right at the beginning of a forest path. Weirdly there was a sign about “no unauthorized picking of mushrooms or berries”, which I found strange. At the same time I kept thinking why I was *drawn to that path* … and again, that ***I’d like for Bob to appear.*** The atmosphere was quiet, nobody there, ever again a bike or moped drove by (on the way up we had met a mother with her teenage son doing driving lessons on that remote mountain road, kindasweet) …

So Jacqui and I entered that **forest path**, that didn't look like many people had been there … at least, not in the last days, as the grass was so soft and fresh. And I walked on … in a weird trance like state … and I was wondering and saying it out loud that there was something I was supposed to see or find, and I knew it. I wasn't looking though … it was very hot and I enjoyed the cool of the shade in the forest …

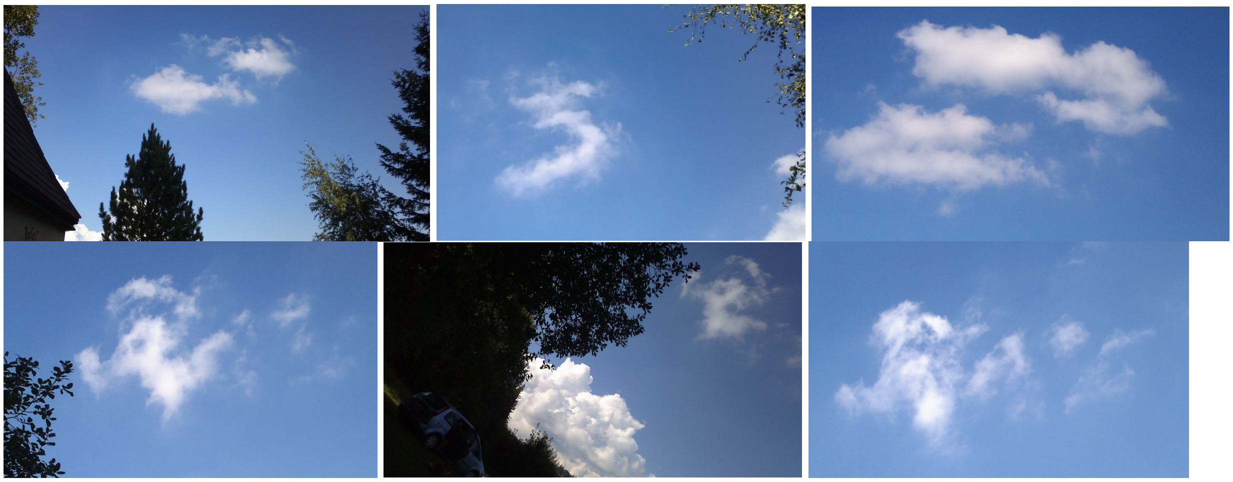
… until I ended up on a **small clearing,** and there was one **flat stone** in the bright sunlight, and I had to sit down there. Jacqui first came with me, but then went back into the shade. So I sat there, in the heat … and the ground was sandy … and I felt the hard stone … and suddenly ***I "felt like Bob***", sitting during his last outing ever in Kihei, with his sister, on the spot where he and I had been, and ***his toes were in the sand***, and he even had his sister take that picture and send it to me. As "Toes in the Sand" was his favorite song by his friend Steve, and it was a running gag between us. I also suddenly realized that I was sitting turned exactly in the same direction like Bob had been, back in the day, the West, looking out at the ocean. Sitting there, my eyes closed, in the heat and quiet, I kind of "turned into Bob", and the connection was even more intense.

I got myself out of this trance, and I got up, looked around and felt drawn to walk deeper into the forest … which I hadn't had any intention to do. And sure enough … suddenly, I stood on ***another path***, in the middle of the forest, no way to see it from the path I had been walking on, but because I had followed an urge, I suddenly found myself on that path, surrounded by **egg mushrooms**!

Was Bob talking to me that I had to trust myself and keep moving, to end up on the proper path?

When I got back to the path (back to the car), I suddenly realized that the clouds that were visible in the narrow space between the trees, were mimicking the path itself!

I walked back to the car … and back there, the **clouds**, again, took me by surprise! The impression that they were “writing” to me, was emphasized, and then a clear **“S”** showed up out of nowhere … it was so intense!



Had I not gone up that mountain today, I would not have seen those amazing clouds … the thermic conditions there made it possible for clouds to form in ways that I could never see them do from where I live …

So I drove ***back***, towards Griffen, thinking how frustrated I am that Andrea went to her alpine hut, because she had taken the internet router with her, so no movie watching for me. This would force me to work on putting pictures into this contact diary … which I’m so reluctant to do. I tried to do it while watching movies, but it becomes stressful fast. So I told Bob that I know that “they” know that I have such a hard time doing this work … and that I was already dreading to come home, knowing how much I'll have, again, to write down … but that I know that I must continue working … The clouds were towering, it was spectacular …

And again … I thought how much I wanted to see **Bob** – and **as I turned around the corner, there he was sitting**! **On the bench!** Like a silhouette against the mountain range in the South, a **tall, thin man** *with a full head of white hair was sitting there, upright!*

… at that spot where I had stopped, at that beautiful scenic view resting place with the shrine and a bench! He sat on the bench, and I was so baffled … driving … that I simply lifted my hand to greet that man, driving by … and I thought to myself, that maybe he wasn't real? But he was. Because on the meadow below that bench now were many cows, so maybe they were his cows? There was no car or other vehicle, ***just that tall, slender white haired man sitting on the bench!***

(This is the view of my car from that bench, where I had sat before.)

So I got to see Bob.

I got my "**apparition**" … oh, just now something else came to my mind, almost forgot it: Just before getting back to the car after my last stop, I saw more mushrooms to the right in the forest. So I went in there to pick some … Jacqui chose to sit down on the path and do the watching out and waiting for me to return. Earlier, when I had discovered that other path, he had ventured out on his own into the forest along that path, which he normally doesn't do, because he feels spooked in the forest, and he sat there, entirely quietly, motionlessly, at some distance from me. Several times today ***Jacqui sat and looked at something fascinated***, but there was *nothing*! At least, not for my eyes! So … picking those mushrooms I was talking to myself and to Bob, and as I got back out from the brush, I saw Jacqui sitting to my left and turned onto the path … and suddenly Jacqui sat right in front of me! My heart jumped! And immediately I realized that it was a lesson of what a shock an actual apparition would be! This was a trick my mind had played on me – which I haven't ever experienced in my life before! – that I had mistaken the reddish pile of dry branches to my left for Jacqui, who was really in front of me, waiting, looking towards me.

Wow! That was so strange!

And then I saw that **man, who could have been Bob's twin, sit there on the bench** where I had been sitting before! I seriously considered driving back and checking and maybe asking him for a photograph … but then, I'd have to explain myself … and I entered a kind of numbness, like fills me many times when I'm "at home", here, in this neighborhood.

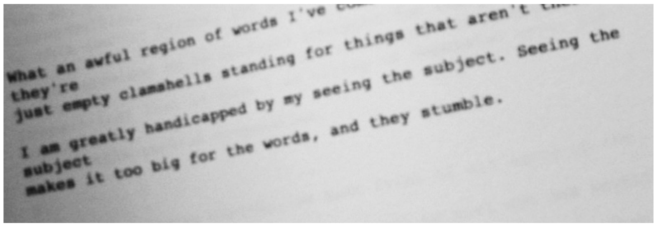
Because the first thing I saw, of course, was *little Marshall, at the fence, alone.*

I felt hatred towards his owners, again … but on top of the mountain, something else had happened; I had realized that I must focus on what I want more, and that is, if I could have anything in the world, that Marshall's owner(s) approach me from their side to tell me that they'd like me to take Marshall for walks again. That's what I actually want. Yes. So … but, well, good luck to me. Those are not "normal" people. Normal people would be so happy with their little dog, but those people don't care about him and behave as if they wanted to punish the innocent little guy for something.

… it was a very intense afternoon.

The "apparition" … lingers in me and on me. It was one of those baffling things to experience that are so strange and so surprising and in a way so satisfying in terms of "proof" or "evidence" of the "unseen world", that they are … numbing, or … I don't know.

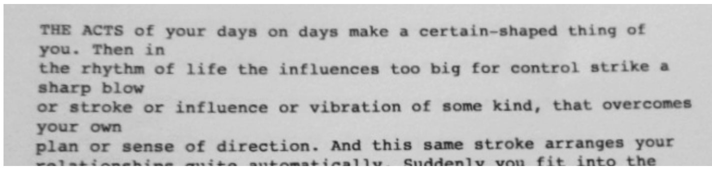
I started to read "**Across the Unknown**" again, felt drawn to it … and right at the beginning Stewart White writes how overwhelming it is for him "to know" and to experience everything in terms of "the dead are alive" that it incapacitates him almost. Not in those words, but similar:



What an awful region of words I've
they're
just empty clamshells standing for things that aren't

I am greatly handicapped by my seeing the subject. Seeing the
subject
makes it too big for the words, and they stumble.

"I am greatly handicapped by my seeing the subject. Seeing the subject makes it too big for the words, and they stumble." Yes, exactly. It's especially hard when the only people with who you can share live in the beyond.



THE ACTS of your days on days make a certain-shaped thing of
you. Then in
the rhythm of life the influences too big for control strike a
sharp blow
or stroke or influence or vibration of some kind, that overcomes
your own
plan or sense of direction. And this same stroke arranges your
relationships quite automatically. Suddenly you fit into the

And there are a million things that make life harder, like: *"Then in the rhythm of life the influence too big for control strike a sharp blow or stroke or influence or vibration of some kind, that overcomes your own plan or sense of direction."*

Yes, that's how I feel. And again, on the mountain, I realized today, that the only way I can bring "the bridge" forward is by manifesting "Regents of Clouds" and the sequels. Maybe that's why I was "pulled" today up that mountains, so that I could see those clouds.

And hey – just now I realized it: The "Regents of Clouds" are not the mortals with special powers: **The discarnates are the regents of clouds.**

The dead are the ones to do all the magic. We may have that spiritual or beta body and connection to the beyond … but, and that's also a thought that I had today, in our sleep, we aren't really "in the beyond". We may be able to connect and have glimpses through our subconscious mind, but we are mortals, right now, we simply are not discarnates, to the "meeting in the beyond" that I thought could happen while we are sleeping, is not actually happening to the full extent like Betty ventured out into the beyond in her trance states and after all those years that she had been trained to be able to do so.

No, when we sleep, we stay mortals, even as spirits, but we can be approached easier by the discarnates, the dead, the invisibles …

I had all kinds of very clarifying insights today, on that mountain, being able to look down in the North and in the South, feeling the wind, sensing Bob around me and in me, and hearing nothing but nature and the breeze …

It was a magical afternoon.

(Later)

The storm seemed to come, with dramatic clouds … again, I feel catapulted back to Maui … but it seems to move by … just the neighbor’s windchime keeps clunking, and it consists of suns and moons … and “Play me” seems to be directed to the wind … and the wind complies.

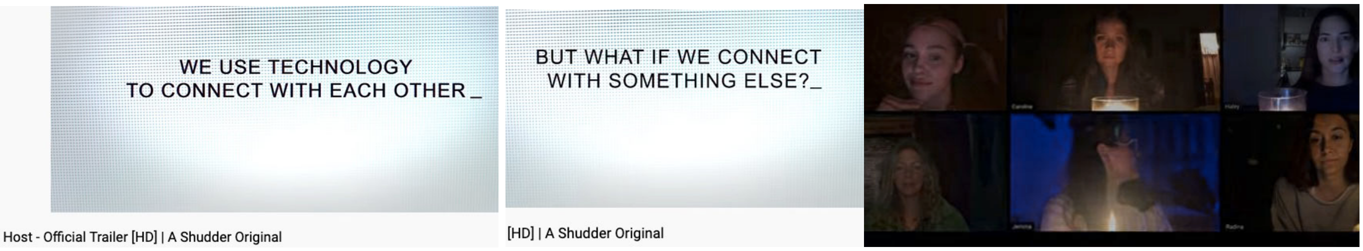
So interesting … today I noticed very strongly, that I have now a nail just like Bob had … that strange kind of “diseased” nail … my **right thumb** looks like Bob’s index finger. And today it became more apparent, because I had noticed that Jacqui had stepped into some “Harz”, “resin”, and that it was stuck between his toes and on his claws, and I tried to get it off as much as I could in the forest, and that way, I got that resin and the soil under my “sick” thumb nail. Never in my whole life have I ever had anything with my finger nails, they were always just healthy and strong, and when they grew long, they’d always slightly bend downwards, like claws. Some of Bob’s fingernails were strange … and now one of mine was too.

(Later)

For some reason I looked at my left elbow just now … and suddenly I saw the strange pigmentation … light around the joint … and on the other arm too. Of course I know, pigmentation changes when one ages, and I’ve got pigment spots on my throat forever, from swimming … but never have I had a kind of “altered” elbow. I only know one person who has always had a spotted elbow: Bob, because of his psoriasis.

Wow, does the “being Bob” play out in physical ways, too, because I can “feel” him so well and imagine being him so well, at times?

I’ve been catching myself doing the exact same things that he would have done, for example, rummaging wildly with a toothpick in my teeth, like he had done, and it had always pissed me off a lot. Is the point of it that I become aware of it?



WE USE TECHNOLOGY
TO CONNECT WITH EACH OTHER _

Host - Official Trailer [HD] | A Shudder Original

BUT WHAT IF WE CONNECT
WITH SOMETHING ELSE?_

[HD] | A Shudder Original

Yup, this strange ***ghost-story*** trailer showed up, somehow … I will totally not watch this.

As I looked out of the window this evening, a “**puka lani”** seemed to greet me.

August 23, 2020 **– The Hearts-Bracelet, the Moonhouse & the Milk with Nougatstuff**

Wow!

Today I really had the feeling that I was in full communication, but also that it’s really necessary for me to follow my drift in terms of traveling to visit my mother, and that the fact that I have to drive 70 kilometers to see her is a major aspect of Bob’s ability to use synchronicities to speak to and with me.

I woke up with only a “screenshot” left of my vivid **dream** of – **Bob**! His tall, snarky humorous self, but whenever he smiled or talked to me, which was often in that dream, I saw that one of his front teeth was kind of brown. The more often I saw that **tooth** … and I’m debating right now with myself whether it was the left or the right upper incisor, because whenever I focus on one of them, it seems that it was the other one and vice versa, very strange … the darker it seemed to get. I always loved Bob’s “mouse teeth”, they were white and looked so healthy, although they were slightly irregular, but I was always a bit jealous of his teeth … and I thought about that in the dream! I didn’t know in the dream that it was a dream, but I kept looking up to Bob, way up, as if I was two, three heads shorter than him, and I saw that brown tooth and a bit of gum that seemed even inflamed. I myself don’t have a problem with my upper incisors … So … there was Bob, and we were talking about some project, as far as I can tell … and I was fascinated by that tooth … okay, just now I recall that in my dream I did think to myself that Bob never had anything like that in real life, *so I was aware, in the dream, that in mortal terms Bob is dead.*

I took Jacqui not to Schlossberg path for a quick walk before the long drive, like I had intended, but I parked on the Billa-parking-lot and went for the creek-path … even though I had gone there several times this week. I notice right away that the three cars parking next to mine had one thing in common – they were part of a sequence of license plate number endings: **“AY”, “CY”, “BY”.**

VK 718 CY
VK 797 AY

Right at the beginning – I found a **silver bracelet with 23 tiny hearts.**

Wow, I thought, I haven't found anything like that for a while … and I felt kind of confused while I looked at it … as if I was supposed to realize ***why 23*** … but I felt excited on that deep level that makes me feel strangely "petrified" (good one, Stone). I noticed that while the little hearts may be of a silver-ish material, the connecting parts aren't, because they are rusty. And the bracelet can't have been there long, because I had walked that path just the day before yesterday.

So on the highway toward Velden, I suddenly realized that **today is August 23!** And the bracelet has ***23 hearts***. That was some nice little insight. It reminded me of the **24 hearts** I found on a hill in Vienna right before travelling to Bob in 2018. Two years already …

On the highway I suddenly had the urge to talk out loud, as if someone had asked me *"If you could have anything in the world, anything at all, in the sense that whatever you want to experience, it will happen, what will be it?"* And I described exactly how everything that I had been doing recently, namely the submission to Impact/Netflix would get me to meet **Keanu** Reeves and to work with him on "**Regents of Clouds**" and the other two trilogies until our lives' ends. And I, Jacqui and my mother would live in California. I really talked that out. Yup, I did. Then, when the part came where I was **dying** and Keanu too, and I'd be with Bob, my true love, again, I broke out in tears, of course. And I said to myself that anyone listening to me would have to think was a crazy person, and maybe he would be right.

Also, I told "them" that I think I'd be able to get all into the success and fame thing for the cause. And that Keanu, once he'd know about me and "Regents of Clouds" would be on board entirely.

I took Jacqui to **Saissersee lake**, and we swam there. I picked some Erica flowers to bring to my mother. She was kind of fine, looks great, actually, healthy and pretty, and it's very heartbreaking to hear her talk about always the same things. I do my best to just chat and tell her stuff about my life (for example that Eric is so cheap that he wants me to sleep in my car with him spending two days on a lake … he wouldn't consider renting a room in Griffen, even though I got him an apartment … but while sharing that story with my mother I realized that it's high time to cut off this relation, as he is a pot smoker, and I can't have anyone like that in my life … and he disqualified himself by that I idea to sleep in my car … geez, he should invite me to a fancy stay at a hotel somewhere … cheap bastard.)

She asked me if I wanted some mineral water or something else, and I said no … and now I could kick myself for it. Because just before getting there I had been thinking about how my mother could actually sometimes cook coffee for me or offer me something else … and then she does offer, and I decline. I know I did it to spare her "work", but then, she has virtually nothing to do, at all. The situation is very stressful. I wish I could find a place to rent close by. I don't like being so far away from her. It feels very painful right now, knowing that she is all by herself … and has been for so long, but then, that's what she wants. But that said, I know that if she'd receive some kind of treatment, she'd be so much better and clearer and could have probably many very good years ahead of her. But so she is fine and looks good – only to hang out in her little apartment and watch TV and drive to by single bottles of her beloved Preblauer mineral water daily? It's heartbreaking. I never thought my mother would end up like this. She had so much pain and heartbreak in her life, I really thought that eventually she'd end up with a real partner in mutual love. But now she refuses to mingle … and it would be hard, I guess, because she is so limited in her … well, actually, in her abilities to connect, because her mind seems to be so limited to certain things she says and thinks about.

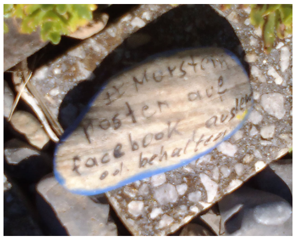
I have the flight-reaction, everytime, because I can barely stand hearing the same things again and again … I feel so sorry for her, but then, she doesn’t know. And that’s just as bad.

I thought today, walking through the forest, that I should really communicate with all people I have to communicate, like my father, maybe Hadas … movie people … And I don’t know why it’s so hard for me. Right now, I should keep working on putting the photographs into this c. d., and it feels like a huge mountain to climb over …

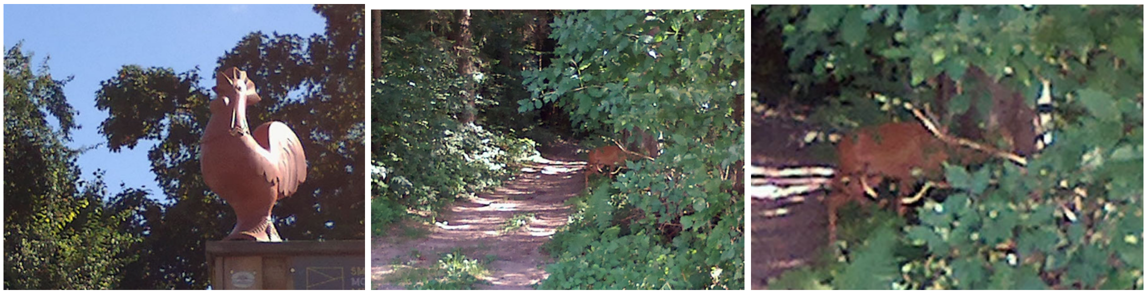
My mother also tries to keep her mind free of hurtful things, so today, when I talked about “Kolonistenheim”, the place where she grew up and where I grew up, in part, she suddenly said that she rather not hear anything about it, because it makes her feel bad. She didn’t say “bad”, but she meant that thinking about that is painful for her. That may be a clue for the reasons for her withdrawal, because she has never dealt with her pains and trauma, and there are so many, that she needs her limited lifestyle which excludes people and places … so that she can’t be reminded of her trauma. I get it. But I’m not sure if I must let her live this way or somehow try to help her out of this self-limitation. She doesn’t remember, but she has always said that she was going to be so active and find the love of her life until in her nineties. She is 76 now, but she looks now 1 years younger in some moments.

I found a **“Tom Tailor”** sticker on a path, and the strange thing is that there was no other garbage around whatsoever … only that thing. I had found the plate shard (that’s still there) and the Italian food container sticker under the same conditions – no other garbage around. So that’s why I photographed the sticker. Of course this reminds of “Taylor Camp”, the project from hell … and that’s why I was kind of startled … and Tom was one of Bob’s “friends”, and I had thought about him yesterday.

Close to my mother’s I found one of the **painted stones, a blue face**, and I took it and put it on my brother’s **grave**, (It did read, on the back, that it was possible to keep that stone … hahaha, good one, Stoneman!) …

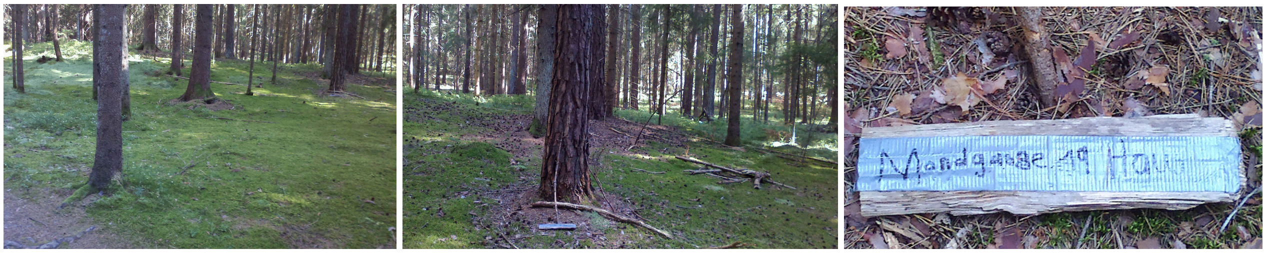


I did some weeding and then took Jacqui into the forest close to the graveyard. A **rooster** on our path, like always … Sure enough, we had just crossed the meadow, when a **deer** stood there, on the forest path, looking at us.



Even when I dug into my pocket to pull out the phone, it didn't move, and neither did Jacqui, but I took a long time for the phone, so eventually it went into the brush and onto the meadow that we'd just crossed.

So this time I took Jacqui on the leash in the forest, just for the case a hunter should be around. Then we came by that really soft amazing **moss patch** that I always like to see, and several times I had walked on it, barefoot, while Jacqui had stayed on the path. But this time I took Jacqui with me, on the leash, as I wanted him to enjoy the mossy feeling under his feet, too. I don't know if he did … so we did some slinking between the trees on the moss carpet, until I saw something long and silvery. Of course I went to check it out … and I found me and my dog in ***some kind of children's forest playground***, where they had played "village", and the silvery thing was some kind of makeshift "street number sign", and it read: "**Mondgasse 19 Haus**". Which means "**Moon Alley 19 House**".



What are the odds? In the middle of a forest, I stumble across a "Mond", a "Moon", and a "house" – while I'm reminiscing every day about my time with Bob, the "moon" in our "housie" on Maui! This really baffled me speechless. I saw myself standing there, in the forest, with my dog, gawking at the "Mondgasse"-sign that children had put there … Nobody around. Or … maybe a lot of folks around. Invisible, but who cares? (Right, hahahaha.)

Remember July 26, where I wrote about "toes in the moss"? It was exactly on that spot! Where I later would "find the moon". So was this Bob telling me that he was there, and did "toes in the moss" with me?

Now it also feels kind of significant in a different way, that I met that woman, back on July 26, who I felt so attracted to and who I, without knowing it, described to a friend of mine as her love-interest, with name and all, as the words I used to describe that woman in the forest and especially one single word, were and is exactly the word(s) that my friend uses for her woman!

On the way back, to Velden, actually, as I planned to drive through town to avoid the highway, just as I was thinking about the fact that I found the only “*Mond*”-writing *in the entire forest … actually anywher*e today and I thought towards Bob and his folks that this means that I’m doing good following my intuition … I drove by a parked car, and the license plate number read “**DANY 1**”. Sure, I thought, I’m the best! It felt like a “thumbs up” in the realm of synchronicities. It did.

I went to the free access bathing spot and swam in **Wörthersee lake**. It was glorious. There were waves, and there was a breeze … and it was so much like swimming in the Pacific on Maui, and I tried to do the “Play me” while swimming, to give Bob the impression of a mortal body swimming … and I said out loud **“Now that’s a real swim!”** That was something Bob and I would exchange when the ocean was just perfect, a bit choppy with just the right temperature and wave size to make swimming an actual sportive adventure. That’s what the lake was like, today. And I enjoyed it so much, while Jacqui had to wait in the car. But he was tired anyway, and we had swum together in the Saissersee lake. So sweet.

So then … I drove. And I was thinking about what I was going to eat. I’m always talking to Bob about **food** … so the nougat-crunchies came to my mind … and I said out loud, as if I would say to Bob, like I’d done so many times, on Maui, when I had made a meal suggestion, and Bob would have jumped on it and like it every time and would have responded with his typical humor, saying ***“Oh, no, not the …!”*** meaning that this was too much a temptation and treat to bear thinking about right now. That was our thing. So I said, today, “Oh, you know what? I’m going to do some warm milk hot with the nougat thingies … how about that?” And right away, the answer came into my mind **“Oh, no, not the warm milk with the nougat thingies!**” And I said “Oh yeah, and they’ll melt in the warm milk …” So right then I realized that I had “played Bob”, thinking his answer, probably deliberately, so that it wouldn’t have been his answer in the here and now, just an imagination based on my memories … So I felt idiotic and fell quiet, but still … it rang so deep, as if Bob had really “thought it into me”, that spontaneous answer, like our conversation would have been where he still alive … ***“Oh no, not the warm mild with the nougat thingies!”*** in his full anticipation of that treat.

So I said out loud: ***“You know, Stoneman, you’ll have to prove to me right now that this was you answering and not me making it all up, because …”*** And I didn’t speak or thing further, because in that moment a car passed by me, overtaking, and it had a license plate with **brown** letters! **With brown letters! On white!**

B
1-AMS-147
WWW.ELITECARS.BE
0495/501 911

It was a foreign car, the license plate didn’t have the typical layout, also even the letters and numbers looked kind of strange, like a lot of “I” or ”L” … and the writing consisted of way more letters than our license plates do, I don’t know if there were any numbers, to me it just looked like a bunch of brown thingies floating in … milk. I swear, that was how it happened. I had not finished my demand to Bob to prove to me that the reaction “by him” to my suggestion of a dinner of (brown) nougat thingies in (white) milk was really from him, currently, and not me fantasizing … when the **brown letters on the white license plate** shoved themselves into my view, as the car passed by me and immediately drove onto my lane again, right in front of me.

NOUGAT
BITS

In me and around me was silence then. Except for two words: *"That counts."* And then: *"It counts, right?", "I think it counts.", "Yes, it counts.", "Totally counts."* I have never in my life – driving in Austria or anywhere! – seen license plates with brown writing! Only today when I talked about brown nougat thingies in milk, I saw one. Only today, when I demanded proof … that Bob was aware, right now, today, of the nougat-milk-thing …

And yes, a big **squirrel** startled Jacqui and me in the forest today … and I was thinking, "Wow, I haven't see a squirrel in a long time".

There.

(Of course I googled what country has brown letters on white background as license plate design … that's difficult to figure out, maybe it was a **Belgian** car … or a US-car?)

On the way to Griffen, I began to sing **Hawaiian songs** … and there were amazing license plate numbers drive by … but I simply can't remember them, (I was so worked up about the nougat-milk-license plate), except for this one: I was singing and thinking about Bob and whether or not he found my singing ridiculous … and just then "**716 SM**" drove by, and **7 plus 16 is – 23**. And SM is Stoneman's signature. Remember the 23 little hearts from the beginning of my trip today?

So that was a wow-kind-of-day. Back in Griffen I drove closely behind another car, and I realized that only one of my car's headlights was mirrored in the other car's trunk! Geez, I don't know how long I've been driving blind on one eye!

Just now I remember that there was something about a "blind" person that I heard either yesterday or just very recently, but can't recall in what relation …

Hundebade-
verbot

August 24, 2020

Nothing „special" today except for **"angel wing clouds"** when I walked out of the Billa store … and a very dramatic view of the **moon over the castle**.

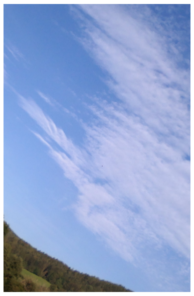
August 26, 2020

Ingrid called me in the afternoon and told me that Marshall’s owner J. called her, because he had heard that she and I are friends, and he asked her if I had talked to her about me reporting the electro collar of his dog to authorities! She repeated what he had said, basically … he is a dirty liar, and it’s incredible that he dared to do that. That’s a serious violation of my privacy rights and it’s stalking.

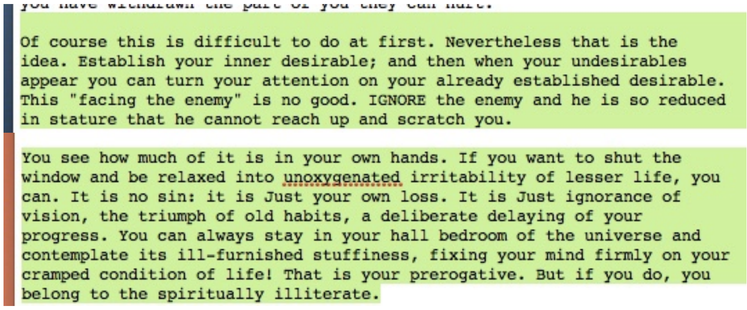
And Marshall is alone all day, the whole weak already, literally nobody is at home. Not the wife with the baby, nobody. Andrea has been at her mountain hut since Friday (it’s Wednesday today), but she showed up in the afternoon. I was already happy … but then I saw her and she said that she was about to leave again, because she needs some “time out”. What the fuck? She knows exactly that the dog will be alone all day, and she stays away too, instead of doing something for the poor animal!?

I can’t express my frustration and hatred.

Maybe it’s supposed to calm me down when I see **“wing shaped” clouds**?



And yes, I have read in “**Across the Unknown**” that I should move beyond the need for revenge or aggression or anything, …



you have withdrawn the part of you they can hurt.

Of course this is difficult to do at first. Nevertheless that is the idea. Establish your inner desirable; and then when your undesirables appear you can turn your attention on your already established desirable. This "facing the enemy" is no good. IGNORE the enemy and he is so reduced in stature that he cannot reach up and scratch you.

You see how much of it is in your own hands. If you want to shut the window and be relaxed into unoxygenated irritability of lesser life, you can. It is no sin: it is Just your own loss. It is Just ignorance of vision, the triumph of old habits, a deliberate delaying of your progress. You can always stay in your hall bedroom of the universe and contemplate its ill-furnished stuffiness, fixing your mind firmly on your cramped condition of life! That is your prerogative. But if you do, you belong to the spiritually illiterate.

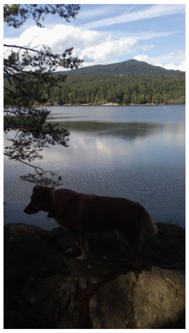
… but excuse me, how is that possible? There is nothing I can do for the dog, the owners are fucking ignorant morons! Poor dog has been having ticks in his face for days! His paws are totally baked with dirt, nobody washes him! He lies around or is glued to the fence all day! He digs holes under the fence, and the fucking owner just puts a stone into the hole …

I was looking for apartments … I can't stay here over the winter. But I talked with Ingrid in depth, and I've explained to her my worries for the poor dog … when it gets dark and wet and cold, and he'll be outside alone without activities … unbelievable. It's summer and sunny and nice, and nobody does anything with the dog! Maybe one day I'll just take him with me, without asking. I keep thinking about how to go against that fucker J., but I also realize, since the talk with Ingrid, that this person is not a normal person. He is just as fucked up as I suspected when I first laid eyes on him. One of the dumb fat guys with low self-esteem and a masculine father … I wish hell upon his owners!

August 27, 2020 **– Sigi & the Song**

Jacqui must have felt my frustration, he behaved this morning as if he was afraid of me.

I took him for a spontaneous trip to **Forestlake**, didn't even visit my mother …



Strange things happened. I went in the other direction today, counter clockwise around the lake … and I did a stop at a spot where I normally don't stop, to swim there. The water was really clear and nice … and Jacqui also enjoyed swimming. And right away, I noticed that next to me, **three people were having sex.** One seemed to have been the **instructor**, like a ***Tantra-teacher***, and he instructed a woman and a guy. And they were moaning and grunting, and there were fucking-noises … and I went into the water, and it was kind of arousing!

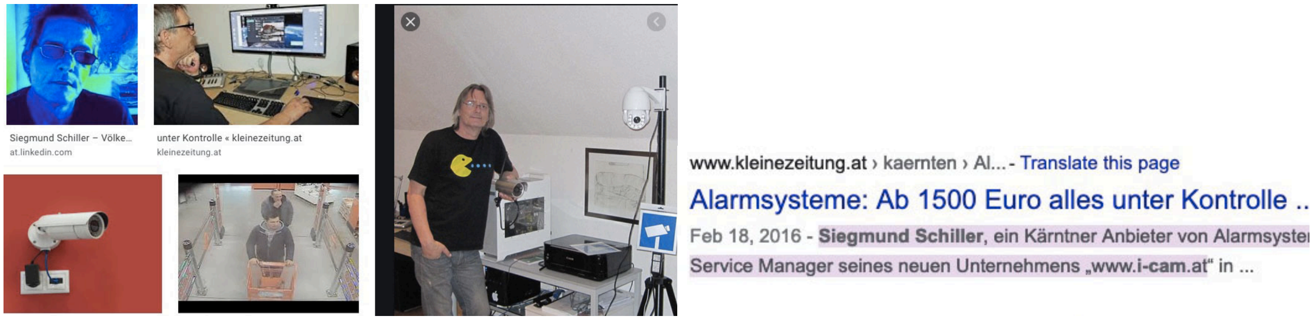
Jacqui was intrigued too and wanted to wander over to check them out … but I called him back.

As I walked on I really wondered why I had to experience that … and I think it's about the energy. I'm supposed to gain energy and put it to good use and not waste on being hateful and vengeful against that fucker J., but still, I got to keep doing something for that poor dog. It took me all my self-discipline yesterday to keep a friendly face when talking to Andrea … but one day, I swear, I will say to everyone what I have to say. It can be only through her that J. got the info that I'm friends with Ingrid, because I had told her husband about me helping her with the camera, and Andrea had seen Ingrid stop by the other day to give me mushrooms. These people talk about other people's business all the time … the day will come, I swear, where I … I don't know what. But I do want my revenge, I do.

So I walked around the lake, swam two more times … and then I was already late and couldn’t take a dip in the Wörthersee lake anymore but had to go back to Griffen, as I had told the agency that I’d be back at 3 pm.

I was thinking of the situation with Marshall again … and his owner who I hate more than most people I’ve ever hated, and then a car with the license plate number “**MANY 1**” drove by. So I immediately flashed back to my own writing of “We Creators of the World”, and that there is a big difference – like I think Aristotle said – between “the many” and the “special ones”. And I read it as a message, that J. is just one of the many, and I can’t allow him to affect my life like that. I must not give him power. I must destroy him. (Not … but I wish I could.)

Then, driving on, for some reason I thought of **Sigi** intensely … and right then, a car drove by with a company sticker “**www.i-cam.at**” … and that was *the company Sigi had been working with in his new business* of surveillance camera dealership and installation … that he had when he fell sick and died! Wow! That was instantly! So was it his partner, Sonja, who drove the van? Someone else? I’ve been thinking a lot about meeting her …


Siegmund Schiller – Völke…
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Alarmsysteme: Ab 1500 Euro alles unter Kontrolle ..

Feb 18, 2016 - **Siegmund Schiller**, ein Kärntner Anbieter von Alarmsyste
Service Manager seines neuen Unternehmens „www.i-cam.at“ in ...

And what are the odds to see that car and that writing, just being on the highway at the exactly right time so that the driver of that van would overtake! He or she drove really fast.

I was very stirred up by the event, I switched on my radio – and I ***never*** listen to the radio!

And some German band performed a song that went like this **“Ich hab’ dich immer noch … so in Erinnerung wie …”** (I still remember you like back then, in …) And it’s about a summer camp in France, where the person was young and reckless and had a great future ahead of them and the ocean in their back … of fuck me! This is such a direct message … somebody SINGS TO ME about **“remembering someone at a time when the future was bright and big, and they were at the ocean!”**

And – first I thought it was a man singing about a woman … then I thought he sang about another man … but then came the line: “Ich bin’s, deine alte Seele …” – **“It’s me, your old soul …”**

WOW! What was that all about?

It was a masterpiece of a message through synchronicity! Reminding me of – myself! The “many” … that I have long recognized as some kind of “cattle” or “sheep”, humans, whose current role in life is … I don’t know … just to make up the masses?

And then my thoughts of Sigi, and right then the song …

I just now remember that I’ve seen photographs on the website of Sigi’s partner Sonja where they were at the ocean, somewhere at a harbor in Italy … and I was kind of jealous …

Wow, all that is intense.

I never ever listen to the radio. But today I switched it on, to hear all that … just … amazing.

I guess I must work on my self-discipline and do the right thing about the dog situation.

One thing seemed clear yesterday: I’m not meant to stay here. Maybe J.’s role is to drive me away so that I move. I had to be here for a year. I had to meet puppy Marshal, and I must do more for him. But other than that … I’m supposed to leave this place and move somewhere else.

And I will.

August 28, 2020 – **A Heart & Flowers**
Talking a walk, I found a **red heart** on my path today, and a **bunch of flowers**. Well.

August 29, 2020 – **“YUP!”, “Breaking me” & the “Salvation Army”**
Saturday. I drove to Velden, in a very gloomy mood, in constant thoughts with Bob and on Maui … in a state of disbelief, again, that it all is over and gone. Bob’s suffering, his decline, the way he used to be and then was … such things were heavy on my mind.

Then I went for a walk at **Saissersee lake,** in slight rain and with some thunder, but Jacqui and I swam in the crystal clear warm water, it was nice, nobody else around. I discovered a **hut** made from **branches,** and of course I had to get into it, to check out the view … and just then one of the main “pillars”, a **birch tree branch**, fell over, almost hitting Jacqui. It was strange. But of course it had just been loose …

My mother was sweet, kind of sharp, were it not for her failing memory and the repeating of always the same stuff. But chatting with her was kind of fluent, quick, she responded right away … just that she had hurt her back getting out of bed a few days ago, and sometimes she winced with pain. This worried me. I looked at her, focusing on my knowing that in that body is an immortal soul … and I had thoughts like the one that I should help her die if she ever wanted to.

I feel old today, too … and worn out and very desolate and desperate.

I took Jacqui into the forest again, saw again the “Moon Alley” sign on the moss … and somewhere, at a fence, sat some kind of pink toy squid, that looked like one big cancerous tumor. But I forgot the photograph it on the way back.

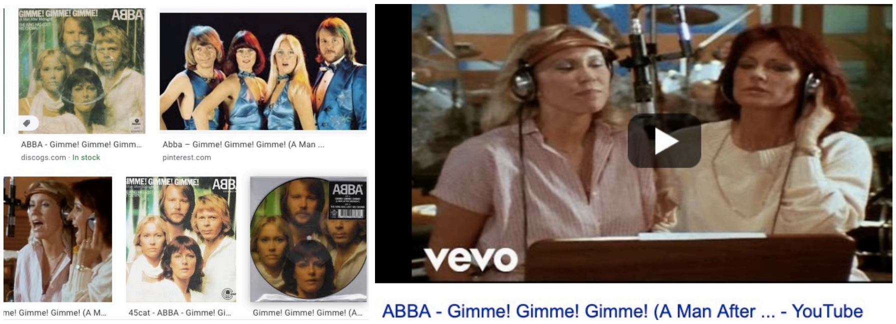
I drove to the access spot to Wörthersee lake along the road to *Pörtschach* … and I had the most wonderful swim … the water is just the way I need it, it carries me in a way that’s just perfect for me. I did fantasize earlier how it was on Maui, so humid, so warm, and then Bob and me driving to the beach and going for a swim, it was heaven. I thought to myself and to him that “later” (for me, because he doesn’t have “time” like that anymore) we’d be able to relive or continue living it if we wanted to … but then that felt silly. And I dropped again into those what-if scenarios where I know very well how different everything could have turned out.

Recently I’ve seen men with *the same dark* ***turquois swim trunks Bob had*** … and how often have I seen him with them! I loved the view. Today I recalled being on Baldwin beach, swimming and then hugging … in our early days, and Bob used to say that this was not a good idea because he got aroused so easily by me and all the time. And after two years, this changed to no-touch policy for years. It must all have been part of a plan …

At Saissersee lake in the forest I thought about Nadia, a woman I grew up with, and who died a few years ago, just after we had gotten in contact again after decades … her young adult life had been so different for me, … with high life and men and drugs … she died the same way like Steve Jobs … and I suddenly remembered that way back, maybe in the late nineties of the last century, she had given me, as a gift, **a turquoise stone. A gemstone**. Something she had brought from Burundi. That was so strange to suddenly flash back to that … I have no idea what happened to that stone. But many years later I would meet Bob Stone who loved turquois, a color that, along with purple, showed up everywhere in his life.

On the highway, driving back to Griffen, after my glorious swim in the Wörthersee lake, I thought that I might as well listen to some music, as I never do that, but maybe I won’t break out in tears anymore right away?

So I switched the radio on … an “**Abba**” was singing “**Gimme gimme … a man after midnight … won’t somebody help me chase the shadows away**” …. Talk about shadows, yes, I plunged right into a big sadness …


ABBA - Gimme! Gimme! Gimm...
discogs.com · In stock
Abba – Gimme! Gimme! Gimme! (A Man ...
pinterest.com
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45cat - ABBA - Gimme! Gi...
Gimme! Gimme! Gimme! (A...
ABBA - Gimme! Gimme! Gimme! (A Man After ... - YouTube

The sky seemed to be divided … as if it was showing me some kind of “**border**” …

Völkermarkt-Ost

Suddenly, it happened:

I saw myself driving, and the way I was sitting and holding the wheel … I just had to say **“Play me!” and then I was Bob.** *I felt so much like Bob, that, while being aware of it, I might as well have been Bob sitting in his beloved Honda Accord*, driving all those long roads in California before he moved to Maui, and the driving down and up the hill a thousand times … I loved watching Bob drive, it was the sexiest thing ever …

And the music was loud, and I did what Bob would have done, moved to the music in a humorous way, wiggling his butt – yes, while sitting – making funny motions with his hands … pulling his smirky face … *and I did all that for Bob* ***and as Bob. I was Bob!*** It was very strange! And really really intense!

Then … the song was over, and I kind of “landed” in myself again. Of course I looked over to the passenger’s seat and I said to Bob … *“So, got this, Stoneman? Did you feel this where you are, do it with me? Did I give this to you?”*

And my neck kind of hurt from looking over there, strange, that I noticed.

I felt a wave of sadness, and I broke out in tears and switched the radio off. “Well,” I said to Bob, “you’ll really truly better prove to me right now that you got it, that you’re right here, and that you are alive and all!”

Something like that, along those lines.

And I had not finished the sentence – a line of four car came after me and began to pass by me.

Swoosh “…**BO**”! “*Swoosh* “…**BO**”! *Swoosh* “**800 BS**” and Swoosh “**3 YUP**”.

I immediately thought “Wow, it really was meant for me to pick that song and dance in place of the mortal Bob, they knew I’d do that … and I got the answer to my question right away!”

BO BO, 800 BS (800 can also be seen as BOO, and BS is of course Bob Stone, and there is “BOOBS” in it, too) … and then the “3” before the “YUP” to me spontaneously means “Yup/Yes to all three of your questions” and at the same time “yup, those three cars are messages to you from me”.

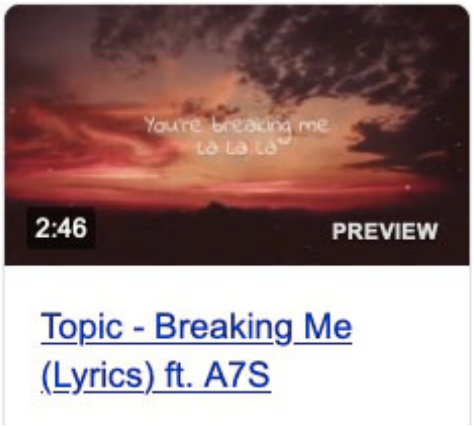
The ***“Yup!”*** was just the way Bob would have responded, and I’d have added “Yup, you’ve got it, Dani!” And it came so fast after the music and my questions and the crying … it was really a fast response, also, in the mortal realm, a quick thing, because those four cars passed by me one after the other … no pauses or other cars between them …

It may sound crazy … but these things happen within instants, and I have no time to think about the events, the thoughts and insights just pop up in my mind, as if someone would really say those things to me at that instant and I’d respond right away.

A little later I switched the radio back on, just to hear a guy sing “**And I'll be singing La la la la, la la la la, You're breaking me**”! And I broke out in tears again and said to Bob “You broke me alright!”

And I couldn’t totally understand the lyric, but I looked them up:
“***I'm just right here dancing around to the rhythm***
The rhythm that you play when you're breaking my heart
You know that I can't get you out of my system

Yeah right from the start
You played with my heart …”



Topic - Breaking Me (Lyrics) ft. A7S

Got this: ““***I'm just right here dancing around to the rhythm …”*** that’s what I wanted Bob to let me know if it was “him through me” or just me “doing it for him”!

And he told me through the only other song I listened to, in part, today and … like ever.

This is the beginning of the song:

“Call me what you wanna
I'll be what you wanna
I've been here a thousand times
Ay, ay
Fallin' for another
I don't even bother
I could do it all my life
So tell me if you wanna
'Cause I got this feeling
I wanna hear you say it
'Cause I can't believe it
With every touch of you
It's like I've started dreaming
Guess Heaven's not that far away …”

Guess Heaven is not that far away?

Everything in this song fits … to what I’ve been thinking and feeling and what has happened … for years. Earlier I said to Bob that it really must have all been a plan … the way we loved each other so much and suddenly John W. showed up, Bob totally turned towards a project that I knew would ruin us, he pushed me away only to want me back when he was dying … and telling me too late how sick he was. I had such a flashback today to his tumor … to Bob’s condition … my heart breaks everytime when I only allow myself a glimpse of the memories …

Two years ago, I was dreading my leaving Bob already, we had less than two weeks to get Bob much much better … but what happened, we were hopeful, he did feel better … and I wouldn’t have thought for a moment that I wouldn’t see him again.

This is breaking me. I also thought that already on the way to Velden. And I was wondering if that’s, in a way, the plan, too? That I’m not supposed to live long after Bob? But in that time I must accomplish stuff?

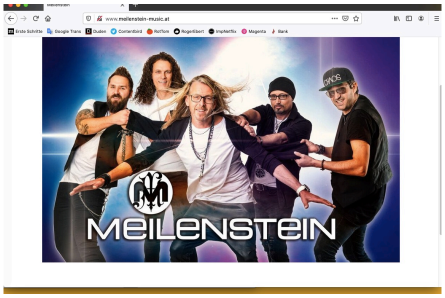
I don’t know.

The light has gone out in my life, that’s a fact. A certain light. That’s not there anymore, that was Bob the mortal and everything about him … and that light is gone. And I feel that it’s gone, and I see the effects of that missing light, I only have to look into the mirror.

So … this is my insight:

“Play me” did work: I “reached” Bob by playing him, or I enabled him to do the mortal audio-thing by “being” him … and he answered that yes, he is alive, and yes, it worked!

Oh, something just came to my mind. Yesterday evening, taking a walk with Jacqui, the street was partially blocked by a van, with the writing “**Meilenstein-Music**” on it! It means “milestone music”! I looked it up – it’s an actual band!



Wow, and today I felt compelled to share music with Bob Stone?!

Wow! And today, as I drove out of Griffen, “**MANY 1**” came towards me again, and another car with “Meilenstein” written on it!

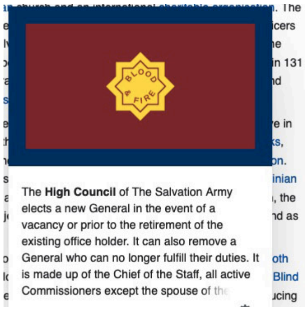
Geez … a week without watching movies … of course I must get the answers in the only way it’s possible, because I barely every go out into the world …

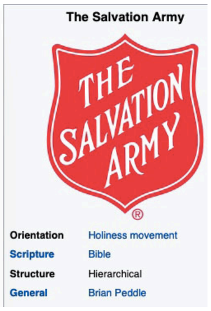
Missing Bob and the life with him and finding me where I am, seems to want to kill me.

(Later)

This day isn’t over!

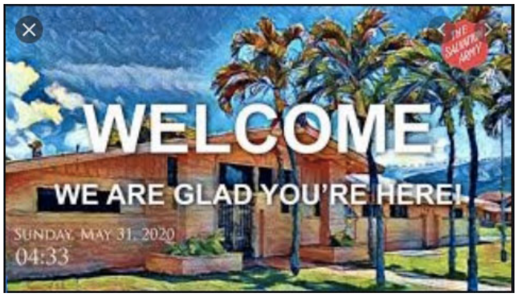
This morning, while still working on some editing before heading to Velden … when I was plunging into Maui-memories all the time, without even intending it, I suddenly flashed back to the topic “riding the Maui bus” … and I remembered two years ago, when Bob stayed at home, I took the bus to Kahului to do some shopping and then take another bus to Kihei to take a swim and then come home … and one of those days I had talked with Bob about where to get off in Kahului … and this morning, I heard him say “**Salvation Army**”. And I remember very well that day and getting off at the “Salvation Army” stop in Kahului.


The **High Council** of The Salvation Army elects a new General in the event of a vacancy or prior to the retirement of the existing office holder. It can also remove a General who can no longer fulfill their duties. It is made up of the Chief of the Staff, all active Commissioners except the spouse of the


The Salvation Army

Orientation	Holiness movement
Scripture	Bible
Structure	Hierarchical
General	Brian Peddle

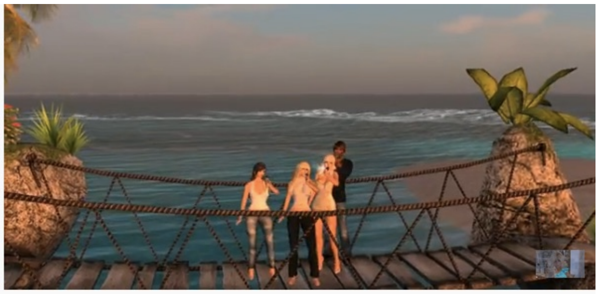
Frälsningsarmén
Abba-låten "Hej gamle man" handlar om en

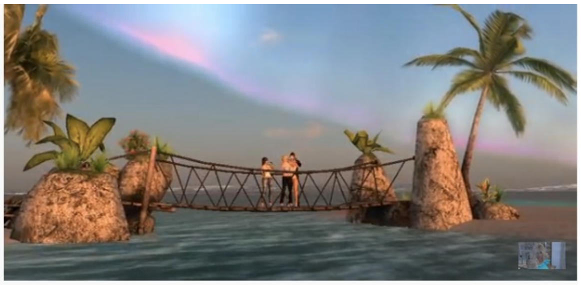


Right now … it's already past 9 p.m., and I had some dinner (corn, lettuce, apple kuchen right now), and I was just thinking that again I***'m keeping myself from working*** on this c. d., on putting the photographs in and editing and formatting the text … but I just couldn't help but google stuff, like serial killers … then the song I heard earlier … and somehow I ended up googling "ABBA", because of their song "Gimme! Gimme!" that I had heard today. I 've never had much interest in them, except for just now … and so I read on Wikipedia about how they started their band …

And suddenly I come across their very first song, called "Hey old man!", "**Hej, gamle man**" … and it is a **song about a Salvation Army soldier!**

Okay, as I googled **"Hej gamle man"** to see if there is a recording, I came across this:


ABBA Hej Gamle man (Hello Old Man) Second Life


ABBA Hej Gamle man (Hello Old Man) Second Life

Yup. Island. Bridge. There are no freaking odds …

Geez, there is no way to come across **"Salvation Army"** at all, here in Austria, we don't have that kind of language and thing, but on the day that I thought about "*Salvation Army*" it also shows up in front of my very eyes, because of a song that I experienced "as Bob" and even butt-danced the way he would have!

To see the 8-pointed star and read "Blood & Fire" in their banner, reminds me of "800 BS", somehow. Well … googling it … horrible, to see Maui pictures, even a Pukalani place came up, without me looking for it, the spot where I had waited for the bus that night of September 11, 2018, to never return again …

I feel very sick right now, my heart is burning … it’s like I’m still right there and only had to turn around to see Bob, but at the same time, I’m further away than the sun.

Right now, I got to say, I really feel like my life is a horrible … I was going to say mistake, but I know it’s not true. I’m a fucking mortal right now, suffering. Why are we created like this?

Oh – I know! Because free will lead to educational systems with ideas about life and death that turn human creatures into wabbling critters with pain, fear and grief.

Regarding the “**Salvation Army**” … it means that I’m actually following my “gut” … because had I not done what I’ve done this evening and following my urges, I wouldn’t have ended up with “the old Salvation Army man” … or the song lyrics of ***“Hey, gamle man***”, “**Hey, old man**” … that seem to answer my question to Bob: ***“What are you doing where you are?”*** And yet, at the same time it reflects what I’ve been thinking about Bob, how he had spent his last years so lonely … and not expressing himself to me. It will keep haunting me that I didn’t dare to ask the right questions and that I didn’t really “hear” it when he said that I should “come home” to him, to our Pukalani housie. I wanted to … but how, without money? Had Bob done all the steps he said he’d do, I could have easily come. But he postponed everything all the time, always kept saying *“Let me finish Taylor Camp, then I’ll be back on the map, and then it will be easy to work on our projects.”* I know he meant it.

Life is without light … I got to say.

I shared a piece of apple pie with Bob, just now, and for that I totally immersed myself into **“being Bob in his edit room”**, I closed my eyes and could totally feel what it was like for him to sit there, where I saw him, a gazillion times, and then, when he was all alone, working on “Taylor Camp” that would never end … and the sounds in the house or rather the quietness … and I turned my head towards “Dani in the house”, where Bob would have known that I was around, in the kitchen … and just then, **the fork** on the plate next to me **clunked**! It must have slipped, but it made a clunking noise as if I had just put it on the plate, but I had done that minutes ago and not touched the fork since.

I even said, like Bob, “*Thanks, Dani*”, just the way he had always said when I came to pick up the little plate with sweet dessert that I mostly brought him to his work spot because he simply never got done with stuff and barely ever had time for anything … even before “TC” came into our lives.

Driving today I thought that I really must connect with Dr. Alice, I really want to try that medium-thing again … I’ll email her.

Shortly after, when I named the photograph of the plate and the fork, the word **“fork lift”** came into my mind, and I had to smile, because that was typically Bob’s love for play on words … until I realized that Bob grew up with *fork lifts, it’s Bob’s father’s business.* And it was a grievance for the family when Bob decided to go into video production instead of the fork lift biz.

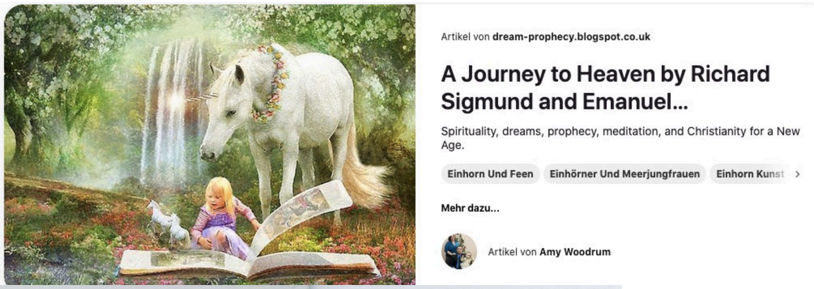
I haven’t thought about that in … like forever. Until the fork move and “fork lift” popped into my mind.

The longing has a suffocating feeling right now …

August 30, 2020 – **Richard Sigmund**

Well, well. I did a lot of work on this c. d. today … putting in the photographs. Then I called my mother and felt worried because she still has a sore back.

Then I cooked spaghetti and felt like reading something while eating. I was drawn to the Internet Archive, and there I googled **"Talking with the dead".** What came up, wasn't what I wanted … so I scrolled wildly, and there it was: "My time in heaven: a true story of dying and coming back" by **Richard Sigmund**, a pastor (born 1941, died 2010). And what I read there was … strange.

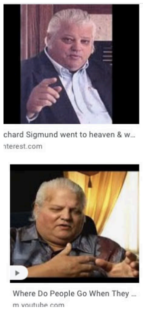


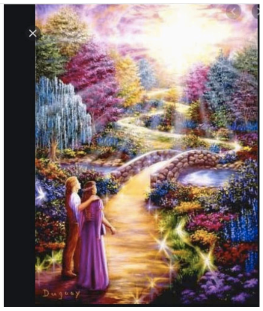
Artikel von **dream-prophecy.blogspot.co.uk**

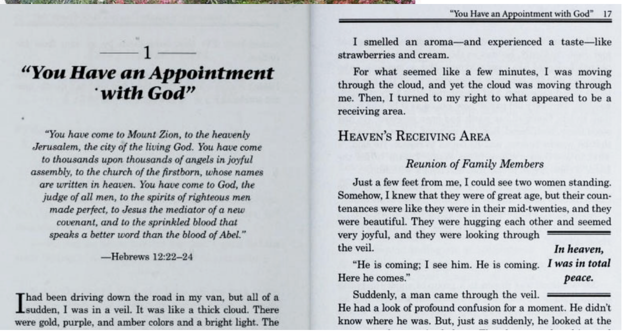
A Journey to Heaven by Richard Sigmund and Emanuel...

Spirituality, dreams, prophecy, meditation, and Christianity for a New Age.

Artikel von **Amy Woodrum**


chard Sigmund went to heaven & w...
nterest.com
Where Do People Go When They ...
m.youtube.com





— 1 —

"You Have an Appointment with God"

"You have come to Mount Zion, to the heavenly Jerusalem, the city of the living God. You have come to thousands upon thousands of angels in joyful assembly, to the church of the firstborn, whose names are written in heaven. You have come to God, the judge of all men, to the spirits of righteous men made perfect, to Jesus the mediator of a new covenant, and to the sprinkled blood that speaks a better word than the blood of Abel."

—Hebrews 12:22–24

I had been driving down the road in my van, but all of a sudden, I was in a veil. It was like a thick cloud. There were gold, purple, and amber colors and a bright light. The

"You Have an Appointment with God" 17

I smelled an aroma—and experienced a taste—like strawberries and cream.

For what seemed like a few minutes, I was moving through the cloud, and yet the cloud was moving through me. Then, I turned to my right to what appeared to be a receiving area.

HEAVEN'S RECEIVING AREA

Reunion of Family Members

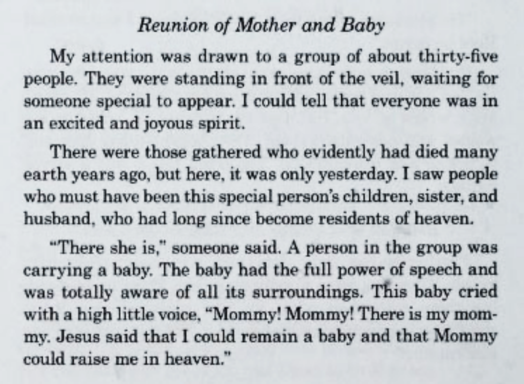
Just a few feet from me, I could see two women standing. Somehow, I knew that they were of great age, but their countenances were like they were in their mid-twenties, and they were beautiful. They were hugging each other and seemed very joyful, and they were looking through the veil.

"He is coming; I see him. He is coming. Here he comes."

Suddenly, a man came through the veil. He had a look of profound confusion for a moment. He didn't know where he was. But, just as suddenly, he looked at the

In heaven, I was in total peace.

It's only possible to borrow the online book for one hour (!) which amused me because it told me wordless *"You still have work to do on the c. d."*, so I scrolled through it … and what I got from it is the answer to my question to Bob ***"What are you doing in the beyond?"*** The answer is: *"I can't explain to you in Earth terms, because this is a huge and very busy place, and we have got a lot of stuff to do, all of us, together, but also separately, and there are a million tasks and more, and they are kind of intermixed, too … so …"*

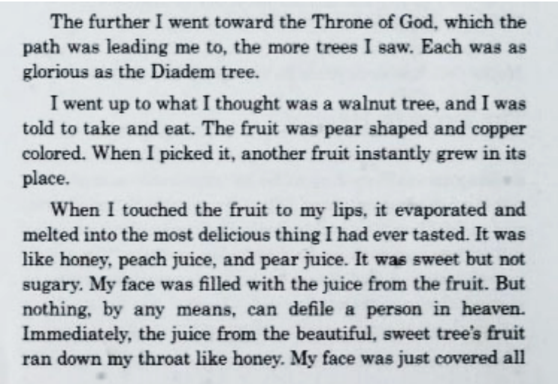


Reunion of Mother and Baby

My attention was drawn to a group of about thirty-five people. They were standing in front of the veil, waiting for someone special to appear. I could tell that everyone was in an excited and joyous spirit.

There were those gathered who evidently had died many earth years ago, but here, it was only yesterday. I saw people who must have been this special person's children, sister, and husband, who had long since become residents of heaven.

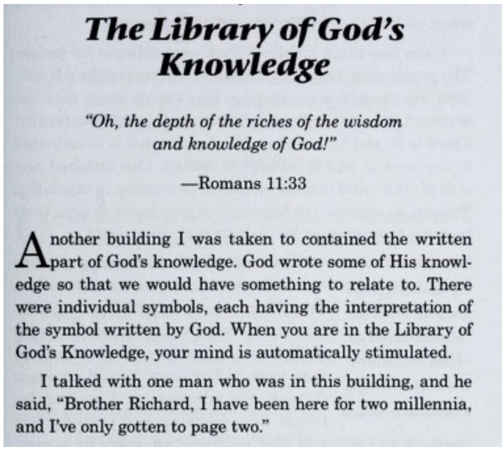
"There she is," someone said. A person in the group was carrying a baby. The baby had the full power of speech and was totally aware of all its surroundings. This baby cried with a high little voice, "Mommy! Mommy! There is my mommy. Jesus said that I could remain a baby and that Mommy could raise me in heaven."



The further I went toward the Throne of God, which the path was leading me to, the more trees I saw. Each was as glorious as the Diadem tree.

I went up to what I thought was a walnut tree, and I was told to take and eat. The fruit was pear shaped and copper colored. When I picked it, another fruit instantly grew in its place.

When I touched the fruit to my lips, it evaporated and melted into the most delicious thing I had ever tasted. It was like honey, peach juice, and pear juice. It was sweet but not sugary. My face was filled with the juice from the fruit. But nothing, by any means, can defile a person in heaven. Immediately, the juice from the beautiful, sweet tree's fruit ran down my throat like honey. My face was just covered all



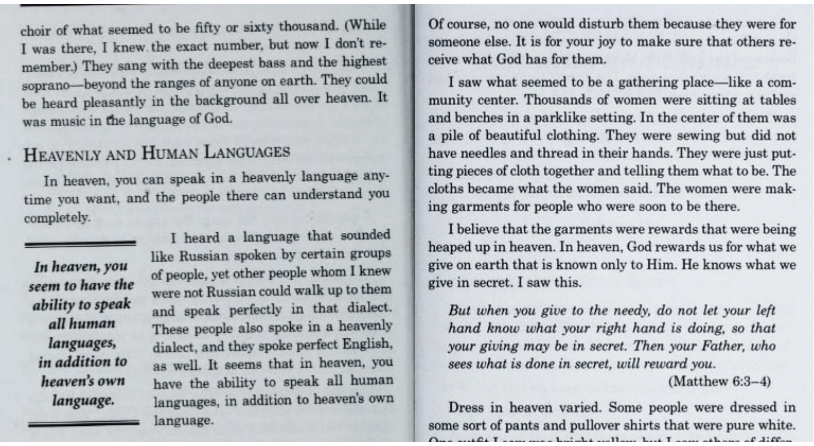
The Library of God's Knowledge

"Oh, the depth of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God!"

—Romans 11:33

Another building I was taken to contained the written part of God's knowledge. God wrote some of His knowledge so that we would have something to relate to. There were individual symbols, each having the interpretation of the symbol written by God. When you are in the Library of God's Knowledge, your mind is automatically stimulated.

I talked with one man who was in this building, and he said, "Brother Richard, I have been here for two millennia, and I've only gotten to page two."



choir of what seemed to be fifty or sixty thousand. (While I was there, I knew the exact number, but now I don't remember.) They sang with the deepest bass and the highest soprano—beyond the ranges of anyone on earth. They could be heard pleasantly in the background all over heaven. It was music in the language of God.

HEAVENLY AND HUMAN LANGUAGES

In heaven, you can speak in a heavenly language anytime you want, and the people there can understand you completely.

In heaven, you seem to have the ability to speak all human languages, in addition to heaven's own language.

I heard a language that sounded like Russian spoken by certain groups of people, yet other people whom I knew were not Russian could walk up to them and speak perfectly in that dialect. These people also spoke in a heavenly dialect, and they spoke perfect English, as well. It seems that in heaven, you have the ability to speak all human languages, in addition to heaven's own language.

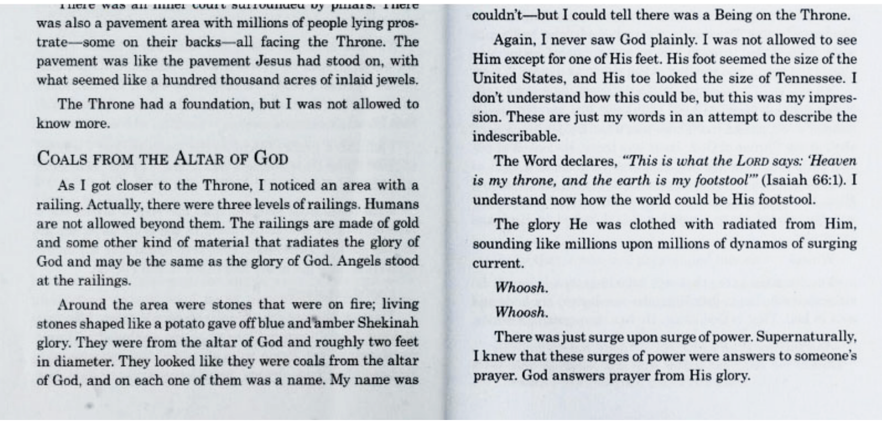
Of course, no one would disturb them because they were for someone else. It is for your joy to make sure that others receive what God has for them.

I saw what seemed to be a gathering place—like a community center. Thousands of women were sitting at tables and benches in a parklike setting. In the center of them was a pile of beautiful clothing. They were sewing but did not have needles and thread in their hands. They were just putting pieces of cloth together and telling them what to be. The cloths became what the women said. The women were making garments for people who were soon to be there.

I believe that the garments were rewards that were being heaped up in heaven. In heaven, God rewards us for what we give on earth that is known only to Him. He knows what we give in secret. I saw this.

> *But when you give to the needy, do not let your left hand know what your right hand is doing, so that your giving may be in secret. Then your Father, who sees what is done in secret, will reward you.*
> (Matthew 6:3–4)

Dress in heaven varied. Some people were dressed in some sort of pants and pullover shirts that were pure white.



There was an inner court surrounded by pillars. There was also a pavement area with millions of people lying prostrate—some on their backs—all facing the Throne. The pavement was like the pavement Jesus had stood on, with what seemed like a hundred thousand acres of inlaid jewels.

The Throne had a foundation, but I was not allowed to know more.

COALS FROM THE ALTAR OF GOD

As I got closer to the Throne, I noticed an area with a railing. Actually, there were three levels of railings. Humans are not allowed beyond them. The railings are made of gold and some other kind of material that radiates the glory of God and may be the same as the glory of God. Angels stood at the railings.

Around the area were stones that were on fire; living stones shaped like a potato gave off blue and amber Shekinah glory. They were from the altar of God and roughly two feet in diameter. They looked like they were coals from the altar of God, and on each one of them was a name. My name was

couldn't—but I could tell there was a Being on the Throne.

Again, I never saw God plainly. I was not allowed to see Him except for one of His feet. His foot seemed the size of the United States, and His toe looked the size of Tennessee. I don't understand how this could be, but this was my impression. These are just my words in an attempt to describe the indescribable.

The Word declares, *"This is what the LORD says: 'Heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool'"* (Isaiah 66:1). I understand now how the world could be His footstool.

The glory He was clothed with radiated from Him, sounding like millions upon millions of dynamos of surging current.

Whoosh.

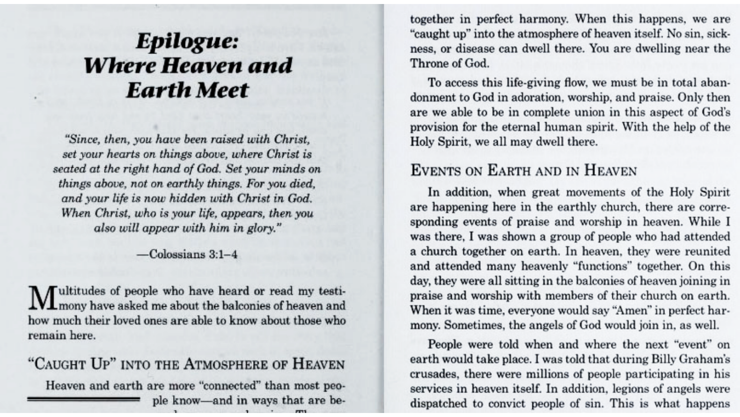
Whoosh.

There was just surge upon surge of power. Supernaturally, I knew that these surges of power were answers to someone's prayer. God answers prayer from His glory.

(from "My time in heaven: a true story of dying and coming back", 1941)

Well, so I was lead to that weird totally religious interpreted account of that man, who recounted his near-death experience. He was not dead, obviously, only "near" death, otherwise he wouldn't have had this tinge of his mortal belief-systems in his recollection … but I can, I think, "see through" his personalized story … and I can "get it" what is told to me here: It's a busy place with many areas and parts, and it's full of life, and everyone has got stuff to do."

I also "got" something very clearly: What you imagine during your life-time, you'll for sure see around you when you're dead. So … again: We got to keep our thoughts right.



Epilogue: Where Heaven and Earth Meet

"Since, then, you have been raised with Christ, set your hearts on things above, where Christ is seated at the right hand of God. Set your minds on things above, not on earthly things. For you died, and your life is now hidden with Christ in God. When Christ, who is your life, appears, then you also will appear with him in glory."

—Colossians 3:1–4

Multitudes of people who have heard or read my testimony have asked me about the balconies of heaven and how much their loved ones are able to know about those who remain here.

"CAUGHT UP" INTO THE ATMOSPHERE OF HEAVEN

Heaven and earth are more "connected" than most people know—and in ways that are be-

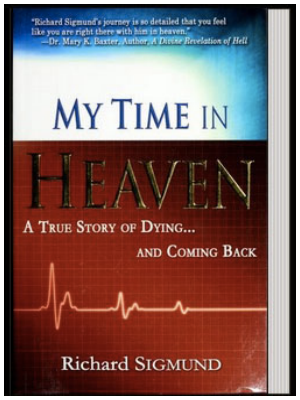
together in perfect harmony. When this happens, we are "caught up" into the atmosphere of heaven itself. No sin, sickness, or disease can dwell there. You are dwelling near the Throne of God.

To access this life-giving flow, we must be in total abandonment to God in adoration, worship, and praise. Only then are we able to be in complete union in this aspect of God's provision for the eternal human spirit. With the help of the Holy Spirit, we all may dwell there.

EVENTS ON EARTH AND IN HEAVEN

In addition, when great movements of the Holy Spirit are happening here in the earthly church, there are corresponding events of praise and worship in heaven. While I was there, I was shown a group of people who had attended a church together on earth. In heaven, they were reunited and attended many heavenly "functions" together. On this day, they were all sitting in the balconies of heaven joining in praise and worship with members of their church on earth. When it was time, everyone would say "Amen" in perfect harmony. Sometimes, the angels of God would join in, as well.

People were told when and where the next "event" on earth would take place. I was told that during Billy Graham's crusades, there were millions of people participating in his services in heaven itself. In addition, legions of angels were dispatched to convict people of sin. This is what happens


"Richard Sigmund's journey is so detailed that you feel like you are right there with him in heaven."
—Dr. Mary K. Baxter, Author, A Divine Revelation of Hell
MY TIME IN
HEAVEN
A TRUE STORY OF DYING...
AND COMING BACK
Richard SIGMUND

Wow! The cover of his book features the **zig-zag-pattern** that I just recently found on a **stone** and **in the sky**!

I keep thinking stuff like “How else would they communicate with me, when I don’t consult a medium or don’t become one myself”? Just today I thought this – seriously! And boom! Answer right here!

For course that the man’s name is “Sigmund” is also kind of … interesting, after my recent “Sigi”-encounters.

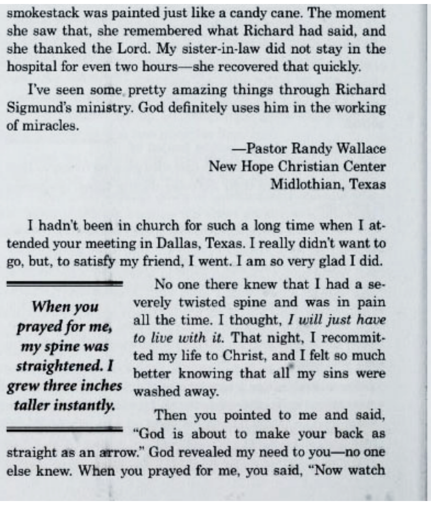
Today I had a very strange **dream** about a woman, a blond one, who was kind of an authority in my life (in my dream world and situation), and it was about me traveling somewhere far, and the trip had to do with her. She was in love with me, but in a demanding way, and I felt very attracted to her, and somehow we ended up in some kind of tower or elevator to make out, and she had girded herself with a big penis that looked very real … and I was all too willing to let her have her way with me, with that penis or without, but for some reason we were disturbed all the time … by other people.

I myself had to run back and forth between what seemed to be a big company building and some kind of … I don’t know, other building, and there was her assistant who I had to lie to the whole time, but he was on to us … and I really don’t remember the dream exactly. Just the presence of that strict and serious attractive woman, kind of tall and blond, kind of harsh, but I knew that it was only a camouflage. There were lots of other elements to this dream … but I only have the feeling of the dream left in me, adventurous, kind of busy and dangerous and a mood of urgency and a task I had to fulfill … And that trip I had to take. Maybe with that woman. We did move along a road, I think, to some exclusive place, were we were hiding … or where she was hiding and I had to bring her something?

It’s garbled.

The book about Rev. Richard Sigmund also includes a lot of testimonials about people who had been **healed miraculously “by him”**. That strikes me as interesting … because a few hours ago, walking up to Schlossberg in the drizzle, I felt so much frustration again against Marshall’s owners, that I said out loud that I want to have the power to punish those who deserve it and I wish for this to be my “job” and ability here.

And now I’m reading about a guy who healed people, supposedly allegedly …



smokestack was painted just like a candy cane. The moment she saw that, she remembered what Richard had said, and she thanked the Lord. My sister-in-law did not stay in the hospital for even two hours—she recovered that quickly.

I’ve seen some pretty amazing things through Richard Sigmund’s ministry. God definitely uses him in the working of miracles.

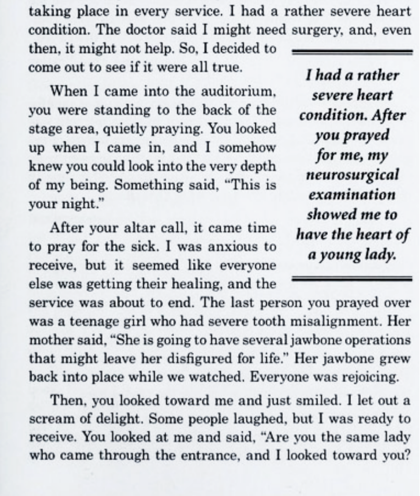
—Pastor Randy Wallace
New Hope Christian Center
Midlothian, Texas

I hadn't been in church for such a long time when I attended your meeting in Dallas, Texas. I really didn't want to go, but, to satisfy my friend, I went. I am so very glad I did.

No one there knew that I had a severely twisted spine and was in pain all the time. I thought, *I will just have to live with it*. That night, I recommitted my life to Christ, and I felt so much better knowing that all my sins were washed away.

When you prayed for me, my spine was straightened. I grew three inches taller instantly.

Then you pointed to me and said, “God is about to make your back as straight as an arrow.” God revealed my need to you—no one else knew. When you prayed for me, you said, “Now watch



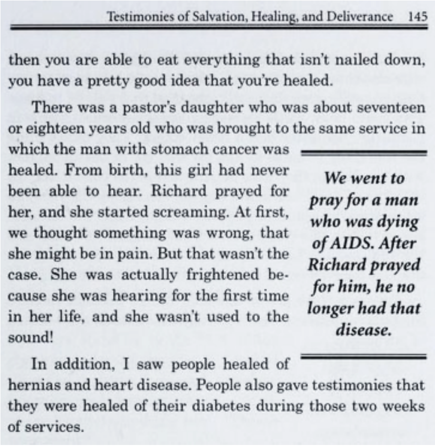
taking place in every service. I had a rather severe heart condition. The doctor said I might need surgery, and, even then, it might not help. So, I decided to come out to see if it were all true.

When I came into the auditorium, you were standing to the back of the stage area, quietly praying. You looked up when I came in, and I somehow knew you could look into the very depth of my being. Something said, “This is your night.”

After your altar call, it came time to pray for the sick. I was anxious to receive, but it seemed like everyone else was getting their healing, and the service was about to end. The last person you prayed over was a teenage girl who had severe tooth misalignment. Her mother said, “She is going to have several jawbone operations that might leave her disfigured for life.” Her jawbone grew back into place while we watched. Everyone was rejoicing.

I had a rather severe heart condition. After you prayed for me, my neurosurgical examination showed me to have the heart of a young lady.

Then, you looked toward me and just smiled. I let out a scream of delight. Some people laughed, but I was ready to receive. You looked at me and said, “Are you the same lady who came through the entrance, and I looked toward you?



Testimonies of Salvation, Healing, and Deliverance 145

then you are able to eat everything that isn't nailed down, you have a pretty good idea that you're healed.

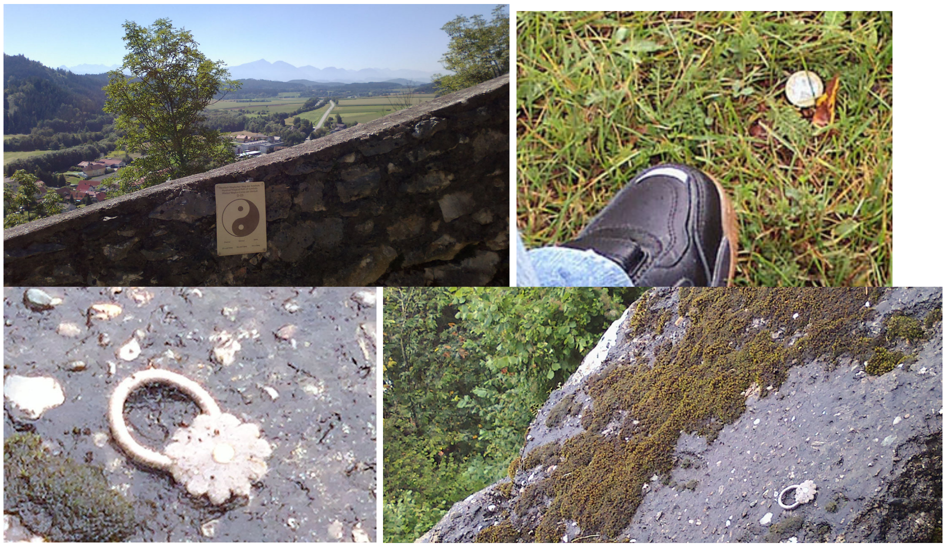
There was a pastor's daughter who was about seventeen or eighteen years old who was brought to the same service in which the man with stomach cancer was healed. From birth, this girl had never been able to hear. Richard prayed for her, and she started screaming. At first, we thought something was wrong, that she might be in pain. But that wasn't the case. She was actually frightened because she was hearing for the first time in her life, and she wasn't used to the sound!

We went to pray for a man who was dying of AIDS. After Richard prayed for him, he no longer had that disease.

In addition, I saw people healed of hernias and heart disease. People also gave testimonies that they were healed of their diabetes during those two weeks of services.

Well. I don’t need a near-death experience. I believe the people who have described it.

When I went onto **Schlossberg** today with Jacqui … I stopped at a very unusual place to just gaze down into the valley … and as I looked at my shoes, there was a **one-Euro-coin** right there! In front of my shoe!



I also found a tiny **hair rubber with a tiny flower**. It’s only interesting because there are no other things around anywhere, no garbage, no stuff people have lost … only the coin and the flower hair rubber.

I also looked down onto the area where I live … strange to look down on this “domicile” of mine that I’ve grown to dislike so much … because of what people here do … It’s not just about Marshall whose needs seem to not matter at all to people, also about the little girl I., the granddaughter of my landlady … who is barely ever seen in the garden, and I know she longs to be outside … She seems not to grow and remains so childlike like a year ago, walking on her grandma’s hand, and then I remember the feeling I have everytime when I see J., Marshall’s owner and I’s father, he gives me the creeps. Just the fact that he doesn’t allow his dog to be out and about and meet other dogs and run … and then his cold way of looking at people, sometimes while biting his name, with this ice-cold expression. On the weekends the entire family stays inside the house, the dog is alone, day in day out … no matter the sunshine … It feels rotten, the atmosphere around here.

I will never forgive J. for how he treated me and that he took the dog’s joy of life a way to confine him behind the fence of the garden where he barely moves around. The little dog is waiting and waiting, nobody walks him, except when it’s convenient for an hour for someone. But I’m not allowed to take him with us regularly, although it would be the easiest thing to do. There is something so sadistic in all of this … and a sense of falsehood …

I shared Marshall's case with a animal protection services official, and she said that since the minimal requirements for keeping a dog are met (dog's hut, he gets fed, and he has twice a day human contact for a few minutes – seriously!) there is nothing she can do.

Marshall keeps digging holes under the fence toward the street, and the owner simply puts rocks into the holes. He has no further thoughts about how the dog is longing to be out … I sometimes wish for the dog to get away … I wish I had magical powers … Of all places and all neighbors I could have picked in the whole country, I ended up with this family who is so strange and with the one guy who is cruel to animals … there are so many nice people around, dog owners, who love their dogs, but no … I must end up with the asshole. ***Why?***

The evening walk today … brought another gasp-inducing incident. I walked the usual by-the-creek-path … and I felt compelled to turn around … only to see that above the "Sinnex"-building and the logo of the company, the same **"S" was in the sky!** (I wasn't fast enough with the camera, but it was a full-blown flaming "S"!)

And the clouds ahead were just as fascinating.

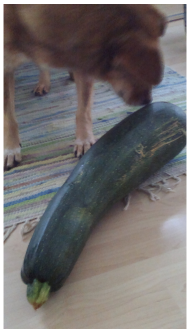
And I had a serious out-loud talk about the **need for punishment** for evil people. Because if we were supposed to be all forgiving, why was the God of the Old Testament then full of wrath? Why is there good and evil? The bad people can't be treated the same as good people, that would be foolish and make no sense! I told "them" that I don't have a bad conscience for *wishing upon Marshall's owner that he experience helplessness, pain and isolation and the feeling of being held captive, I really truly absolutely wish this upon him* … in whatever way that will come, it has to.

That's how we are made, us humans. We have the capacity to judge and based upon the judgement to punish. That's how it's supposed to be. Here in the mortal real. Nature doesn't make mistakes, they say. We are part of nature, as humans. We have our facilities and traits and needs and urges.

I want to have the power to punish. I do!

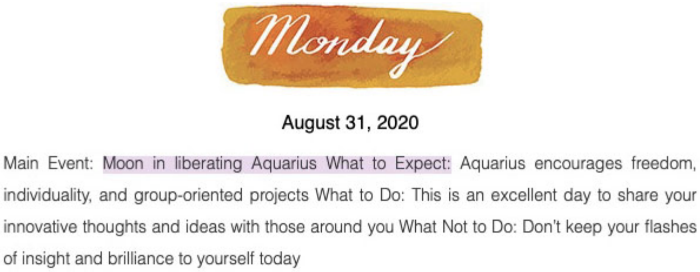
August 31, 2020

Took a walk to treehouse field today with Jacqui … the path is overgrown. And the many gourds on the fields … I remember the days on Maui when I was working on my documentary "Native of Owhyhee" and was trying to find any gourds growing to film them to illustrate what the famous gourd drums, the "ipu" where made of. And here I was … with **thousands of gourds** … I also saw a **corn** fruit with a "cancerous" poisonous **growth** on it … like a tumor on a penis. Thanks a lot, Bob.



And Ingrid gifted me with a really big **zucchini.**

Well, my horoscope is kind of … telling. The moon being in Aquarius. Life is so hard. Mortal life.



Monday

August 31, 2020

Main Event: Moon in liberating Aquarius What to Expect: Aquarius encourages freedom, individuality, and group-oriented projects What to Do: This is an excellent day to share your innovative thoughts and ideas with those around you What Not to Do: Don't keep your flashes of insight and brilliance to yourself today

I’m sharing my insights alright.

END PART 4 CONTACT DIARY “Naupaka Bunny”